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The Atlantic Monthly

NOVEMBER 1994

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philosopher argues
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BY
PETER F. DRUCKER

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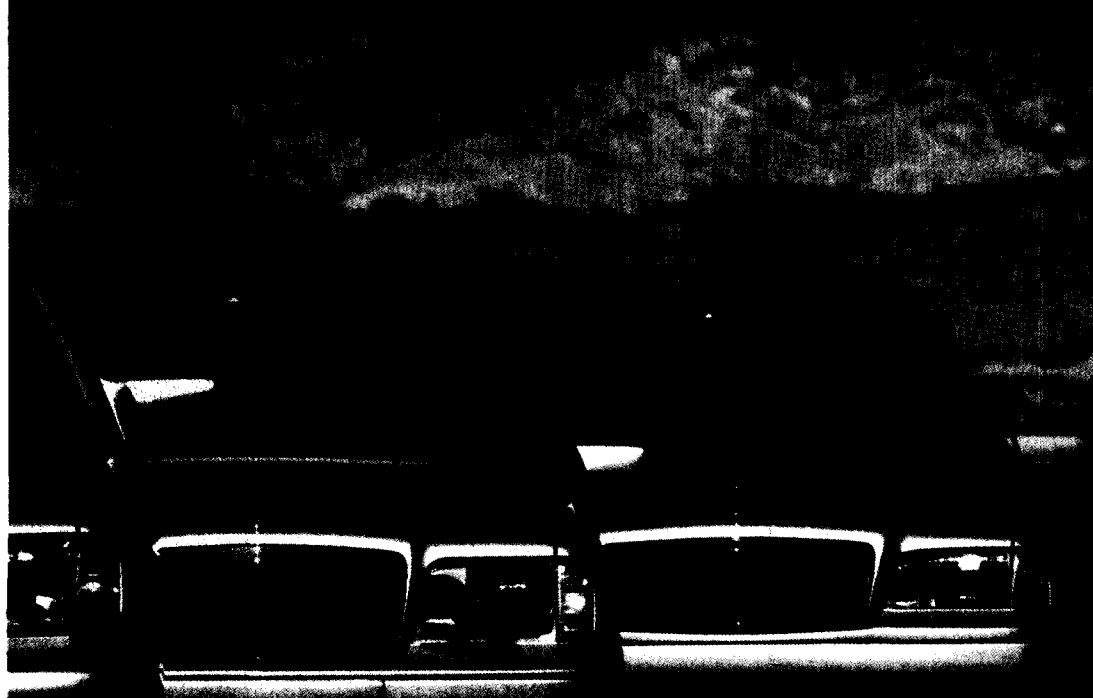


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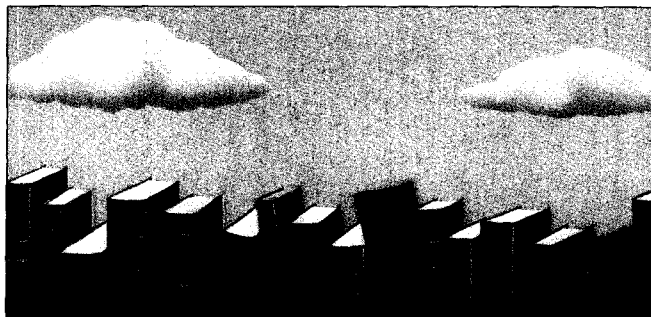
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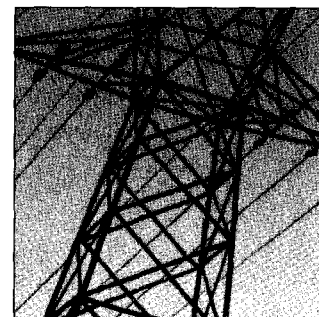
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745 BOYLSTON STREET

LIKE one of his own preludes, Chopin's first encounter with George Sand arrived at its logical conclusion with no promise of there ever being more to come." Thus began the maiden installment of *First Encounters*, written by Nancy Caldwell Sorel and illustrated by Edward Sorel, a feature that appears in alternate issues of *The Atlantic Monthly*. *First Encounters* made its debut in March of 1982. This fall Alfred A. Knopf put the entire series between hard covers.

Did the often improbable, sometimes surreal meetings between famous people described in *First Encounters* actually take place? The Sorels say they are asked that question frequently, by people who are perhaps thinking back to the famous series *Impossible Interviews*, by Miguel Covarrubias, in the old *Vanity Fair*. Unlike *Impossible Interviews*, which postulated conversations between unlikely conversationalists (Gracie Allen and Gertrude Stein, Sigmund Freud and Jean Harlow), *First Encounters* is historically accurate in every detail. Ed Sorel concedes, though, that *Impossible Interviews* may have been subliminally on his mind when the idea for *First Encounters* came to him. He



remembers the moment: "I had wanted to do a book on composers, arranged alphabetically—Bach, Beethoven, Irving Berlin, and so on. Eventually I found myself reading a biography of Chopin, and came across the story of his meeting with George Sand."

Ed and Nancy Sorel's own first encounter occurred in 1963, at Morningside Friends Meeting, in Manhattan. Nancy, a recent migrant from Kansas City, attended regularly; Ed, a native New Yorker, was there for the first time. They tell of the meeting in the newly written *First Encounters* that ends the book: "During the social hour that followed, it was, of course, perfectly proper to carry a newcomer a cup of coffee and ask him how long he had been in New York, and what he was doing there. A native? She had never met one before. Illustration? How interesting. No, she was not a student—a writer. Published? Of course: the *Columbia Encyclopedia*, just out—a tiny but significant part of it was hers. Yes, she would love to have lunch. Yes, today would be fine."

They were married a year and a half later, at the same Quaker Meeting. —THE EDITORS

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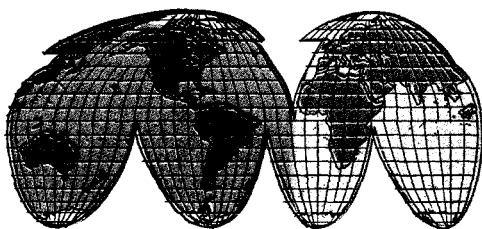
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LETTERS

Reefer Madness

I have no quarrel with Eric Schlosser's point that the punishments for the sale and possession of marijuana are excessive ("Reefer Madness," August *Atlantic*). But I do object to his exclusion of the drug's truly negative qualities, the extent of its use and abuse in this country, and the widespread ignorance of the media, health-care professionals, and others of marijuana's insidious influence. Millions of people in this country smoke pot on a regular basis. One in ten people who try it is likely to become addicted—and yes, marijuana is addictive, and not just in a psychological sense. Regular use of the drug on a long-term basis robs ambition and drive, thwarts emotional maturity, interferes with personal relationships and occupational success, and distorts the ego. One little-known but well-documented side effect of smoking pot can be full-blown psychosis—an awful and usually misdiagnosed condition that can occur even in seasoned users, or can occur after the first use. The literature on it emerged after the American experience in Vietnam, and it continues to be documented.

I am a former medical librarian with a master's degree in public health, and I wrote my master's thesis on marijuana-induced acute toxic psychosis, as it is called. I presented my paper at a Florida Association of Public Health convention a few years ago—and a former employee of the Drug Enforcement Administration came up to me and said, "You're not going to be very popular." Indeed, I am not.

Nancy B. Burrell
Sarasota, Fla.

It is of interest to note that in Britain a tendency to react oppositely to marijuana is in effect. The June 11 issue of *The Economist* reported that despite "hard-line words" by public figures, the police are becoming "more pragmatic." Seventy percent of those caught using marijuana in 1982 were fined, imprisoned, or sen-

tenced to public service. The figure now is 30 percent. The recognition that punitive repression does not work and that usage is increasing has resulted, according to *The Economist*, in a "creeping de-facto legalization" of drugs.

Jim Hunter
Philadelphia, Pa.

Eric Schlosser portrayed Indiana's drug laws as being wildly extreme. Although I agree with him that the judicial system is too lenient with convicted murderers, I strongly disagree that a person who grows marijuana does not deserve a life sentence. The only way that potential criminals are going to learn to be law-abiding citizens is by example. Simply put, if people see criminals forced to pay for their actions with stiff prison sentences or loss of their lives, then the message will eventually sink in. Society is far too soft on people who screw up—even on people who cultivate marijuana in Indiana.

Robert Nance
Indianapolis, Ind.

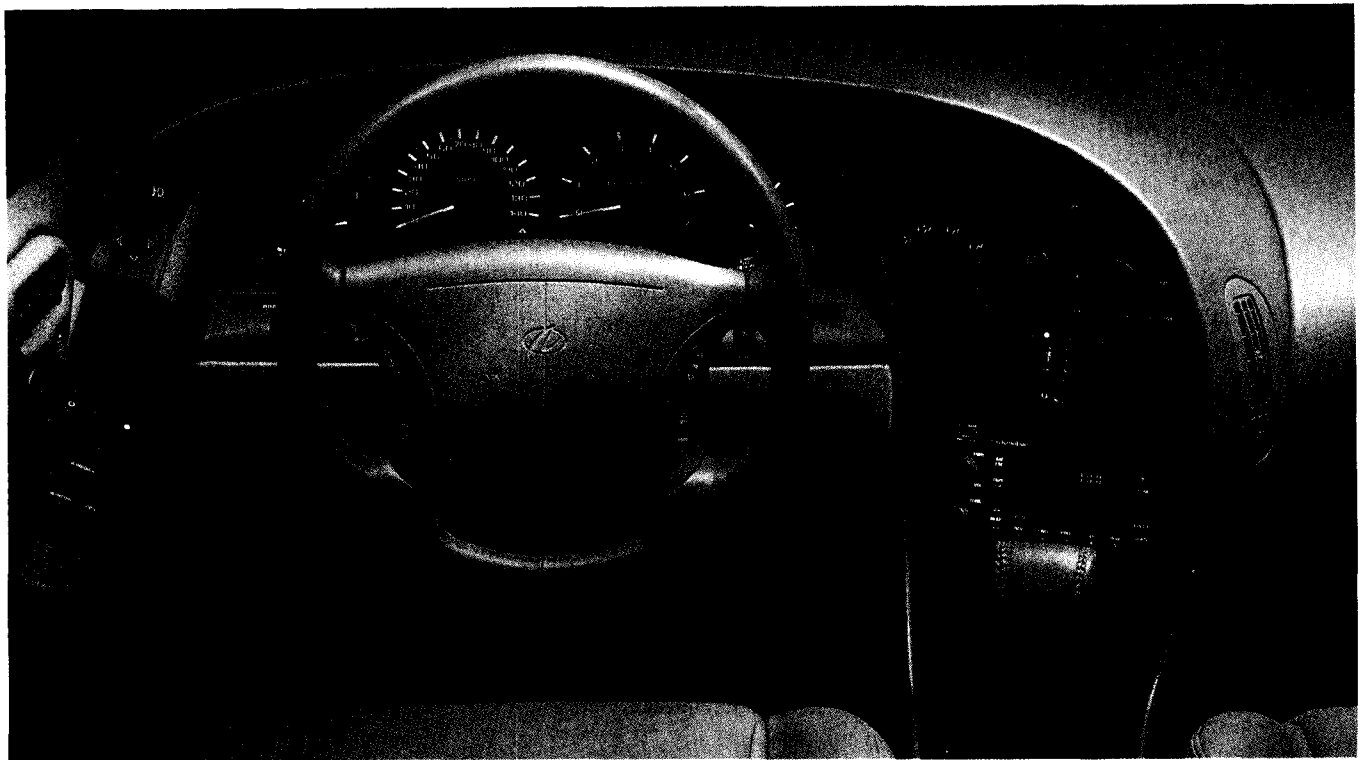
"Reefer Madness" is superb! I am in the drug testing business (managing large corporate drug- and alcohol-testing programs where companies must test their employees), and we have by far more pre-employment marijuana-positive tests than any other kind. One could make an argument that the use of marijuana, despite its known deleterious effects, is on the upswing in the United States. Certainly the pot that people are smoking today is many, many times more potent than that of just twenty years ago, when marijuana abuse surfaced in the societal mainstream.

Harden Wiedemann
Dallas, Texas

Eric Schlosser replies:

Contrary to what Nancy Burrell may believe, I am not an advocate of marijuana. There are many good reasons why society should discourage chronic use of this drug, especially by the young. But

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The Atlantic Monthly

the adverse health effects of marijuana have long been deliberately distorted.

"Marijuana-induced acute toxic psychosis" is not mentioned in either *The Merck Manual of Diagnosis and Therapy* or the *Diagnostics and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders*. The medical literature includes scattered reports of acute toxic psychosis following the intake of an extremely high dose of marijuana. B. R. Martin and M. E. Abood, professors in Virginia Commonwealth University's Department of Pharmacology and Toxicology, note that "this is a short-lasting condition, its frequency is quite low in Western societies, and it seems to affect mainly heavy users." Marijuana can induce temporary feelings of panic, anxiety, depersonalization, and paranoia. These symptoms have long been known colloquially as a "bad trip."

The amotivational syndrome that Ms. Burrell describes—characterized by emotional lethargy and often linked to chronic marijuana use—has never been proved a direct consequence of the drug, according to Martin and Abood. Psychopharmacology alone cannot explain such behavior. As for the addictiveness of marijuana, Dr. Jack Henningfield, of the National Institute on Drug Abuse's Addiction Research Center, and Dr. Neal Benowitz, of the University of California at San Francisco, recently ranked six popular drugs (heroin, cocaine, nicotine, alcohol, caffeine, and marijuana) according to their ability to produce psychological dependence in users. The researchers deemed marijuana the easiest to quit and nicotine the most habit-forming. In the categories of tolerance and withdrawal, crucial determinants of physical addiction, marijuana again came at the bottom of their list. Withdrawal from caffeine causes symptoms more pronounced than those accompanying withdrawal from marijuana.

Mr. Nance is entitled to his opinion on the deterrent effect of long sentences and of the death penalty. Most research on the subject finds little relationship between these harsh punishments and the subsequent behavior of others. Indiana's drug laws are not "wildly extreme" with regard to marijuana. Other states have sanctions much more severe. Mark Young's life sentence was demanded by federal law. Had Young been convicted under Indiana state law, the maximum

sentence for his crime would have been twenty-eight years—at most fourteen years served, and probably much less.

Children and Parents

I was pleased by Mary-Lou Weisman's thoughtful and unsentimental review of residential treatment for children ("When Parents Are Not in the Best Interests of the Child," July *Atlantic*). Her description of what life is like in residential facilities rings very true. As a clinician, an administrator, and an academic, I regularly see the consequences of selective inattention to the needs of troubled children. Weisman serves us all well with her concise exegesis of what the problem really is: money. The abandonment of residential care was supported by an unholy alliance of right-wing tightwads and left-liberal ideologues, all of whom saw an opportunity to divert funding to their own causes. As a result, children and society suffer.

Weisman does not mention a shibboleth of the opponents of residential care—the very real potential for abuse and neglect of children in institutional settings. But when abuse occurs, it is most often a predictable consequence of current policies: underfunded facilities are more likely to have unscreened and untrained staff. I much more frequently encounter abuse and neglect in foster care and other supposedly homelike settings, where there may be little or no oversight of the daily lives of residents or caretakers.

William M. Klyklyo
Wright State University School of Medicine
Dayton, Ohio

Mary-Lou Weisman's article makes an important contribution to understanding the various residential programs and their treatment approaches. However, we would like to clarify a key point she raises: family preservation. It is true that family preservation has become current "child-welfare dogma." With good reason. Past policies and practice in child welfare have separated too many families inappropriately and unnecessarily, created too many "legal orphans" by terminating parental rights without finding children other families, and paid little attention to children's ties to siblings, grandparents, and other kin.



“Time I value above all things. It just gets more and more precious.” *Dame Kiri Te Kanawa*

Beyond question, Dame Kiri Te Kanawa's singing career has been triumphantly consistent over the years. However, she admits that if one thing has changed it's her attitude toward time. She says, “It is so beautifully expressed by the Marschallin in *Der Rosenkavalier*: ‘I go through the house in the middle of the night, and hear the ticking of the clocks. I can't stop them; I can't turn them back.’”

Dame Kiri feels that time has speeded up because her schedule keeps her diary

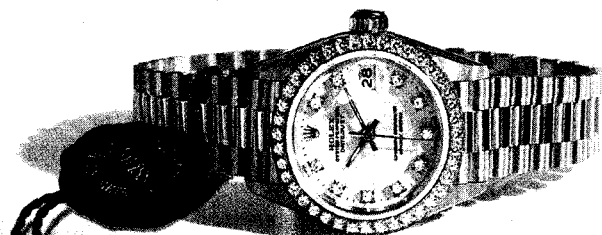
filled for up to five years in advance.

“To arrive early is unfortunate, but to arrive late is the rudest thing imaginable,” she says. But then she relents and smiles, adding, “Sometimes I don't know whether I organize time, or time organizes me.”

For almost two decades Dame Kiri has been accompanied by her Rolex timepiece. Of her gold Lady Datejust with matching President bracelet, she says, “It is very beautiful, very elegant, and quite wonderful.”



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The controversy surrounding family preservation stems in large measure from confusion about its definition. Family preservation is a *philosophy* that emphasizes the paramount significance of family to all human beings and the need to safeguard family bonds. The approaches to putting this philosophy into practice are many, and include those that try to stave off family crises and prevent children's removal, such as the well-known HomeBuilders, and those that expedite children's return home from out-of-home care or residential care with much family involvement.

But for various reasons some children simply cannot live with their parents, and some have emotional needs that can only be met in a specialized setting like the ones that Weisman describes. However, even when intact families cannot be preserved (or re-established), it is essential in most cases that children's ties to their families be preserved through continuing contact and connections, since these are critical to a child's development and identity. Such a broadened philosophy of family preservation should guide all placement and treatment decisions involving children in foster care or residential centers. The either-or approach that some people advocate does a terrible disservice to our most vulnerable children and deprives them of a basic human right—family membership.

Barbara A. Pine
West Hartford, Conn.

Anthony N. Maluccio
Robin Warsh
Boston, Mass.

“When Parents Are Not in the Best Interests of the Child” sets up a false dichotomy between family preservation and residential care. The chronic challenge in child-welfare reform is to avoid hunting for a magic solution and recognize that an array of services is required to meet the varying needs of children and families involved with the child-welfare system.

The children served by residential programs are, by and large, not the same children served by family preservation. As Mary-Lou Weisman carefully pointed out, children in institutions have often been damaged not only by their own families but also by frequent placements within the child-welfare system. One

goal of family preservation is to help as many children as possible stay safely and permanently with their own families, so that they avoid the multiple dislocations that can be so harmful. However, once children have received the degree of harm she describes, residential or institutional care is often the best option.

As one of the liberal family-preservation advocates mentioned in the article, I am very much in favor of residential programs for some children, and I agree with Earl Stuck, of the Child Welfare League, that it is a question not of *whether* residential care should be provided but of *how* that care is provided. Those residential programs that involve families the most thoroughly seem to show better outcomes for the children in their care.

Marcia Allen
Executive Director
National Resource Center on
Family Based Services
Iowa City, Iowa

Mary-Lou Weisman replies:

Marcia Allen and to a lesser extent others make the reflexive mistake predicted in the article: “Father Val [the executive director of Boys Town] thinks that the need to frame the debate as either anti-family or anti-institution is inevitable, given the longing that human beings feel for simple answers to complex questions. Certainly the people who make child-welfare policy, as well as those who carry it out, believe that the either-or approach is self-defeating. Nevertheless, it persists.” Indeed it does.

Turabi's Law

In “Turabi's Law” (August *Atlantic*), William Langewiesche makes many negative assertions about Islam, shari'a, Sudan, and Hassan al-Turabi which are not backed up by anything more than his personal opinions and broad, ill-informed generalizations. Langewiesche, despite having no apparent expertise in Islam, claims that under Islamic law individuals “should have no thoughts of their own” and are “trapped like prisoners from birth.” Would he offer the same bigoted opinion about conservative Jews or Christians who view their religious laws as a guide for actions in life? No, he would not.

In the introduction to his article Langewiesche makes the first of many unsubstantiated generalizations by writing, “I knew . . . the secret police were out and about, making arrests.” How did he know? He never mentions an encounter with the secret police. On the contrary, he notes the lack of security during his interviews with Hassan al-Turabi, even though Turabi was once assaulted in a *Western* country. He dismisses this strong indication of Turabi's confidence in the attitude of the Sudanese people by saying “an attacker would have nowhere to run.” Perhaps Langewiesche believes that the American Secret Service should be disbanded, since anyone who attacked President Clinton would also have nowhere to run. How foolish.

In one passage Langewiesche quotes Turabi as admitting that the police may have used strong lights on prisoners during interrogation. He then lists many more violent, unattributed allegations of police brutality in such a way that it seems Turabi admits to these as well.

Another inexplicable aspect of the article is Langewiesche's fondness for British colonial rule (as opposed to investment by “oil-rich Arabs”) in Sudan. He writes, “The British were naive to believe they could impose standards of fair play on that troubled land.” He goes on to laud the British for “their sincere efforts to improve the country” and for building roads, railroads, and canals that “continue magically to support the city.” Of course he does not attribute this “magic” to the ingenuity of the Sudanese people.

Langewiesche fails to mention the real impact of British colonization: an artificial division between the northern and southern parts of the country. A few examples of this decades-long effort:

1) Following northern revolts at the turn of the century, the British decided that complete cultural separation of the south would aid their continued control of Sudan. In 1910 R. C. Owen, the governor of Mongalla province, suggested that a Sudanese army be formed “composed entirely of Southerners and the commands of which would be in English and the observances of which would be Christian.” The “Equatoria Corps” was established in 1917.

2) Some years later the effort to push Islamic influence out of the south was spelled out in a memorandum to the Mil-

ner mission. The memorandum recommended that southern Sudan be "eventually cut off from the Northern Arab area and linked up with some central African system."

3) In 1922 the infamous Passports and Permits Ordinance, also known as the Closed District Ordinance, sought to restrict freedom of travel, residence, cultural ties, and employment between north and south.

4) In 1935 the district commissioner for the Western District, Bahr al Ghazal, wrote to merchants, "I notice that in spite of frequent requests to the contrary, large quantities of Arab clothing are still being made and worn. Please note that in future it is forbidden to make or sell this clothing. Shirts should be made short, with a collar opening down the front in the European fashion and not an open neck as worn by the Baggara of Darfur." Why didn't Langewiesche mention this imposition of foreign culture on the south?

Langewiesche's article merely rehashed Western clichés about "fundamentalism" and "Islamic radicalism," ignored non-Islamic causes of Sudan's turmoil, and pushed the West a little further along the road to needless confrontation with the world's more than one billion Muslims, five to eight million of whom are Americans.

Ibrahim Hooper

*The Council on
American-Islamic Relations
Washington, D.C.*

William Langewiesche replies:

Mr. Hooper has read messages into my report on the Sudanese Islamic revolution that must originate elsewhere, perhaps because of his professional struggle against cultural and religious prejudice. I sympathize. I went to Sudan on the assumption that the revolutionary leaders there would have much to say. Indeed they do. In quiet conversation most do not deny the problems posed by a pervasive secret police and a system of justice that exists entirely outside both secular and Islamic law. My report made it abundantly clear that the Sudanese leaders are not fundamentalists but Islamic progressives and idealists of the highest order. Their problem is that they have not delivered. They know it, too, and no longer spend much emotion on the undisputed mistakes of British colonial rule. The past has left its

debris, of course, but the task of the revolutionary leaders today is to guide the nation forward. The greatest insult to them and to their new ideology would be to treat the difficulties they have encountered less than frankly. Mr. Hooper is in the public-relations business. I am not.

The Pope

Bravo for the wonderful selection of articles in the July issue. I was especially intrigued by Robin Wright's article on Pope John Paul II, "'What Would the World Be Like Without Him?'" What an interesting contradiction it is to read that the Pope has banned abortion, contraception, divorce, and homosexuality, along with any questioning of the ban, while also advocating an ideal state based on law that "assures the most vulnerable of enough support to avoid falling prey to 'the arrogance and indifference of the powerful.'" According to Wright, the Pope apparently believes that the ideal state is democratic and assures some type of "universal" distribution of goods, which I take to mean provides broad-based access to goods and services. I would be delighted to hear what steps the Pope has taken to bring the papal state closer to his ideal paradigm. It would also be interesting to know whether the investment practices of the papacy accord with the Pope's announced political views.

Ralph E. Avery
Rockville, Md.

Robin Wright replies:

Indeed, John Paul II often seems contradictory on these points and others. I also have never been able to reconcile his positions on reproductive, women's, and gay issues with his broader global vision. And beyond the Pope's "election," the Holy See is hardly democratic, although it has never pretended to be. But this Pontiff has reformed the Vatican state. Salaries of employees, who do not pay taxes, were raised significantly in the mid-1980s, and social services expanded. This Pope has also recognized the Association of Lay Employees of the Vatican, a de facto union, and set up a court of both Vatican and outside experts to adjudicate labor disputes. Vatican employee pension benefits are now comparable to or better than other European schemes, and the health care is better than Italy's system. And on



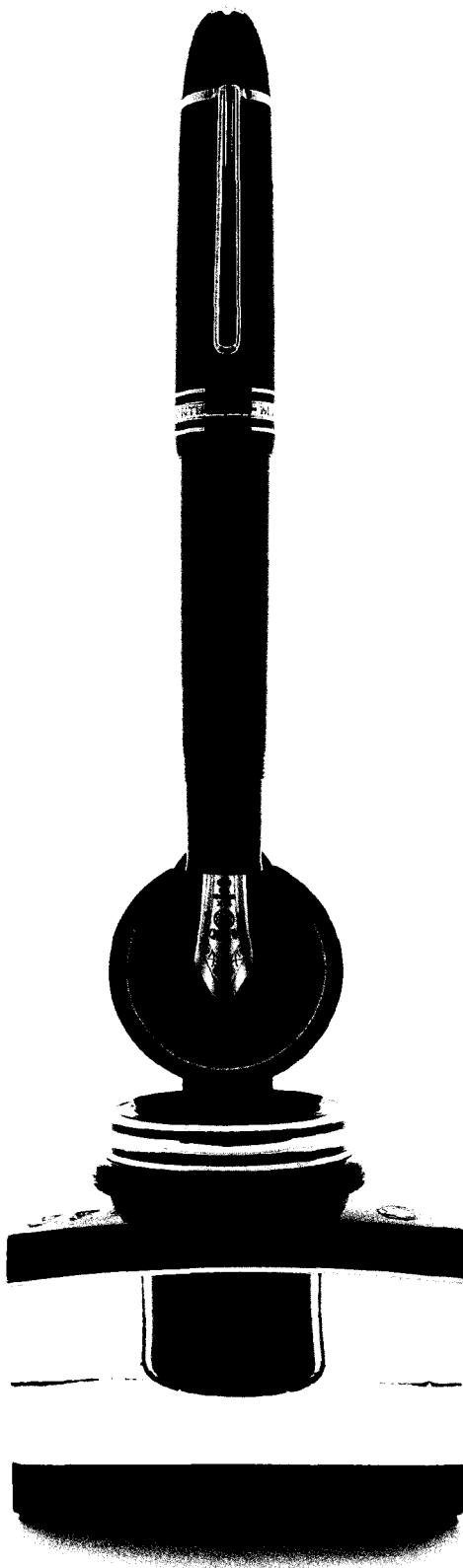
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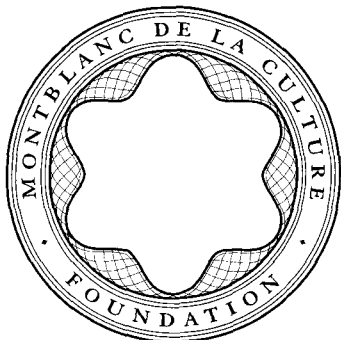
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investments: since the 1970s scandal concerning the involvement of Vatican funds in a pharmaceutical company producing birth-control pills, the Holy See has pursued investments that are not contrary to Church policy.

Sex-Bias Myth

As the authors of the book *Outrageous Practices: The Alarming Truth About How Medicine Mistreats Women* (Fawcett Columbine, 1994), we object to Andrew Kadar's ill-formed argument ("The Sex-Bias Myth in Medicine," August *Atlantic*). We've spent the past three years researching the medical treatment of women and found that, contrary to what Dr. Kadar alleges, gender bias is rampant in medicine and affects medical education, research, the careers of women physicians, and the care of women patients.

Dr. Kadar says that the National Institutes of Health include an institute devoted entirely to women's health, but none devoted to men's. This is simply not true. The National Institute of Child Health and Human Development, to which he must be referring, uses only a minute percentage of its funding for gynecological and contraceptive research. Its focus has always been pediatric, and its interest in women is almost purely obstetric, having more to do with babies than mothers. This is a real shortcoming, given that women have many more conditions unique to their sex than men do.

Dr. Kadar acknowledges that women receive fewer cardiac procedures, such as coronary-bypass operations and angioplasties (which he says is appropriate—a conclusion not borne out by research), and then cites women's greater use of high-tech procedures such as laparoscopies as evidence of their superior treatment. He seems to ignore the obvious: that women are being denied lifesaving surgery but subjected to unnecessary and expensive elective procedures. His statement that women spend twice as much money on health care as men means only that they receive more care, not better care.

When he cites a 1979 San Diego study purporting to show that women receive equal care in the doctor's office, or the Duke study showing that women receive appropriate cardiac care, he is ignoring

dozens of studies that have come to the opposite conclusion. And as he well knows, medicine is based on a body of evidence, never on the results of just one or two studies.

Dr. Kadar dismisses charges that women are being left out of medical studies, but the Framingham Heart Study, which did include women from its beginning, in 1948, is an observational study, not a randomized clinical trial. And randomized trials are the ones from which women have traditionally been excluded.

When Dr. Kadar compares the Physicians' Health Study with the Nurses' Health Study on cardiac benefits of aspirin, he is comparing apples and oranges. The Physicians' Health Study is a randomized clinical trial: a group of physicians were assigned to take aspirin every day and then compared with a group that didn't. In the Nurses' Health Study, on the other hand, a group of nurses were asked to recall how many aspirins they had taken over the past several years. Because their recollections could not have been exact, and because they were taking aspirin for a variety of conditions, the results are disturbingly inexact. In fact, Harvard researchers had tried for years to get funding to conduct a trial similar to the Physicians' Health Study in women, but were denied the money until the public uproar over the physicians' results finally loosened the purse strings.

Until last year breast-cancer research was receiving only \$70 million to \$90 million a year. The President's Special Commission on Breast Cancer, however, concluded that a minimum of \$500 million annually was required "to make substantial progress in developing effective methods to cure and prevent breast cancer."

As for comparing breast-cancer funding with prostate-cancer funding: because women tend to develop breast cancer at an earlier age than men develop prostate cancer, using limited research funds to prevent premature deaths only makes sense.

Women do live longer than men, but those added years are marred by more chronic illnesses and disabilities, all of which are sorely under-researched. For instance, the definitive Baltimore Longitudinal Study on Aging excluded women for its first twenty years because the facility had only one bathroom. The BLSA's crowning achievement—its 1984 report,

"Normal Human Aging"—contained no data on women.

Finally, citing the Women's Health Initiative and similar new trials as evidence of a lack of medical bias is wrongheaded. The WHI, one of the largest trials ever undertaken, was begun precisely because of the sex bias in medicine—to begin to redress the inequities. This study is a "catch-up" study. Some years into the twenty-first century researchers may be a little bit closer to knowing as much about women's bodies as they do about men's.

Leslie Laurence
New York, N.Y.

Beth Weinhouse
Oxford, Miss.

Andrew Kadar replies:

Leslie Laurence and Beth Weinhouse should have read my article a little more carefully. The "section" (not institute) of the NIH devoted entirely to women's health is named in the article: it is the Office of Research on Women's Health. How could two experts on women's health miss this section, which is so obviously devoted to their subject, and waste time discussing a totally unrelated institute instead?

Women undergo fewer coronary-artery-bypass operations primarily because they suffer less from coronary-artery disease, particularly at younger ages. The article notes accurately that some researchers feel that women's treatment is more appropriate than men's.

Laparoscopies are not "unnecessary and expensive elective procedures." This surgery is frequently performed in life-threatening emergencies posed by ectopic pregnancies, ruptured ovarian cysts, and acute appendicitis.

The article notes that some studies, including randomized clinical trials, have found women receiving less care than men for the same complaints and some have come to the opposite conclusion. The largest study found that women receive more care. I most assuredly agree that all papers on the subject should be looked at, which is exactly what gender-bias claimants typically fail to do. If Laurence and Weinhouse examine all the studies, they will find that a larger body of data indicates that women receive more care than the other way around.

Women are not systematically left out of clinical studies. Most studies have subjects from both sexes. Studies that look at

only one sex more often focus on women than on men. That is what the NIH found in its 1987 survey, and it is also what a review of articles indexed in the Medline computer database reveals.

Studies that look only at men generate loud and anguished complaints about the neglect of women. Studies that look only at women, though greater in number, are ignored by gender-bias claimants. A recent article on the effects of secondhand smoke on lung cancer (*JAMA*, June 8, 1994) received a great deal of publicity. What did not receive much attention is that all the subjects of this study were women. How loud would the complaints have been if all the subjects had been men? Many other studies on a variety of topics, including osteoporosis, nausea around the time of surgery, soft-tissue tumor detection, and hormonal effects have been conducted exclusively on women.

Regarding the aspirin studies, my point was that women were not entirely ignored, as critics claim. I described the differences between the two studies and stated that the men's was more rigorous.

As for breast-cancer-research funding, Laurence and Weinhouse err again. The National Cancer Institute spent \$145 million on breast-cancer studies in 1992. Prostate-cancer research received \$31.4 million that year, and colorectal cancer (which accounts for 23 percent more fatalities than breast cancer) received \$69.2 million. Every year from 1981 to 1991 the allocation for breast-cancer research was more than four times the amount for prostate cancer (including some years when the spending on breast cancer was indeed less than \$70 million but the spending on prostate cancer was under \$10 million). The total amount dedicated to breast-cancer research from 1981 to 1991 was \$658 million; the figure for prostate cancer was around \$113 million. The article noted that this difference can be explained partly by the younger age distribution of breast cancer (even though the majority of breast-cancer fatalities are also in patients over sixty-five).

Women's increased lifespan is in large part due to medical advances in obstetrics and infectious disease. Both men's and women's latter years are marred by chronic illness and disabilities. These problems have not, however, been researched more in men than in women. Indeed, with the Women's Health Initia-

tive—not just "one of the largest" but the largest and most expensive clinical study ever undertaken in the United States—we will definitely have more information on older women than on older men.

The one area in which more studies have been done on men than on women is the prevention of "premature" coronary-artery disease, a condition far more common in men. In every other area women have received at least equal but often greater attention. Consequently, we already know more about women's bodies than men's.

For a decade now charges of gender bias in medical care and research have gone largely unanswered. Repeated over and over, these assertions have become accepted by many, despite overwhelming but neglected data to the contrary. Discussion has been dominated by zealots who know their conclusions from the start and selectively search out information that supports their claims. They ignore the larger body of data that disproves their contentions. My hope is that fair-minded women and men will now look at the data in its entirety and see how false the accusations really are.

Advice & Consent

Seymour Hersh quotes me in his article "The Wild East" (June *Atlantic*) as if I agreed with his fantasies about U.S. intelligence assistance to Russian President Boris Yeltsin. In his words, "If Odom's fears are justified, the Russian leadership emerged from the August, 1991, coup with a far greater ability to shield sensitive communications from American sensors." He quotes me earlier as saying "If they did it"—that is, gave Yeltsin certain information—there could be "a huge loss for the future."

My comments were in response to a purely hypothetical proposition to which I refused to lend any probability. Yet Hersh makes his fears appear to be my fears. I neither share his fears nor lose sleep over them.

As for the theme of his article: His use of my comments to advance his own ideological agenda about the virtue of Soviet power and the iniquity of a U.S. President offends me. Unlike him, I am not sad to see the Russian people freed from the Soviet dictatorship.

William E. Odom
Washington, D.C.

THE NOVEMBER ALMANAC



Government

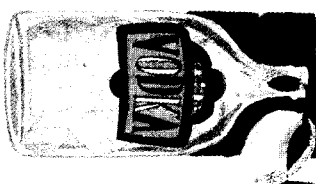
November 8, Election Day. A near record number of non-incumbents are running for seats in the House of Representatives: as of last August 1,110 hopefuls had filed statements of candidacy, a total falling only slightly behind the record—1,292—set in 1992, when reapportionment and an extraordinary number of retirements contributed to an influx of newcomers. This year's activity may in part reflect the popularity of the notion of term limits, although the only state legislature to date to have taken up the issue is Utah's. 15, according to a provision of the Clean Air Act Amendments of 1990, by today 25 states must file plans with the Environmental Protection Agency to reduce the ozone in their air. Failure to come up with a plan that meets the EPA's approval could result in the loss of millions in federal highway funds.

Environment

November 16, after more than 20 years adrift in controversy, the international Law of the Sea Treaty goes into effect today. It is the most comprehensive accord to date on the marine environment, combining all of the strictest standards in existing regional treaties and adding guidelines for previously unregulated activities. Although not all the world's nations have agreed to be legally bound by the treaty, at least 159, including the United States, have signed on in principle. Industrialized countries have observed most of

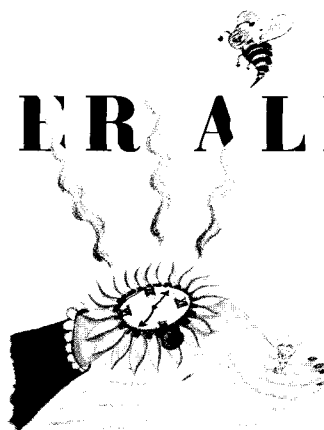


the treaty's provisions for more than a decade, but ratification bogged down over the issue of seabed mining. The treaty specifies that all seabed resources more than 230 miles from shore will belong to the people of the world, and that all mining ventures will be overseen by an international authority. The United States and other industrialized nations balked at provisions (eventually removed from the treaty) that would have required them to pay steep licensing fees to this authority and to transfer mining technologies to Third World nations. In any event, mining will probably not begin in earnest for at least another decade, in part because of its cost. In the meantime scientists will be studying the impact of mining on deep-sea fauna.



Food

Bartenders may need to fine-tune their recipes for bloody marys after this month's release of regulations from the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms limiting the amount of citric acid that manufacturers can add to vodka. Citric acid has long been used to counteract the alkalinity caused by charcoal filters and some glass bottles; however, in order to ensure vodka's essential neutrality, the ATF will be allowing only trace amounts of it. The new regulations have been in the works for several years, during which time the ATF, aided by tasters from the outside firm Odor Science and Engineering, wrestled with the question of how much citric acid is too much. Manufacturers unable to comply with whatever limit is announced this month will have to give their vodka a descriptive name, such as "Lemon Vodka," or label it "Flavored Vodka."



Expiring Patent

No. 4,058,972. Wristwatch with a perfume dispenser. "A wrist watch comprising: a main body portion . . . ; strap connection means . . . ; a perfume chamber extending into the main body portion . . . ; and at least one evaporation orifice or aperture."

The Skies

November 12, the sharp-eyed early riser can see Mercury just above the brilliant planet Venus, low in the southeast minutes before sunrise. 17, the Leonid meteor shower—whose plenitude is notoriously unpredictable—peaks tonight. 18, the Full Moon, also known this month as the Snow or Beaver Moon, will be somewhat darker than usual: a penumbral eclipse, which occurs when the Moon passes through the faint outer shadow cast by Earth, begins just before midnight EST. Visible over all of North America, the eclipse will be at its fullest at about 1:44 A.M.

Arts & Letters

November 11, the Codex Hammer (1506–1508)—a 72-page notebook of scientific text and drawings by Leonardo da Vinci—will be auctioned in New York today by Christie's. Although sales of any of Leonardo's works are rare, this is the second time in less than 15 years that the Codex has changed hands. In 1980 the notebook, then called the Codex Leicester, was sold to help pay the estate taxes of the fifth Earl of Leicester; it was promptly re-



named for its new owner, the late industrialist Armand Hammer. It is being offered now because of a legal dispute between the Armand Hammer Museum, in Los Angeles, and the executor of Hammer's widow's estate. The Codex contains notes on hydrodynamics which are believed to have been vital studies for the water scenes in the background of the *Mona Lisa*; it also contains the first known correct explanation of the source of the moon's luminosity (the sun). And with eerie prescience it anticipates submarines, which Leonardo refrained from describing in detail because of his fear that "the evil nature of men . . . would use them as means of destruction at the bottom of the sea."



75 Years Ago

Walter Lippmann, writing in the November, 1919, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "The world about which each man is supposed to have opinions has become so complicated as to defy his powers of understanding. What he knows of events that matter enormously to him, the purposes of governments, the aspirations of peoples, the struggle of classes, he knows at second, third, or fourth hand. . . . I know of no man, even among those who devote all of their time to watching public affairs, who can even pretend to keep track, at the same time, of his city government, his state government, Congress, the departments, the industrial situation, and the rest of the world. What men who make the study of politics a vocation cannot do, the man who has an hour a day for newspapers and talk cannot possibly hope to do. He must seize catchwords and headlines or nothing."



The tree was like his family journal.

His great-great grandfather, or so the story went, planted it. His mother played in it. And now his daughter was about to get married under it. As a child he'd wondered if the tree itself held them together. But he knew now it was something far greater than that.

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The Power of Two

A new way of classifying everyone

A LETTER to the editor of *Science* magazine which I came across recently brought up the subject of Stigler's Law, something I had never heard of before, and gave me momentary pause. Stigler's Law, which is named after the statistician Stephen Stigler, has applications in the social and physical sciences, and states that discoveries are named not after the first person to discover them but after the last. The idea, of course, is that over a period of many years a number of people may, unknown to one another, independently happen upon the same insight but never have occasion to reveal it widely; the process is brought to an end when the insight is finally named and publicized. This news prompted a sharp pang of loss, because my own family name has long been associated with one of nature's fundamental laws—"If anything can go wrong, it will"—and the belief that the Murphy clan had been the first to recognize the phenomenon was a source of quiet pride. It is meager consolation that members of the Parkinson,

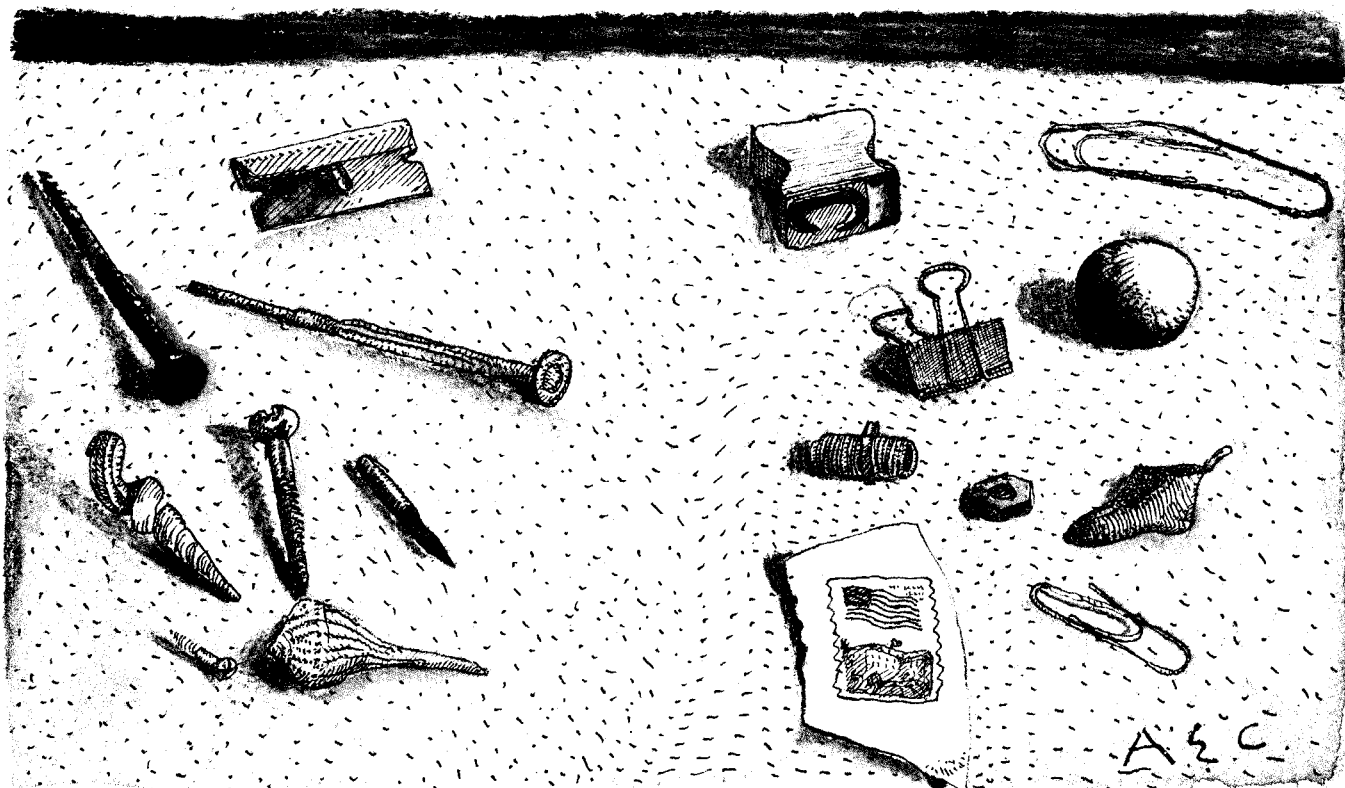
Gresham, and Grimm families are all in the same unhappy predicament.

Fortunately, I am in on the ground floor with something completely new: the General Theory of Divisibility.

There is a certain experiment, I have been told, that psychologists use to gauge a person's ability to conceptualize categorically. No psychologist I have consulted is actually familiar with it as a clinical experiment; perhaps it originated as, and remains, a parlor game. Whatever the case, one begins by asking another person to empty the contents of a pocket or a purse onto a table and then to divide the items into two groups. "Two groups based on what?" the subject typically asks. The clinically correct response is simply to shrug. The pocket or purse is duly emptied, and after a moment or two of bafflement the process of sorting begins. It usually goes quickly, powered by some sudden enlightenment.

In the end there are always two piles, but although I have

by Cullen Murphy





seen this experiment conducted five or six times, I have yet to be able to discern the basis for division. A logical basis always turns out to exist. Here are some of the explanations I have heard: "The things in this pile contain at least one piece of plastic, and the things in the other pile don't." "All the things in one pile and not the other have a letter of the alphabet on them." "These things here you could find on anyone, but those things there you could find only on me."

What any of these responses says about the individual involved I won't venture to guess, but I have come to believe that this experiment is a manifestation of one of nature's most overlooked laws—namely, that a reasonable criterion always exists for dividing any group of things or beings into two. This is the General Theory of Divisibility.

All of us pay unthinking tribute to this idea every time we begin a sentence with the familiar words "There are two kinds of people . . ." Frequently the assertions are rudimentary: "There are two kinds of people—Italians and those who wish they were." But some proposed divisions have a metaphoric power that holds the promise of great utility. A press release from the American Humane Association and other groups, announcing the observance of a Year of the Cat, helpfully set the record straight with respect to a number of myths that have arisen about *felis catus*. (Myth No. 4, according to the press release: "Cats will suck the breath from sleeping infants.") The Humane Association's mailing, which noted that cats had surpassed dogs in popularity as pets, came as a reminder that the classification of people as either dogs or cats in terms of character is one of the most basic divisions there is. Everyone would agree, I think, that T. S. Eliot, Nancy Reagan, Garrick Utley, and Diana Rigg are cats. Walter Matthau, Ted Williams, and Julia Child are dogs. George F. Will is a cat pretending to be a dog. (Like many intellectual cats, Will furthers this subterfuge by maintaining a very public canine interest in baseball.) In contrast, Daniel Patrick Moynihan is a dog pretending to be a cat.

Of course, dividing people into cats and dogs is only one way of cleaving the world's population. There is room for infinite refinement. The pop philosopher Alan Watts, for example, sliced humanity another way—he maintained that people were either prickly or gooey. Adding his classification to the previous one gives us not two kinds of people but four:

prickly dogs	gooey dogs
prickly cats	gooey cats

Oliver Wendell Holmes divided humanity into two groups according to psychological orientation: external versus internal. Adding that distinction increases the number of possible combinations to eight. Ogden Nash once wrote, "There are two kinds of people who blow through life like a breeze, / And one kind is gossipers, and the other kind is gossipees"; the combinations now number sixteen. In Isaiah Berlin's famous taxonomy people are either hedgehogs or foxes, the foxes being those who know many little things and the hedgehogs those who know one big thing. That gives us thirty-two combinations. One

of them—gooey canine external gossipee fox—begins to resemble our President.

Indeed, the more layers of dyads one adds, the less one is defining broad demographic groups and the closer one is coming to singling out specific individuals. Surprising as it may seem, a mere twenty dyads yield more than a million possible combinations. A mere fifty yield a quadrillion. Perhaps these dyads can be thought of as the building blocks of personality, with each of us possessing a unique combination of characteristics just as we possess unique sequences of adenine, cytosine, guanine, and thymine, which define our personal genetic maps. The task ahead for science, then, is to begin nailing down a master list.

Here are some suggestions:

standard	automatic
white	whole wheat
deciduous	evergreen
dry	wet
saver	tosser
loyalist	secessionist
cook	cleaner
star	planet
hard drive	floppy disk
never tire of	nauseated by
Pachelbel's	Pachelbel's
"Canon"	"Canon"

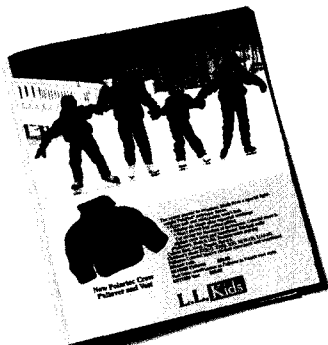
The practical applications of a system like this are not hard to imagine. Western society has for decades been looking for something to supplant the failed god of psychoanalysis; surely the dyad project could assume at least part of this role. Also, consider how personal advertisements would be revolutionized. The standard but not all that revealing SWMs and DJFs and BGMs could now be complemented by a whole palette of accessory qualities.

Less happily, thinking about people in this way eventually leads one to a troubling question: What happens if a person with all the characteristics of column A meets a person who has all the characteristics of column B—who is, that is to say, exactly the opposite in every last particular? My brother, playing to the groundlings for a cheap laugh, says, "They get married." A more disturbing possible consequence is that, as with the theorized collision of matter and anti-matter, the universe as we know it would instantly cease to exist. The mathematics, unfortunately, is unsalable on this point: $A + B = 0$. The General Theory of Divisibility did not bring this problem into existence; it has presumably been there all along. But the likelihood that person A would actually meet person B used to be small: people didn't casually brush up against as many total strangers as they commonly do today, what with modern transportation and the voluminous sloshings of population all over the planet. It is only a matter of time before some chance encounter in Rio, Kampala, or Muncie inadvertently snuffs out the entire human enterprise. As even my clan eventually learned, if anything can go wrong, it will. ☸

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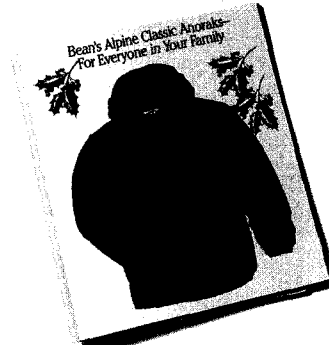
L.L. 'Tis the Season



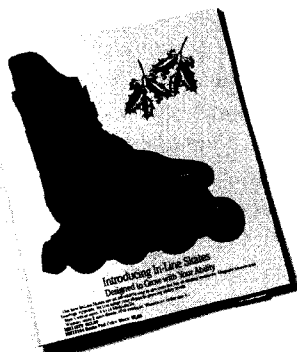
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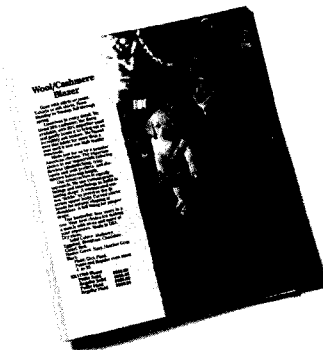
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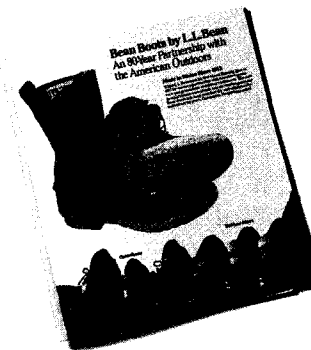
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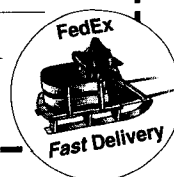
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*Weapons confiscated
from Muslim militants in Egypt*

Eaten From Within

*The Egyptian state, whose stability
has been a pillar of U.S. foreign policy,
is slowly deteriorating*

HAVING traveled through much of the Near East, I found Assiut, a cement-making and food-processing center of 300,000 inhabitants on the western bank of the Nile, 200 miles south of Cairo, one of the most depressing urban areas I had ever seen. Assiut is a city where there have been repeated sniping and bombing attacks on tourists by Muslim militants over the past two years. Attacks like these have

by Robert D. Kaplan

crippled the Egyptian tourist industry and are costing the Egyptian economy some \$1 billion a year. I saw few green spaces, no examples of handsome architecture, no saving graces of any kind. Imagine a dreary grid of sandpaper-hued apartment blocks in a city whose narrow, garbage-strewn streets, consisting of mud forever being refined into choking dust, are clogged with people and with battered cars belching the waste products

of dirty fuel. The gray storefronts resemble the peeling skin of a leper. The faces of people you see on the street look hardened and irritated. The women wear dark scarves: any woman with makeup and exposed hair is—or, more to the point, is assumed to be—a Coptic Christian. The only fresh paint is on the Arabic signs that garnish many an alley corner, advising people to fast during the holy month of Ramadan and ordering women to wear the *hejab*, the traditional scarf. Though these warnings do not specifically mention politics, they are an indication of the strength of Muslim militants and the weakness of a national government whose few official installations here, such as a storefront police station and a concrete state-security edifice along the Nile, are heavily guarded by troops behind sandbags and by plainclothesmen with pistols in their hands.

There is no random crime in Assiut; in the company of an Egyptian friend, I felt completely safe during a recent visit. In that sense Egypt's society is far more civil than our own. But to keep it that way in the face of growing urbanization and industrialization, and of a proliferation of shantytowns, particularly in the northern and western parts of Cairo, requires, it seems, an ever-more-conservative religious and social mortar, providing convenient circumstances for the spread of Islamic extremism. The grim, unaesthetic environment of Assiut could understandably lead people to become politically disaffected, especially if they are unemployed, as two out of ten Egyptians are, or underemployed, as are so many more.

When I asked a Coptic Christian blue-collar worker, "Why is al-Gama'a al-Islamiya [the Islamic Group] shooting tourists?" he replied, "Because the Egyptian government has made peace with Israel, in the minds of the extremists the tourists must obviously all be Jews—an extension of the Mubarak regime. If you can beat up a *kafir* [infidel]"—he displayed the Coptic cross tattooed on his wrist and related how he was nearly attacked by a gang of Muslims—"you can kill tourists."



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I had heard similar statements about Islamic extremists from Copts before. Did these statements merely reflect Christian animosity toward and fear of the fundamentalists? Or was this off-the-cuff remark truly insightful? I would never know. All I could do was look around and talk to people. Remarks that I heard, which would have startled me if I'd encountered them in the neutral context of print, seemed less extreme when spoken in the context of these surroundings.

MOHAMMED Habib is a geology professor at the University of Assiut. Here is his explanation for the attacks on tourists: "The militants have nothing against the tourists personally. Their actions are merely a way to pressure a regime backed by America and Israel. These killings of foreigners, though, are against Islam and Egypt. We condemn them."

Habib is an important figure in the Ikhwan al-Muslimin, the Muslim Brotherhood, in Assiut. The Brotherhood was founded in 1928 by Hasan al-Banna, and quickly adopted terrorism as a tactic. In 1948 it was responsible for the murder of the Egyptian Prime Minister, and in 1954 for the attempted assassination of President Gamal Abdel Nasser. The late President Anwar Sadat opened a dialogue with the Brotherhood, as a hedge against leftist Nasserists who wanted to overthrow him. The group then swore off violence and has not been implicated in any attack for a quarter century. Many Egyptians see the Brotherhood as a benevolent neighborhood force, operating clinics, welfare organizations, schools, and hospitals. Its numbers are uncounted, its popularity unpolled, because it is officially proscribed as a political party. The overwhelming majority of Egyptians and Western diplomats I asked said that if truly free elections were ever held in

Egypt, the Muslim Brotherhood would probably win the most votes. That's as specific as the information gets. Are there links between the Brotherhood and extremist Islamic organizations—for example, the Islamic Group? Most Egyptians with whom I spoke thought that there were, though no one provided details.

"Prof. Dr. Habib," as he prefers to be identified, is a typical member of the Brotherhood. By that I mean he appears highly disciplined and also somewhat proud. With stylish glasses, a cream-colored corduroy jacket, and a perfectly trimmed white beard, he is fastidious, and also didactic, speaking in a nasal, crisply enunciated Arabic that secular Egyptians call "Islamic" speech. "These Islamists have their own language, their own way of speaking Arabic," says Mohammed Gohniem, of the Egyptian Organization for Human Rights. My translator, Mohammed el Dakhakhny, and other Egyptians I met also remarked on the "koranic" speech of Brotherhood members and of the followers of radical sheikhs. This type of speech has several distinctive characteristics. While the overwhelming majority of Arabs speak a regionally based colloquial Arabic, reserving classical (or literary) Arabic for written communications and other formal applications, Islamists use classical Arabic regularly. In addition, they flavor it with allegories and symbols peculiar to the Koran. More distinctive still is the way they pronounce Arabic: whereas spoken Arabic is usually a flowing language, in which one word easily connects with the next, Islamists seem almost to meditate on certain words, separating them out from the ones before and after in order to savor their meaning. This is a speech mannerism akin to praying, or to memorizing. In Iran, though the language is Persian into which have been mixed some Arabic words, this way of speaking is called "mullah talk" by Western experts and English-speaking secular Iranians. Because in Arabic substance is conveyed not only by the literal meaning of words but also by their sound, it is not uncommon for Islamists to mimic the accent and intonations of a favored cleric, as a way of showing respect. This is not so strange in a culture in which rote learning remains common.

To hear Habib's distinguished voice condemn the regime's widespread use of torture against not just suspected terror-

ists but also people only vaguely, if at all, connected with them is to fall under a spell of collusive idealism. *If only more people were as rational as Habib often seems to be—if only President Mubarak would begin a dialogue with this man's organization.* Indeed, according to one line of thought with which diplomats, area specialists, and Egyptians themselves sometimes toy, the Brotherhood is the moderate Islamic alternative to the extremists, offering the government a way to avoid radicalization.

And yet, if one asks Habib, not to mention other Brotherhood members, about the Egyptian economy and the tough jobs Mubarak faces—the privatization of some 300 state firms, the paring down of a debilitating million-person state bureaucracy—one gets evasive answers. "These are political problems," was all Habib would say to me. If one asks the Brotherhood about the United States, one encounters unambiguous hostility: America is seen as the protector of an oppressive regime in Cairo.

Ask them about Israel, and . . . well, let Habib speak for himself: "For Arafat and other Arab governments to make peace with Israel changes nothing. That is just another reason why many regimes in the Arab world are discredited and will collapse. We know the Jews have always been troublemakers."

Habib may be part of a phenomenon that extends beyond Egypt and the Near East. His confident, learned gaze is eerily reminiscent of the expressions of educated Hindu and Sikh militants in India, of the university professors who spearheaded the pre-war Romanian fascist movement, of the self-educated and highly disciplined members of Louis Farrakhan's Nation of Islam, and even of Radovan Karadzic, the Bosnian Serb with a degree in psychiatry who thinks that the elimination of Muslims is the key to his Orthodox Christian people's distress. They have all had grandiose visions acquired through an exceedingly limited range of books—and little experience of an outer world inhabited by others who think differently. A retired Egyptian diplomat spoke to me, for example, of the Brotherhood's attitude toward Judaism: "The Jews these people think they know about are the Jews of the Koran, who spurned Mohammed. The Brotherhood's knowledge of Judaism since the medieval era is nonexistent."

*The government's
recent crackdown on
the militants has
certainly bought it time,
but little more.*

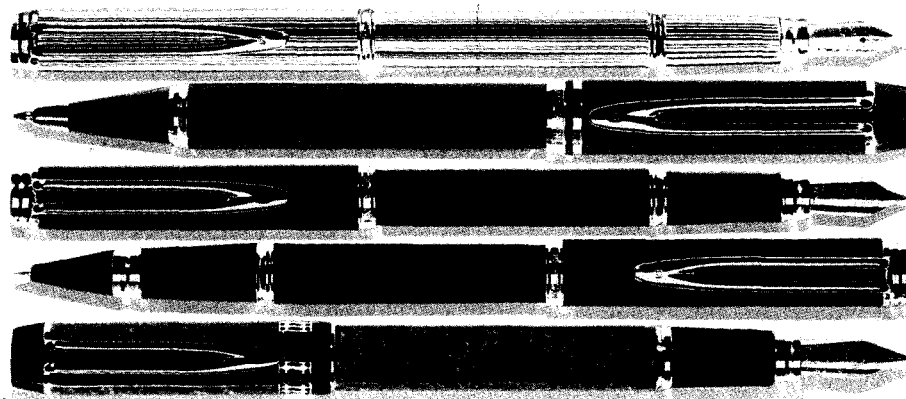
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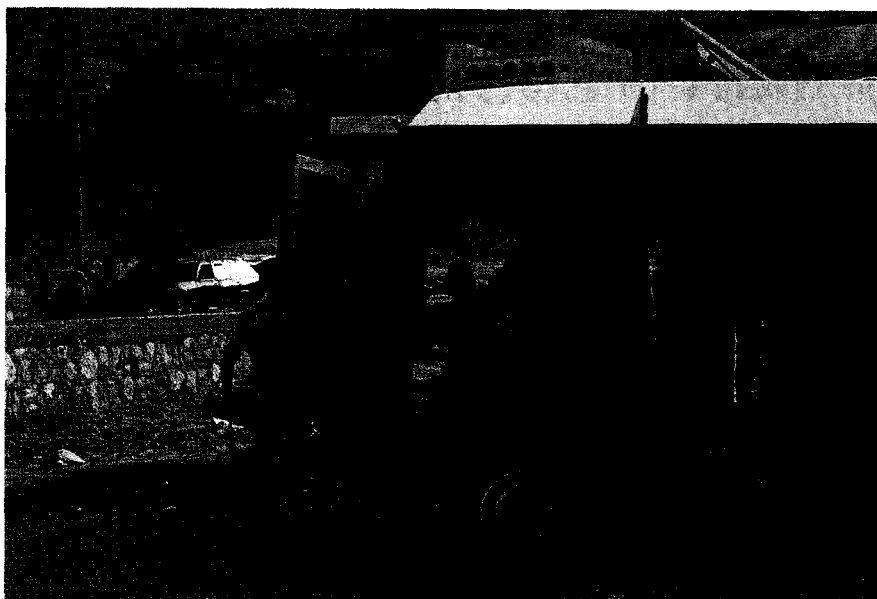
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WHAT sorts of upheavals lie ahead? A discussion of Egypt's "deep" future must begin with the acknowledgment that unlike many other Middle Eastern states, Egypt is not artificial and makes eminent geographic sense. Civilization in the Nile Valley always was and always will be. It is worth noting that whatever disaffection there may be in Assiut, people there still think of themselves as Egyptians. The sundering forces that exist not far below the surface in Algeria, with its large Berber minority and Tuareg subgroup, do not exist in Egypt.

Assiut is more than just Assiut. Traveling in upper Egypt—that is, "up" the Nile, in southern Egypt—between Minya and Assiut, a distance of two hours by car, one no longer sees the traditional Nile Valley backdrop, in which water buffaloes move along canal embankments against a green panel of cultivation. Rather, one suffers through a sprawl of red-brick block houses where crowds rarely end. Red brick is more expensive than the traditional mud brick, and suggests the wealth of Egyptians who worked in the Persian Gulf states in the oil-fueled 1970s and 1980s, and are now putting their money into real estate. Because red brick is sturdier, buildings are taller than they used to be, making possible an increase in population density and therefore also increasing social tension. There are still water buffaloes, but some of them are to be found in the teeming urban streets of upper Egypt.

In this environment Muslim militancy feeds not just on unemployment and the inability of the government in Cairo to provide basic services such as running water and garbage collection but also on the very presence of the Copts, who are more numerous in upper Egypt than anywhere else in the country. The seventh-century Arab Muslim conquest of Egypt did not penetrate as deeply in the southern region. The Copts, who are distinguished from other Egyptians by religion much more than ethnicity, today make up about 20 percent of the population in upper Egypt, as opposed to less than 10 percent in the country overall. (All Egyptian population figures are rough.)

One foreign resident describes the Copts' social position in this poor Muslim society as that of "the Korean grocers in South Central L.A." An enlargement of the pilgrim center at the Convent of the



Military police guard the Convent of the Virgin Mary, Assiut

Virgin Mary, outside Assiut, built by donations from Copts all over Egypt and the world, is a not-too-subtle reminder to Muslims of the Christians' greater prosperity. No mosque I saw in upper Egypt was as large or as lavish as that pilgrim center, whose cross is visible for miles across the Nile Valley. (In any event, the large mosques in upper Egypt are *houkoumi*, or official government mosques, and lack the political credibility of the *ahliya*, or people's mosques. These are humble storefront affairs that have also acted as bases for the Islamic Group; many of them have recently been taken over by the government.) When I asked the family of Hosni Farag, a Coptic farmer in a village north of Assiut, who lost his right arm and left eye when members of the Islamic Group attacked him in his field, about the future of Christian-Muslim relations, one of Farag's relatives replied that Copts could be safe in Egypt only if there is "a policeman who can protect us on every street." Two weeks after my visit five Copts, including two priests, were murdered outside a monastery near Farag's village.

In the 1970s and early 1980s, under Anwar Sadat, upper Egypt experienced periodic riots followed by long periods of quiet. Now the turmoil is endemic, with several security officers being killed regularly by Muslim militants. Nor is the problem confined to upper Egypt. In Alexandria last November there was a plot to assassinate Mubarak, by using mine-clearing equipment taken from Egyptian army stocks to blow up the

President's car. And there have been attempted assassinations of three Cabinet ministers. Tellingly, these attacks have caused little outrage among Egyptians. I heard frequent remarks about how it would not have been a bad thing if the assassination attempts had succeeded, since there are no democratic means to replace what many Egyptians perceive as an uninspiring leadership. One Egyptian journalist says that it's as if Gerald Ford were still running the United States after replacing Richard Nixon twenty years ago and the only way of getting a new President was for someone to shoot Ford or for the military to replace him.

WHAT we are witnessing, then, is the steady decline of a system. There is a myth about Egypt that Nasserism died with Nasser in 1970. Not true. The plinth of Nasserism has always been the military, the gargantuan state bureaucracy, the plethora of huge state-owned enterprises, and the class of private businessmen and their relatives who, helped by protection from outside competition, parasitically feed off the state, buying cotton and other raw materials from the government at less than market value and in return selling the government inferior-quality goods and services. Nasser, Sadat, and Mubarak have all emerged from the military, from an officer corps that in recent decades has been pampered with subsidized housing and cars, among other benefits. However compassionate its regime may seem in comparison with those in places like Libya,



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There have been attempted assassinations of three Cabinet ministers. Tellingly, they caused little outrage.

Syria, and Iraq, Egypt has nevertheless almost always been governed by "emergency," or "exceptional," law since the 1950s. It is a national-security state, meaning that detainees have in effect no rights, and the military, rather than a democratic majority of Egyptians, decides who governs. More than half of the aid the U.S. government gives Egypt annually (\$1.3 billion out of \$2.1 billion) is for the military. As for the bureaucracy, it may have existed in Egypt for 5,000 years before Nasser, but Nasser strengthened its power and fostered its growth, in part by means of his policy of nationalization. I was told of one study—perhaps apocryphal—that determined that the average Egyptian bureaucrat does twenty-seven minutes of real work a day. Anyone who has watched bureaucrats in the government Mugamma building, off Cairo's Tahrir Square, sit for hours gossiping, reading magazines, and eating fava-bean sandwiches knows that that figure may well be true. I have visited Egypt nine times and have spent hours watching bureaucrats sitting behind their deteriorating desks and doing no work whatsoever.

Nasser gave poorer Egyptians cheap bread, palaver about Israel, and jobs in the state bureaucracy. But to a crucial percentage of the middle and upper classes, of whom Nasser was suspicious, something more had to be offered. So, for instance, Nasser awarded contracts to favored businessmen to build subsidized housing. The new apartments were not for the poor. They were for the police and army officers, the judges, the engineers, and the other middle-class professionals whom Nasser needed to coopt. And for their children, too. Today, reportedly, there are two million empty housing units in Egypt, locked up and representing frozen capital worth more than \$25 billion, many for the children and relatives of a new generation of Egyptians who are

already well-off, even as their poorer compatriots, the ones from whom the militants and the Muslim Brotherhood draw their foot soldiers, cannot get mortgage loans. These poorer compatriots are frequently young men with some education, a university degree perhaps, often with families, who cannot find jobs and have no connections among those in power.

Many of the poor live in cemetery mausoleums and in shantytowns where there may be one family to a room and ten families to a toilet. According to some estimates, as much as one fifth of Cairo's population lives in this manner. In the face of official neglect, neighborhood welfare associations have sprung up, often under the auspices of the Muslim Brotherhood. These may be little more than a few neighbors getting together, directed by a dynamic and educated person such as Mohamed Habib. The point is that no matter how little they do, it is usually more than what the government does. The October, 1992, earthquake in Cairo offers an example, which may have revealed more about the political future of Egypt than anything coming out of the far-more-publicized Middle East peace process. When the quake occurred, Mubarak was abroad. The bureaucracy, accustomed to taking orders from the top, was temporarily paralyzed. The Brotherhood and the neighborhood *ahliya* mosques distributed blankets and some food for the homeless, often nothing more. Mubarak rushed back to Egypt and the bureaucracy started cranking out a response, which ultimately resulted in some apartments being made available to people who had lost their houses. But because the state was nowhere visible during the first hours of the tragedy, in the popular mind it did nothing.

One government official admitted to me, "We usually know what the situation is, but we act like we don't." In fact, the part of Egypt that in pivotal ways is outside the sovereignty of the Nasserist state appears to be expanding. Take Imbaba, a slum neighborhood in Cairo, which looks as though its buildings and people had been dipped in a vat of liquidy mud and set out to dry in the polluted air. Significant parts of Imbaba did not even exist a decade ago. Government ministers rarely, if ever, visit Imbaba (though recently the Minister for Local Governates, Mahmoud Sherif, has made an attempt to reclaim the loyalties of a section of Imbaba

by supplying water and sewage services). With still too little government input, Imbaba has been periodically run by a succession of local "emirs," some with ties to Brotherhood welfare organizations, some without. When I asked one resident what these emirs do, he replied, "They open the drawer and give you something. The government opens the drawer and asks you for something." A Westerner looking for a formal structure to these neighborhood associations will be disappointed. What he will find in Imbaba itself, however, is that modern life is encroaching even in a Cairo slum. There may not always be water pipes, but there are television antennas, and the people watch not only religious sermons but also Western-style soap operas.

THE issue, I slowly began to realize, was less the Brotherhood than modernity and the contradictions associated with it. Egypt is changing rapidly. There are not only more slums but also more cordless phones, Mercedes-Benzes, and boutiques. The new rich are another legacy of Nasser, whose land reforms ended the latifundia system that integrated, however unequally, the rich and the poor in a traditional social structure. The wealthier classes have much less personal contact with the poor now than they had in previous generations. In other words, Egyptian lives and anxieties are increasingly similar to our own. There is more atomization into small groups, but within groups people are learning to live with less and less government. Of course, the United States can change its government every four years. However little good that may do us, Egyptians can't do even that: they still have Gerald Ford, so to speak. But the old stereotype of Egypt as an "IBM society—*Inshallah* (God willing), *Bokra* (tomorrow), *Malesh* (never mind)" is losing validity. Not just the poor but the wealthier classes, too, are impatient for better government. And while class fissures widen and other problems mount up, the Nasserist state is a calcifying Ozymandian monolith, ready to crack open and disintegrate.

Hosni Mubarak may be less a Gerald Ford than a Konstantin Chernenko: the preserver of an old system before real reform, revolution, or chaos arrives to dismantle it. Reportedly, Mubarak believes that Gorbachev fell because Gorbachev

(Continued on page 42)



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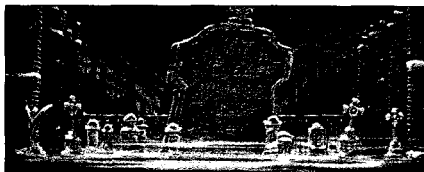
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BY AUSTIN BAER AND LAURA JACOBS

WHAT THE DICKENS

Charles Dickens envisioned the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come as a spirit "shrouded in a deep black garment." Susan Stroman, the choreographer for the latest all-singing, mostly dancing musical version of *A Christmas Carol*, sees the figure as a powerful ballerina in red. Well, a creative team must be creative. If Stroman gets her wish, the new extravaganza will become a staple, Madison Square Gar-

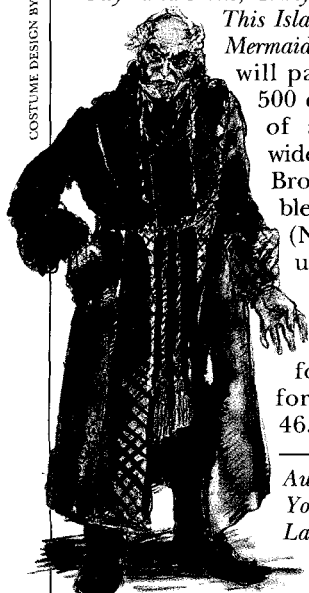


Set designs for *A Christmas Carol*

den's answer to Radio City Music Hall's annual Christmas show, and make lots of money for everyone involved. The production team amounts to a big insurance policy. Besides the brilliant Stroman, it includes the director Mike Ockrent, the stage designer Tony Walton, the costume designer William Ivey Long, the composer Alan Menken, and the lyricist Lynn Ahrens: talent that has scored in such varied fare as *Guys and Dolls*, *Crazy for You*, *Once On This Island*, and *The Little Mermaid*. A cast of seventy will parade more than 500 costumes in front of a set six times wider than the widest Broadway stage. God bless 'em, every one.

(November 23-January 1, The Paramount at Madison Square Garden, New York; for tickets and information call 212-465-6741.) —A.B.

Austin Baer is a New York-based writer.
Laura Jacobs is editor in chief of Stagebill.



COVER ILLUSTRATION BY CYNTHIA CARROZZA

BALANCHINE REVISITED

When Suzanne Farrell was a leggy young thing in the New York City Ballet, she was at the center of the kind of controversy the dance world thrives on. She was extreme, she transcended rules of technique, she was George Balanchine's unblushing favorite, a soul kitten who seemed to understand what the master wanted before he did. Farrell's unorthodoxies puzzled some, awed others, and eventually became the iconography of the day. In a magnificent career she redefined and reconfirmed the terms of dance classicism. (Baryshnikov is far second in importance.)

Farrell is offstage now, a teacher and a coach—and controversial again. When NYCB wrote her out of its budget last year, it wrote out the single most vital link to its founding genius. Power play or penny pinch, the firing was a loaded gesture, and it left the dance world reeling. Farrell, meanwhile, continues to inspire dancers elsewhere, and to stage Balanchine ballets around the world.



Coach Farrell in the studio

This November at the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C., along with her annual teaching gig there, Farrell leads the George Balanchine Series—three conversations with the writer David Daniel. Organized around "Balanchine in the Studio," "Balanchine on Stage," and "Balanchine: The Vision," these events will feature film clips, detailed discussion, and, if the audience is lucky, bits of demonstration by La Farrell herself. It's a must-see-and-hear. (November 3 and 17, and December 1; call 202-467-4600.) —L.J.

FIFTY WAYS TO MOCK THE DEVIL

According to a credible eyewitness, the Maly Drama Theater of St. Petersburg's *Gaudeamus* ("Let us rejoice") explodes with wild humor. Reconcile this verdict, if you can, with themes of murder, suicide, rape, racism, and substance abuse in the corrupt Soviet army. Incorporating mime, improvisation, dance, and cabaret styles, the show's kaleidoscope of satire struck *The Observer* of London as "a stunning poetic ballet of lust and deprivation," and the company's artistic director, Lev Dodin, enjoys the sterling opinion of that exacting theatrical guru Peter Brook. From October engagements in Chicago and at the University of Iowa, *Gaudeamus* travels this month to the Brooklyn Academy of Music (call 718-636-4100), Dartmouth College (call 603-646-2422), and Arizona State University at Tempe (call 602-965-3434).

—A.B. From *Gaudeamus*



THE NAKED AND THE MASKED

When I think of the Pina Bausch/Tanztheater Wuppertal, I think *dated clothing*. The dresses are all tired glamour, décolletage, and bias styling (the look of wartime rationing), and the men wear courtly, weary three-piece suits—or nothing at all—or dresses. The state of siege, the masquerade—these are the constants in Bausch's startling form of "all's fair in love and war" dance theater. There

are those who swear by Bausch's lengthy examinations of ennui, her Kundera-esque explorations of the brimstone body. Others have sworn off them. Bausch and company, who haven't been in New York since 1991, come to the Brooklyn Academy of Music on November 17-20, 22, and 23, and bring *Two Cigarettes in the Dark*, described as a collage of 150 situations (call 718-636-4100). —L.J.

Popular Music and Jazz

BY BOB BLUMENTHAL AND CHARLES M. YOUNG

INNOCENCE IS BLISS

Popular music has always kept space in its heart and marketing plans for the eccentric—probably because so many great musicians don't aspire to normality. One such artist is Daniel Johnston, a semi-legend in underground music who lives with his parents outside of Houston, and rarely performs anywhere. His gift for lyric composition shines through his primitive production, and has won him an ardent following. On *Fun* (Atlantic), his first album for a major label, Johnston gets his first accessible accompaniment, much of it provided by Paul Leary, of the Butthole Surfers, who produced and played guitar and lined up other guest musicians.

Johnston sounds like a cross between Neil Young and a precocious second-grader. His voice tends to quaver in the vicinity of notes rather than hit them precisely, while his rhyme schemes and



Daniel Johnston

story lines have a charming folk-art asymmetry. The album is aptly titled, because it is, above all, fun—and occasionally fall-on-the-floor funny. Johnston's naive optimism hearkens back to the pre-acid Beatles and is similarly infectious. Many of the songs here are outrageously hummable, and just plain make you feel good.

Kathy McCarty gives Johnston an even more accessible treatment on *Dead Dog's Eyeball: Songs of Daniel Johnston* (Bar/None), one of the few tribute albums you'll ever hear that actually pays tribute with genuine feeling and smarts. McCarty takes Johnston's raw melodies and puts them through various treatments ranging from folk to acid to country to jazz to sea chanty. Her resonant vocal cords have hit their prime, and yet she has the taste to keep her technique in the service of these eighteen often astonishing songs. Call it the voice of experience singing songs of innocence. —C.M.Y.

A FORTUNATE SON OF THE SAXOPHONE

Joshua Redman was headed for law school at Yale when he decided to spend a few months focusing on music. Then he won the 1991 Thelonious Monk Institute International Saxophone Competition, and the hottest jazz star of the decade was anointed. Law school can wait.

Mood Swing (Warner Bros.), his third album, offers a cogent summary of Redman's strengths. Though he's not yet an innovator, his broadly expressive sound and infectious swing encompass all the verities. In addition, Redman's solos are models of dramatic patience, building coherently to climaxes that never settle for mere effects.

Redman has enjoyed an ongoing partnership with another enfant terrible, the bassist Christian McBride, who is again dazzling with his plucked conversation on "Chill" and his singing bowed work on "Dialogue." The real news on *Mood Swing*,



Joshua Redman



Dewey Redman

however, is that Redman is getting comparable support from the rest of his young band. The pianist Brad Mehldau and the drummer Brian Blade complete a rhythm section that sizzles in several moods, including the hard waltz of "The Oneness of Two (in Three)," and the swinging overdrive of "Rejoice." This quartet may not be revealing the future of jazz, but it has a sure fix on the present.

A measure of Redman's celebrity is his frequent appearance on albums by jazz veterans. One of his better guest shots is on *African Venus* (Evidence), where he converses with his father, Dewey Redman. Once an Ornette Coleman accomplice and

still among the most original of tenor players, Redman *père* is a relaxed and unpredictable stylist who blows with the same unsparing engagement that suffuses the work of his more celebrated son. —B.B.

ROARING TOADIES

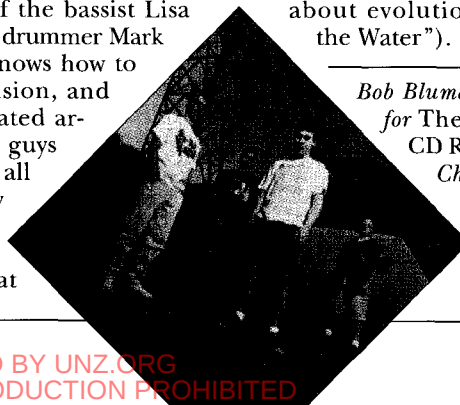
Also from Texas, but much harder and angrier, the Toadies play a particularly thunderous version of latter-day punk rock that should inspire serious moshing far beyond their home town of Dallas/Fort Worth. The guitarists Darrel Herbert and Todd Lewis know how to beat a riff to death, but their skills extend further than the usual three-chord bashing, exhilarating though their interludes of three-chord bashing may be. The rhythm section, consisting of the bassist Lisa Umbarger and the drummer Mark Reznicek, really knows how to pound with precision, and with the complicated arrangements these guys go for, they need all the precision they can muster. It is, however, the voice of Todd Lewis that

defines the Toadies' sound. Most of the singers who have been influenced by Robert Plant—which is to say virtually everyone in hard rock since 1968—try (and fail) to duplicate his high tenor screech. Lewis seems to have gone instead for Plant's lower-pitched sensual groan, which he weaves in and out of the intricate stops and starts of the rhythm section with hypnotic skill. He's also the only singer you're likely to hear who's extremely angry about evolution ("I Come From the Water"). —C.M.Y.

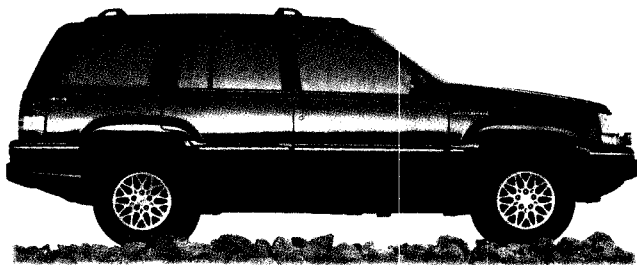
Bob Blumenthal is a jazz critic for The Boston Globe and CD Review.

Charles M. Young is a New York-based writer.

Lewis, Herbert, Reznicek, and Umbarger



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Classical Music

BY AUSTIN BAER

BANNED IN THE USSR

Katerina Izmailova is one of those who take nothing lying down. When her lecherous father-in-law beats up her lover, she feeds him poisoned mushrooms. When her milquetoast husband comes home in a temper, she strangles him with her bare hands while her lover pins him to the floor. Convicted of murder, the adulterers are en route to Siberia when Katerina strikes again, plunging a rival into a raging river and leaping in after. By such deeds the heroine justifies the title of Dmitri Shostakovich's *Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk* (1932). An international smash in its time, the opera quickly fell victim to that most discerning of music critics, Joseph Stalin, who thought the stage should depict Russian life as more wholesome, in keeping with the imperatives of socialist realism. Sixty years later the score of *Lady Macbeth* remains a shocker, both for its giddy sarcasm and for its notorious sexual thrust. Yet there are subtle ironies, too, expressed in



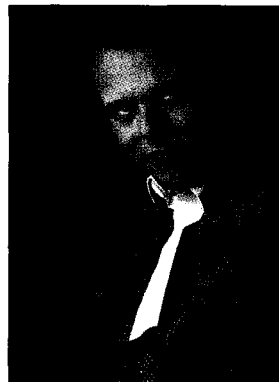
Set design for *Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk*

quick little solo riffs from the orchestra. The effect, strange to say, can be all but Mozartean. Some pages are drenched in lyricism, and the music for the anonymous convicts of the bleak final scene has moments that overflow with compassion. Mounting Shostakovich's masterpiece for the first time, the Metropolitan Opera has assembled a promising production team. The director (new to the Met) is Graham Vick, noted for interpretations that are spare, precise, icily beautiful to look at, and morally challenging. The conductor is James Conlon, whose affinity for the Russians is well known to Met audiences from his sharply etched, emotionally rich readings of *Boris Godunov* and *Khovanshchina*. (November 10–December 10; for tickets and information call 212-362-6000.)

Austin Baer is a New York-based writer.

FASHIONABLY LATE BLOOMER

For most of its seventy-five-year history the Oslo Philharmonic Orchestra has performed its services to Norwegian music lovers unsung and unobserved by the world at large. No longer. Since 1979, when the Latvian-born Mariss Jansons took over as music director, the Oslo has advanced to the front rank of international symphony orchestras, prized for its intense involvement, supple reflexes, and refined sense of color. Recordings are part of the story, of course, but hype is not. In 1982 the musicians of the Oslo produced a master tape of Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony and shipped it abroad. Chandos, a British label, instantly signed the orchestra for the complete Tchaikovsky symphonies. The set appeared to great acclaim and continues to sell briskly. Since then the Oslo has landed at EMI, for which Jansons and his team have



Mariss Jansons

laid down thrilling accounts of romantic and twentieth-century repertoire from Berlioz to Stravinsky by way of Wagner, Dvořák, and Honegger. "In recordings I insist on a concert feeling," says Jansons, now fifty-one, "not the studio priority of technical routine." Happily, there is nothing routine about the Oslo's concerts, either. This fall Jansons and the players celebrate their institu-

tion's anniversary with an eight-city tour of North America (November 29–December 11), stopping in Ann Arbor, Washington, D.C. (Kennedy Center), Boston, Pittsburgh, Toronto, New York (Carnegie Hall), Wilmington, and Chicago. As in the Oslo's discography, romantic showpieces predominate. But Beethoven's *Leonore* Overture No. 3 is on the bill too, affording a rare glimpse of the orchestra's less familiar, truly classical face.

DIVA FOR THE DISCERNING

For Peter Sellars she has played Handel and Mozart characters as present-day junkies. Her beautiful Medea with the period-instrument ensemble Les Arts Florissants smoldered with the contained fires of a seventeenth-century tragedienne. She is Lorraine Hunt, ranked among the most scintillating operatic personalities of our day. Her tone is bewitching, her technique is fluent, and her imagination plays over her material with intelligence and passion. Wedded to a commanding voice, these qualities might spell a big career. Hunt's instrument, however, is small-scale, which means that she will probably remain an artist less for the mob than for the cognoscenti. Her latest engagement is with the Los Angeles Music Center Opera, in the title role of Handel's *Xerxes*, the strange king of Persia, who opens the opera with a love song to a tree. Aware of the absurdity, Han-

del penned an air of ravishing spirituality, known to churchgoers as "Handel's Largo"—easier to put across out of context than in, but the resourceful Hunt should have no problem. (October 29–November 12; call 213-972-7211.)

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In November join host Skitch Henderson for Jeep/Eagle's weekly presentation of *An Evening at the Pops*. Henderson, who is the founder and director of the New York Pops, has conducted orchestras in the United States, Canada, Europe, and Australia, and has directed the music for NBC's *Today* and *Tonight* shows.

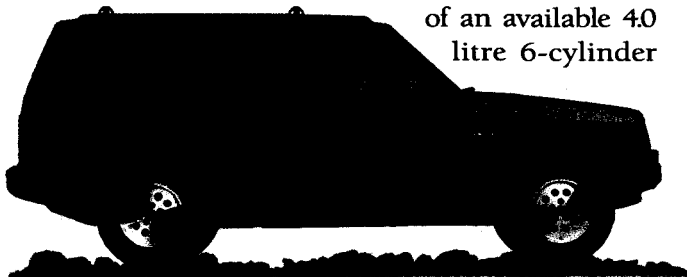


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(Continued from page 34)

moved too fast. Yet measured against the scale of Egypt's problems and the considerable pace of social change here, Mubarak is not moving much at all. His Cabinet ministers concerned with domestic affairs are mainly Nasser- and Sadat-era holdovers who have been in their jobs for years, and are said to be stuck deep in a bureaucratic porridge of corruption, incompetence, and cronyism unequaled in some time. The universal opinion is that corruption—particularly the fixing of government contracts—has never been as bad as it is now. True or not, that is the perception.

Mubarak, it is reported, claims that he is a slow Gorbachev (rather than a Chernenko), and this idea is being put to the test. Some 300 government-owned enterprises (textiles, cement, food processing, petroleum refining, and so on) are eligible for privatization. Together with the million-person bureaucracy, they represent the core of the Nasserist patronage network. The Egyptian government, according to a Western diplomatic specialist, is "already bumping up against" the International Monetary Fund on the matter of privatization—that is to say, it is suspiciously behind schedule. "Asking Mubarak to privatize is asking him to take off the only suit of clothes he owns," says a former Egyptian government official.

Because Mubarak, unlike Nasser, has no ideology and, indeed, seems to believe in nothing except muddling through, and because, unlike Sadat, he is not a man of risk and imagination, all he has is the state behemoth bequeathed to him by Nasser. Mubarak's so-called political organization, the National Democratic Party, is an empty shell. It has no grassroots support. All the elections in which it has been victorious were fixed. No Egyptian I met had any idea what the party stood for aside from the continuation of Mubarak's rule.

"The NDP is completely artificial," says Mohammed Sid Ahmed, a leftist writer and intellectual. "If the political system were truly open, the [Brotherhood] would be the central party. A secular government is no longer possible in Egypt." And Said al-Asmawy, the former chief justice of the High Criminal Court of Cairo, says that since the government has no core set of beliefs, all it can do is concede ground to militant Islamists. It has given them television programs and space in government-

owned magazines. Public school students are now required to memorize koranic verses. There is also a ban on hiring Coptic Christian teachers in public schools, and anti-Coptic discrimination reportedly influences admission procedures in medical schools. This has emboldened the Brotherhood, which subtly and sometimes not so subtly justifies the actions and attitudes of the Islamic Group.

Even as the government gives ground and loses legitimacy, Egypt gets poorer. Though the exact figures are subject to dispute, the country's net population-growth rate of more than two percent annually is slightly ahead of the rise in the gross domestic product. Although the net population-growth rate has fallen from 3.1 percent in 1989, at current rates Egypt's population, now 57 million, will be around 65 million by the year 2000 and 100 million early in the next century. Forty percent of the population is under fifteen. Urbanization, though slowing, increases by 3.3 percent a year. Meanwhile, by one estimate, 10 percent of Egypt's agricultural production is lost every year owing to the deterioration of soil fertility from salinization and waterlogging—the side effects of overirrigation. In *Revolution and Rebellion in the Early Modern World*, as good a guide as I know of to Mubarak's Egypt, Jack Goldstone, a professor of sociology at the University of California, Davis, makes an excellent case for the idea that the English Revolution of 1640, the French Revolution of 1789, the various revolutions in Central Europe in 1830 and

1848, and revolts in the Ottoman Empire and imperial China all emerged from the inability of regimes to deal with the problems arising from sustained population growth and natural-resource depletion. Goldstone uses an earthquake as a metaphor: stresses build up gradually for years before the layers of crust suddenly shift.

POLITICAL violence, though still of limited scale, may be a sign that Egypt is nearing crisis. The Nile Valley is rife with fundamentalist turmoil, which is loosely organized, being assuaged here and breaking out again there, even as central authority rots apace. There is no particular air of tension in Cairo, and no charismatic mullah on the scale of the Ayatollah Khomeini has appeared—yet. Egypt has experienced this slide into weakness before—for instance, at the time of the collapse of the New Kingdom, around 3,000 years ago, when local priests gradually overwhelmed the Pharaoh and semi-anarchy prevailed; and during the late centuries of Roman rule, when an increasingly discredited and corrupt state created conditions for the spread in upper Egypt of a particularly intense form of Christianity, emblemized by Saint Anthony's anchoritic monasticism.

Judging from its actions, however, the government appears to have no intuition about any of this. When I asked a government official close to Mubarak if there was any kind of program to deal with resource scarcity, poverty, and unemployment, he attacked American culture for its obsession with material progress. "You Americans have a cultural problem. The people here have a different nature. Look at the river Nile, how slowly it moves. Egyptians don't want progress overnight. The terrorists are just a bunch of painters and plumbers."

The government's only response to unrest in Egypt seems to be mass arrests, beatings, and torture, including electric shock, all of which occur systematically. Reportedly, at least twelve persons died last year of injuries sustained while in police custody. Five of the twelve are believed to have had no connection whatsoever with Islamic organizations. This is part of a pattern. "Police will torture three hundred people just to find one person with information about the assassination attempt on the Prime Minister," an official of the Egyptian Organization for Human



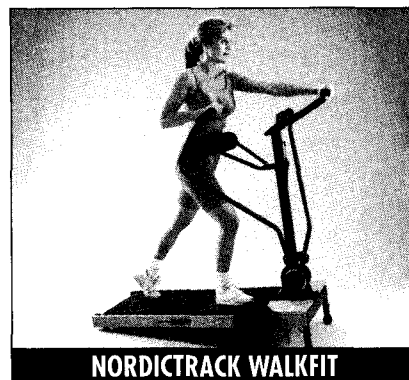
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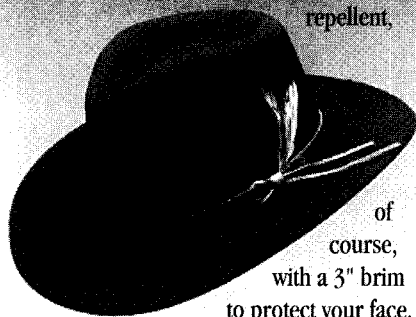
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Rights reports. Especially in villages, where human-rights monitoring is difficult and social pressure intense, police often arrest and subject to harsh treatment the friends and relatives of suspected Islamists, even children. Human-rights abuses in Egypt are not just morally wrong—they are making enemies for Mubarak where none previously existed. I heard more than one story about how the arrest of an innocent person triggered the kidnapping of a government security officer by the detainee's outraged relatives. Yet the government insists that its hard, blunt policy will eradicate the Islamic Group, just as such a policy eradicated the Italian Red Brigades. Officials do not seem to realize that unlike the Red Brigades, who operated without popular backing in an affluent society, the Islamic Group is a manifestation of resonant social trends. The government's recent crack-down on the militants—including the elimination of crucial terrorist cells—has certainly bought it time, but perhaps accomplished little more.

A painful reality is that however many gradations may exist between the most moderate members of the Brotherhood and the most radical of the Islamic Group, they represent a similar mind-set—intense religiosity mixed with anti-Western sentiment, and a commitment to human rights even more questionable than that of the Mubarak regime.

It would be nice to think that Egyptian politics might evolve into something better. In Egypt, where a truly free election would be likely to bring to power a government more intolerant than Mubarak's, the whole discussion about "civil society" in the Arab world sounds slightly unreal. Though orderly elections are held regularly by professional associations in Egypt, the winners are often Brotherhood members. The Egyptians who, from a Western perspective, do offer a better alternative to Mubarak admit that they may be an increasingly thin, fragile layer of a society that is becoming poorer and coarser by the day. Statistics to support this view do not exist. But public demonstrations are indicative. When Farag Fouda, an essayist, Islamic scholar, and secular intellectual, was killed by extremists in June of 1992, relatively few members of the Westernized elite here showed up to mourn him. "We were too scared," one of those who stayed away told me.

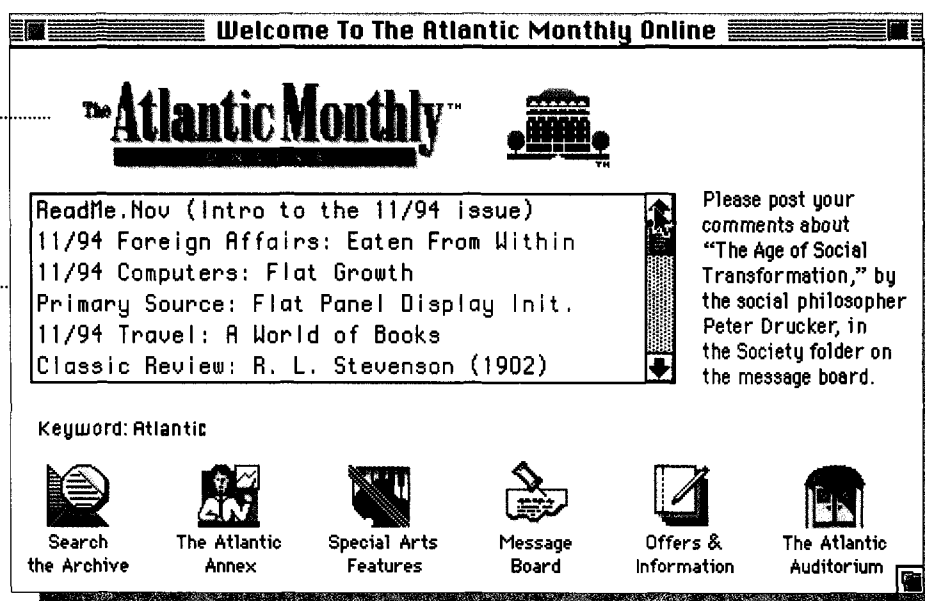
THE fear of what may happen next is expressed in the very architecture of the U.S. embassy in downtown Cairo: a tower surrounded by long, high walls. Cairo residents call it Fortress America. When the United States re-established diplomatic relations with Egypt in 1974, after the October War, the new U.S. ambassador, Hermann Eilts, tried not to make America's presence in Egypt too big or too obvious: the Soviets had made that mistake, and they were kicked out. Eventually, though, the Washington bureaucracy took over, and the result is the largest U.S. diplomatic and aid staff in the world, in a compound that militants point to as the center of all nefarious plots—even though the people inside the fortress, along with Middle East Watch and others, have written devastating human-rights reports that fundamentalists use to bash the regime, and even though American diplomats have worked behind the scenes, albeit unsuccessfully, to make Mubarak more aware of his government's shortcomings. In a culture burdened by high rates of illiteracy and a taste for conspiracy theories, the architectural symbol of the fortress may count for more than the human-rights reports.

The fortress architecture is revealing in other ways. While American taxpayers provide billions to Egypt in aid, the U.S. position in Cairo may be growing more precarious. The fact that well over half of our assistance to this miserably poor country is earmarked for the military demonstrates our lack of confidence in the civilian society's ability to produce a better regime than the present one. Though we dole out billions of dollars to Egypt and have stationed so many of our Foreign Service officers there, the embassy's high walls indicate how afraid we are of the Egyptians themselves. Our aid is seen more as a bribe than as an element in a partnership. Thus we appear weak—as we are. American officials voice the hope that Mubarak can hold on, and that Egypt is still years away from the levels of disaffection to be seen in Algeria. The possibility that Egypt could move in the opposite direction—toward a better future in our own image—is something I never heard expressed by a Western observer.

There is only one group of people who regularly speak of a better future for Egypt. That group is the Islamists. ☞

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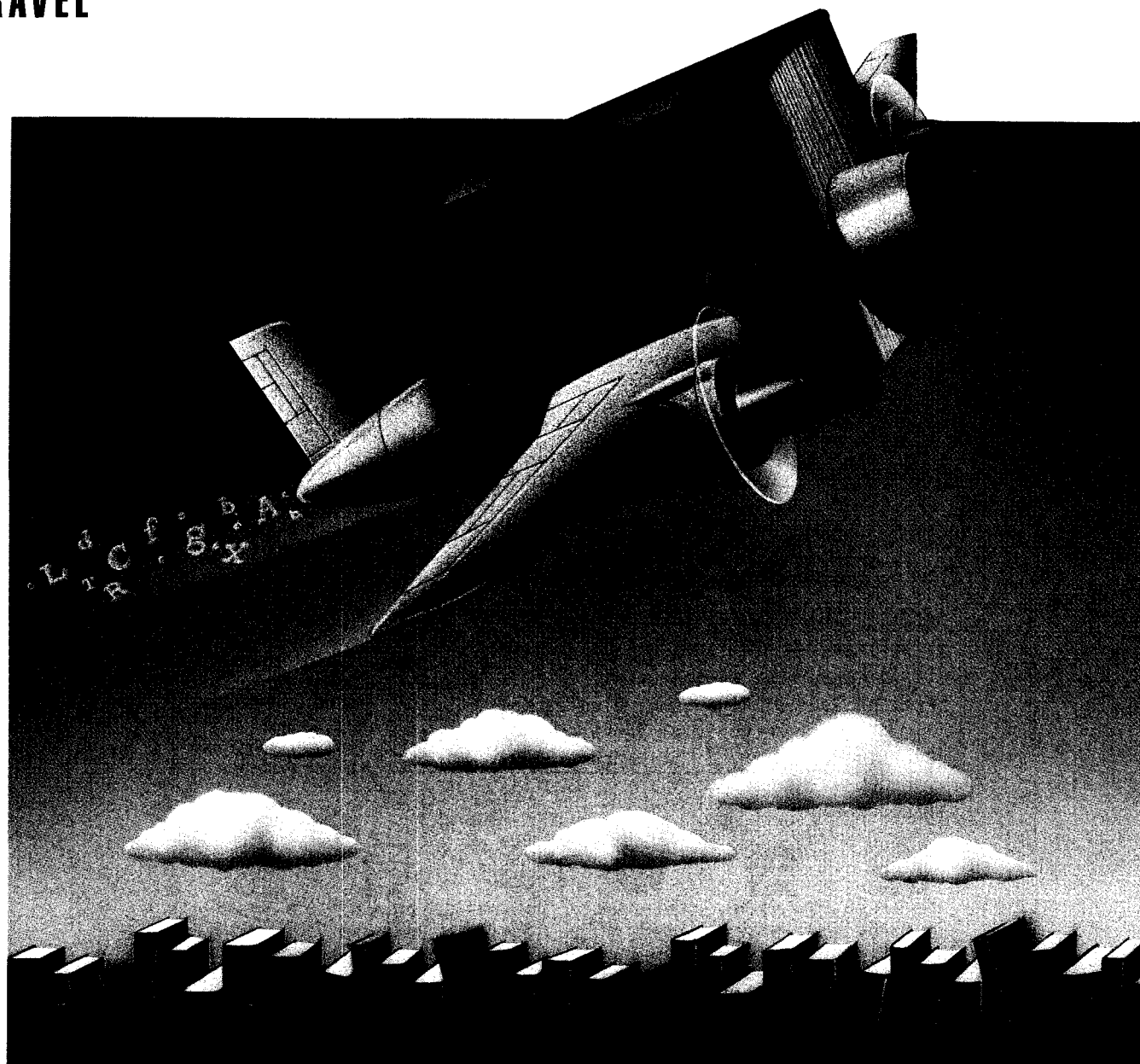
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by Barbara Wallraff

Travel is America's second-largest industry, according to the U.S. Travel Data Center; last year Americans took slightly more than a billion trips, for business and pleasure, including 44 million trips abroad. So it's no wonder that travel information makes up a substantial industry in its own right. Peter Manston, the editor and publisher of *Travel Books Worldwide*, a specialized newsletter for the book trade, says that in the course of a year he examines 1,200 to 1,500 new travel books that have been published in the United States and another 800 to 900 published abroad but distributed here. "And that's not nearly everything that's out there," he says. Manston, who has observed the industry since the 1970s, adds, "There are lots more titles than there used to be. The culture of America as a whole

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is fracturing or segmenting—depending on how you want to put it. There used to be three or four standard guidebooks to any given place, and everyone who was going there bought one of those. We were all one big market. Now America has become a wide range of smaller markets, and travel books reflect that.”

BY now travel literature is so plentiful and so multifarious that it might be considered not just one genre but half a dozen or so. May I give you a guided tour of them, starting with the largest? Guidebooks account for perhaps 80 percent of all travel books, according to an informal survey of industry sources. Designed to help people who are already intending to visit a given country or region, guidebooks range from the very general, such as *Birnbaum's Europe* and *Let's Go: The Budget Guide to the USA*, to the very specific, such as *Sherlock Holmes's London* (a translation of the Japanese guidebook *Shārokkū Hōmuzu no Rondon*) and *The Cockroach Hall of Fame and 101 Other Off-the-Wall Museums*.

Guidebooks also vary in their points of view and in the information they supply. Consider four current mainstream guidebooks' assessments of one hotel, the Astir Palace, in Athens. One book calls the hotel a “new, 10-story, glass-sheathed wonder”; another mentions “8 tall glassy vertical tiers.” That second author also announces, “Astir Palace is my choice for midcity even though it does not incorporate gardens.” A third author reports, however, that the hotel “has 79 small but beautiful rooms that look onto a garden”—and the fourth, though conceding that there is an Astir hotel in town, locates the Astir Palace “in the beach suburb of Vouliagmeni, 24km (15 miles) from the center.” Frustrating! If we knew who was right about the Astir Palace, we wouldn't need a guidebook in the first place. In fact, three of the four books are very far wrong: according to the Greek National Tourist Organization, the Astir Palace in town closed two years ago.

A substantial minority of guidebooks produced these days are not intended to fulfill the old *Baedeker* function, which is to alert the reader to the scenic and cultural highlights of a destination or destinations and perhaps suggest hotels and restaurants as well. These other guidebooks focus on a particular activity,

mode of travel, or kind of accommodations. Examples are *The 479 Best Public Golf Courses in the United States, Canada, the Caribbean and Mexico*; *Canoeing the Jersey Pine Barrens*; *Fodor's Great American Vacations for Travelers With Disabilities*; and *Vacationing With Your Pet!* (“If your pet has a tendency to be carsick, sugar can help. Give your dog a tablespoon of honey or a small piece of candy [no chocolate] before beginning your trip”). Into this category, too, fall *The Annual Directory of American and Canadian Bed & Breakfasts*, *Bed & Breakfast Coast to Coast*, and *The Official Bed & Breakfast Guide*—not to mention *The Non-Smokers' Guide to Bed and Breakfasts*, *The Christian Bed and Breakfast Directory*, and *The Birder's Guide to Bed and Breakfasts*.

Some travel books with a practical focus aren't guidebooks by any stretch of the imagination. This genre includes the *Travelers' Medical Resource*, say, and *Gestures: The Do's and Taboos of Body Language Around the World* (“Wiggling the nose, in Puerto Rico, asks the question ‘What's going on?’”), *The Guide to Legally Obtaining a Foreign Passport*, the *Thai Hill Tribes Phrasebook*, and the *International Dictionary of Obscenities*, to name but a few titles.

The travelogue, no doubt the oldest kind of travel book, persists, even prospers; something like 10 percent of travel titles are travelogues, leaving the remaining 10 percent or so of the field to encompass everything that is neither a guidebook nor a travelogue. Classic travelogues, from the Old Testament, Marco Polo's *Travels*, and Charles Darwin's *Voyage of the Beagle* to Mark Twain's *Innocents Abroad*, Mary Kingsley's *Travels in West Africa*, and T. E. Lawrence's *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, continue to be reprinted, even as contemporary writers fan out around the world on new quests. *The Search for the Pink-Headed Duck*, by Rory Nugent, and *Into the Heart of Borneo*, by Redmond O'Hanlon, are two fairly recent and notable examples of this genre. The point here is not necessarily to encourage the reader to follow in the author's footsteps. “After a series of bone-rattling jolts,” Nugent writes, “I open the bag I've been using as a pillow. Something hard has been knocking against my head. My hand freezes. The bag is filled with homemade

bombs.” O'Hanlon writes, “I realised that the yellow-and-black-skinned monitor lizard tail would not disappear from my tin, as custom demanded, until I ate it myself.”

There may be travelogues that were designed to tempt readers out of their armchairs and onto a plane. But surely another genre does this job more effectively: the picture book that lovingly showcases a city or region or country. Such a book may or may not incorporate an evocative text. *Extraordinary Boston*, *The Nile*, *The Most Beautiful Villages of Provence*, *The Gardens of Japan* . . . To a would-be traveler not yet committed to any particular destination, books like these can be more valuable than a whole shelf of guidebooks.

I speak from experience. My husband and I, before our marriage, stopped in to a bookstore where we happened to leaf through a book called *The Islands of Italy*. Its text, a poetic essay by Barbara Grizzuti Harrison, accompanies handsome photographs by Sheila Nardulli. We arrived at page 111, a full-page aerial shot of Stromboli with Mount Etna looming in the distance, took one look at it, and said to each other, “Let's go *there* on our honeymoon!” And so we did. We even bought the book.

WHAT is probably the second smallest travel genre consists of books that don't just tempt people to go somewhere but tempt them to *travel*—to go anywhere at all. Atlases might be said to belong to this genre, but not by me. Although atlases do evoke the whole world, they can hardly be considered an inspiration to the pleasure traveler. The student learning geography, the newspaper reader trying to follow foreign dispatches, the businessman seeking venture partners abroad—atlases are meant for these people, not for someone stumped for vacation ideas. If this were not so, a top-of-the-line product like *The Times Atlas of the World* would devote an entire section to the Caribbean islands and a mere two-page spread to the Russian hinterlands, instead of the other way around. It would have symbols for beaches and casinos and hiking trails in addition to, or even instead of, the symbols for saline mud flats and oil wells.

Books that do belong to the genre of inspiration, I'd say, include travel an-

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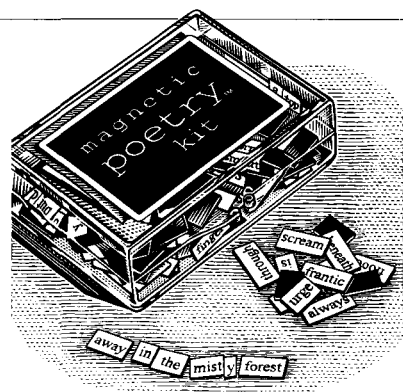
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thologies such as *The Norton Book of Travel*, *The Best of Granta Travel*, and *Indiscreet Journeys: Stories of Women on the Road*. (One entertaining anthology that definitely doesn't belong to this genre is *Bad Trips*, which details well-known writers' bummers.) And I would count anthology-style picture books, such as *Sacred Mountains of the World*; *Strange, Amazing, and Mysterious Places*; and *Endangered Peoples*, which span the continents.

A fact-oriented subgenre of inspiration exists as well. Until last month two volumes had this to themselves, as far as I know. They were *Families of the World: The Americas and the Caribbean* and *Families of the World: East Asia, Southeast Asia, and the Pacific*, both by Hélène Tremblay, and both unfortunately now out of print, although they are only a few years old. (They are, however, available from the American Forum for Global Education, at 212-742-8232.) To create these books, Tremblay traveled around the world seeking, with the help of United Nations officials, a statistically average family or two in each of the sixty-one countries she covered. She moved in with each of the families for a week, documenting her experience with photographs and a journal in which she noted how the family members spent a typical day. The books also include demographic statistics and population maps for each of the countries. Sadly, Tremblay has had difficulty attracting funding for the projected third volume in the series, which is to cover Europe, and publication is stalled.

A new entry into the same subgenre is *Material World*, published last month. Its creators were, primarily, sixteen photographers, who did much the same thing as Hélène Tremblay—with two significant differences, which have made their book a hot commercial property (it has been excerpted in magazines in six countries and is the basis for TV specials, a CD-ROM, and an exhibition in the lobby of the United Nations building). First, *Material World* consists of one volume only, covering thirty diverse countries around the world. These were chosen by the book's originator and lead photographer, Peter Menzel, according to idiosyncratic criteria: "Former enemies of the United States . . . Countries that have something we can learn from and that I wanted to see."

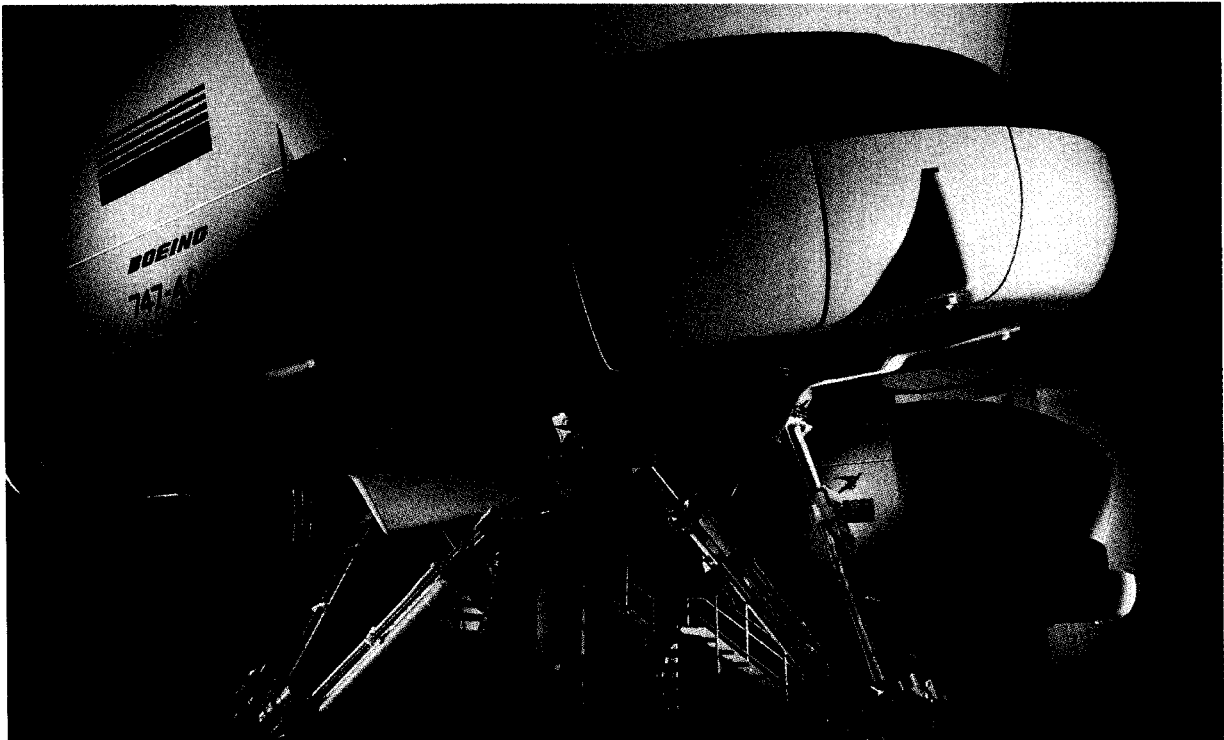
Surely the real key to this book's ap-

peal is the fact that each section includes what is called a "Big Picture" of its statistically average family. Here the family members have been photographed outdoors, in front of their home, along with substantially all their possessions. The family from Mali is shown sitting, along with some pots, some tools, a bicycle, and not much else, on the roof of the mud dwelling of one of the family's two wives. The Kuwaiti family appears together with their twenty-four-piece sectional sofa, their four cars, their three living-room sets, their two leopard skins, and one heck of a lot of other stuff, spread over much of the vacant city block across the street from their house. It took twelve movers eight hours to set up the shot. The Big Picture is an artificial device, of course, but an ordinary traveler would be unlikely ever to get such a revealing view of any family of strangers anywhere. Material culture, laid bare in this way, is surprisingly intimate—and it whets a person's appetite to see the world.

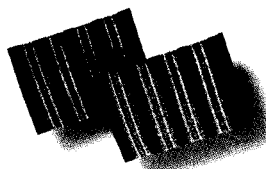
EVEN with all these travel books, it's not always possible to find the book one wants. A person seeking advice on how to eat well in France or Italy will find plenty of it, to be sure. But, unsurprisingly, more urgently needed advice on how to eat well in Russia or East Africa is in short supply. The same principle applies closer to home as well. There are many books on Florida, many fewer on Kentucky and North Carolina.

The very explosion of travel books seems to have brought into being one last genre of travel books, which is as yet the smallest. Growth seems likely, though, as we become both increasingly jaded as travelers and increasingly overwhelmed as readers. Examples of the genre include *Going Places: The Guide to Travel Guides*, *The Traveler's Reading Guide*, and the *Good Books for the Curious Traveler* series, with volumes on Asia and Europe. These books are meant to be resources for people planning, or even just dreaming about, trips.

Being guides to other books, rather than guides to places, these are one step further removed from the actual experience of travel. The next logical step is up to us, the readers. I don't know about you, but next year I may have to swear off vacation trips so that I can stay home and catch up on my travel books. ☼



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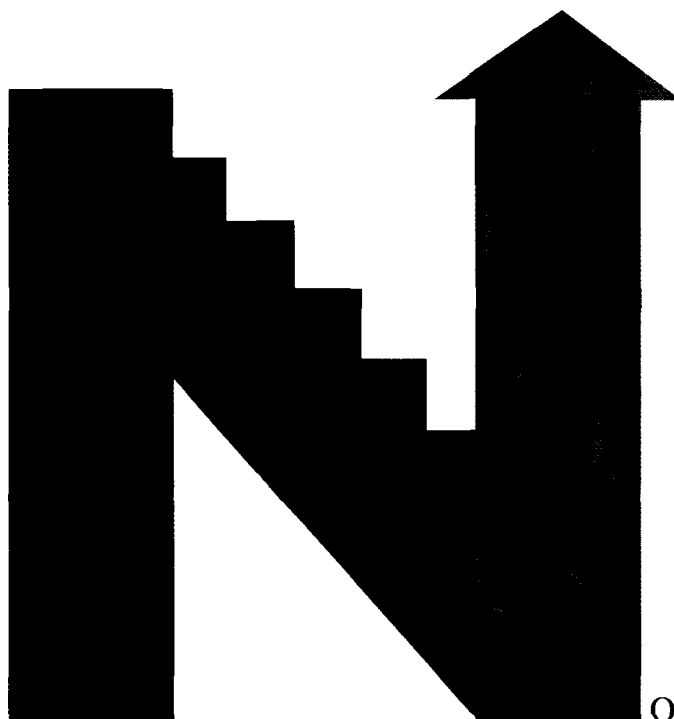
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THE AGE OF SOCIAL TRANSFORMATION

by PETER F. DRUCKER

*A survey of the epoch that began early
in this century, and an analysis of its latest manifestations:
an economic order in which knowledge,
not labor or raw material or capital, is the key resource;
a social order in which inequality based on
knowledge is a major challenge; and a polity in which
government cannot be looked to for solving
social and economic problems*



O century in recorded history has experienced so many social transformations and such radical ones as the twentieth century. They, I submit, may turn out to be the most significant events of this, our century, and its lasting legacy. In the developed free-market countries—which contain less than a fifth of the earth's population but are a model for the rest—work and work force, society and polity, are all, in the last decade of this century, *qualitatively* and *quantitatively* different not only from what they were in the first years of this century but also from what has existed at any other time in history: in their configurations, in their processes, in their problems, and in their structures.

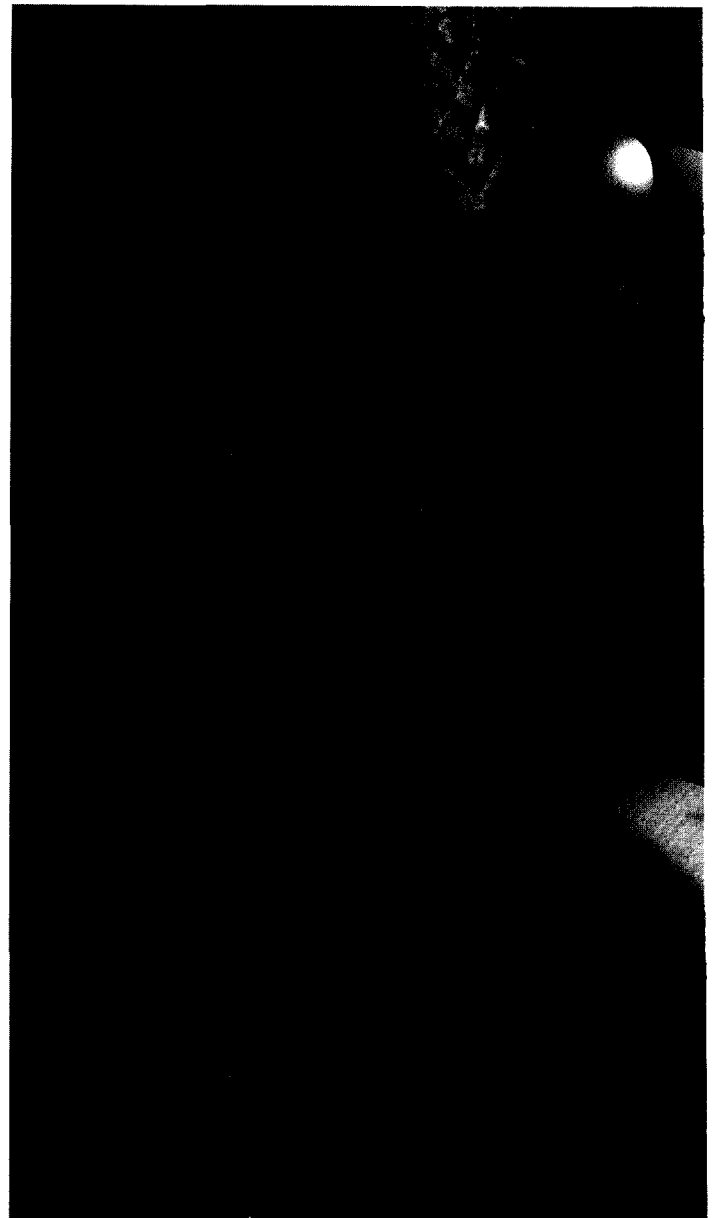
Far smaller and far slower social changes in earlier periods triggered civil wars, rebellions, and violent intellectual and spiritual crises. The extreme social transformations of this century have caused hardly any stir. They have proceeded with a minimum of friction, with a minimum of upheavals, and, indeed, with a minimum of attention from scholars, politicians, the press, and the public. To be sure, this century of ours may well have been the cruelest and most violent in history, with its world and civil wars, its mass tortures, ethnic cleansings, genocides, and holocausts. But all these killings, all these horrors inflicted on the human race by this century's murderous "charismatics," hindsight clearly shows, were just that: senseless killings, senseless horrors, "sound and fury, signifying nothing." Hitler, Stalin, and Mao, the three evil geniuses of this century, destroyed. They created nothing.

Indeed, if this century proves one thing, it is the futility of politics. Even the most dogmatic believer in historical determinism would have a hard time explaining the social transformations of this century as caused by the headline-making political events, or the headline-making political events as caused by the social transformations. But it is the social transformations, like ocean currents deep below the hurricane-tormented surface of the sea, that have had the lasting, indeed the permanent, effect. They, rather than all the violence of the political surface, have transformed not only the society but also the economy, the community, and the polity we live in. The age of social transformation will not come to an end with the year 2000—it will not even have peaked by then.

THE SOCIAL STRUCTURE TRANSFORMED

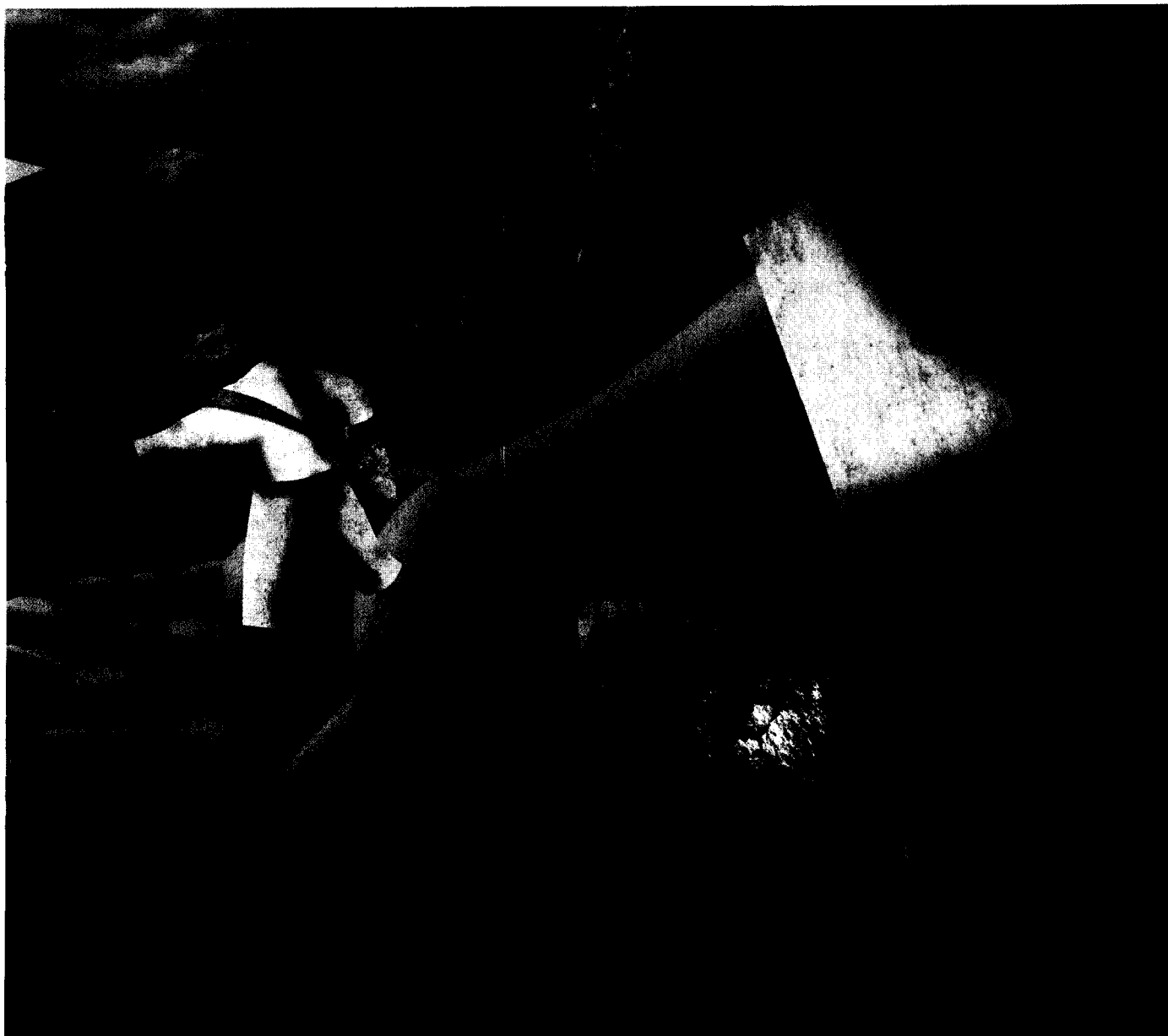
BEFORE the First World War, farmers composed the largest single group in every country. They no longer made up the population everywhere, as they had from the dawn of history to the end of the Napoleonic Wars, a hundred years earlier. But farmers still made up a near-majority in every developed country except England and Belgium—in Germany, France, Japan, the United States—and, of course, in all underdeveloped countries, too. On the eve of the First World War it was considered a self-evident axiom that developed countries—the United States and Canada being the only exceptions—would increasingly have to rely on food imports from nonindustrial, nondeveloped areas.

Today only Japan among major developed free-market countries is a heavy importer of food. (It is one unnecessarily, for its weakness as a food producer is largely the result of an obsolete rice-subsidy policy that prevents the country from developing a modern, productive agriculture.) And in all developed free-market countries, including Japan, farmers today are at most five percent of the population and work force—that is, one tenth of the proportion of eighty years ago. Actually, *productive* farmers make up less than half of the total farm population, or no more than two percent of the



work force. And these agricultural producers are not "farmers" in most senses of the word; they are "agribusiness," which is arguably the most capital-intensive, most technology-intensive, and most information-intensive industry around. Traditional farmers are close to extinction even in Japan. And those that remain have become a protected species kept alive only by enormous subsidies.

The second-largest group in the population and work force of every developed country around 1900 was composed of live-in servants. They were considered as much a law of nature as farmers were. Census categories of the time defined a "lower middle class" household as one that employed fewer than three servants, and as a percentage of the work force domestics grew steadily up to the First World War. Eighty years later live-in domestic servants scarcely exist in developed countries. Few people born since the Second World War—that is, few people under fifty—have even seen any except on the stage or in old movies.



In the developed society of 2000 farmers are little but objects of nostalgia, and domestic servants are not even that.

Yet these enormous transformations in all developed free-market countries were accomplished without civil war and, in fact, in almost total silence. Only now that their farm population has shrunk to near zero do the totally urban French loudly assert that theirs should be a “rural country” with a “rural civilization.”

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE BLUE-COLLAR WORKER

ONE reason why the transformations caused so little stir (indeed, the main reason) was that by 1900 a new class, the blue-collar worker in manufacturing industry—Marx’s “proletarian”—had become socially dominant. Farmers were loudly adjured to “raise less corn and more hell,” but they paid little attention. Domestic servants were

clearly the most exploited class around. But when people before the First World War talked or wrote about the “social question,” they meant blue-collar industrial workers. Blue-collar industrial workers were still a fairly small minority of the population and work force—right up to 1914 they made up an eighth or a sixth of the total at most—and were still vastly outnumbered by the traditional lower classes of farmers and domestic servants. But early-twentieth-century society was obsessed with blue-collar workers, fixated on them, bewitched by them.

Farmers and domestic servants were everywhere. But as classes, they were invisible. Domestic servants lived and worked inside individual homes or on individual farms in small and isolated groups of two or three. Farmers, too, were dispersed. More important, these traditional lower classes were not organized. Indeed, they could not be organized. Slaves employed in mining or in producing goods had revolted frequently in the ancient world—though always un-

successfully. But there is no mention in any book I ever read of a single demonstration or a single protest march by domestic servants in any place, at any time. There have been peasant revolts galore. But except for two Chinese revolts in the nineteenth century—the Taiping Rebellion, in midcentury, and the Boxer Rebellion, at the century's end, both of which lasted for years and came close to overturning the regime—all peasant rebellions in history have fizzled out after a few bloody weeks. Peasants, history shows, are very hard to organize and do not stay organized—which is why they earned Marx's contempt.

The new class, industrial workers, was extremely visible. This is what made these workers a "class." They lived perforce in dense population clusters and in cities—in St. Denis, outside Paris; in Berlin's Wedding and Vienna's Ottakring; in the textile towns of Lancashire; in the steel towns of America's Monongahela Valley; and in Japan's Kobe. And they soon proved eminently organizable, with the first strikes occurring almost as soon as there were factory workers. Charles Dickens's harrowing tale of murderous labor conflict, *Hard Times*, was published in 1854, only six years after Marx and Engels wrote *The Communist Manifesto*.

By 1900 it had become quite clear that industrial workers would not become the majority, as Marx had predicted only a few decades earlier. They therefore would not overwhelm the capitalists by their sheer numbers. Yet the most influential radical writer of the period before the First World War, the French ex-Marxist and revolutionary syndicalist Georges Sorel, found widespread acceptance for his 1906 thesis that the proletarians would overturn the existing order and take power by their organization and in and through the violence of the general strike. It was not only Lenin who made Sorel's thesis the foundation of his revision of Marxism and built around it his strategy in 1917 and 1918. Both Mussolini and Hitler—and Mao, ten years later—built their strategies on Sorel's thesis. Mao's "power grows out of the barrel of a gun" is almost a direct quote from Sorel. The industrial worker became the "social question" of 1900 because he was the first lower class in history that could be organized and could stay organized.

NO class in history has ever risen faster than the blue-collar worker. And no class in history has ever fallen faster.

In 1883, the year of Marx's death, "proletarians" were still a minority not just of the population but also of industrial workers. The majority in industry were then skilled workers employed in small craft shops, each containing twenty or thirty workers at most. Of the anti-heroes of the nineteenth century's best "proletarian" novel, *The Princess Casamassima*, by Henry James—published in 1886 (and surely only Henry James could have given such a title to a story of working-class terrorists!)—one is a highly skilled book-binder, the other an equally skilled pharmacist. By 1900 "in-

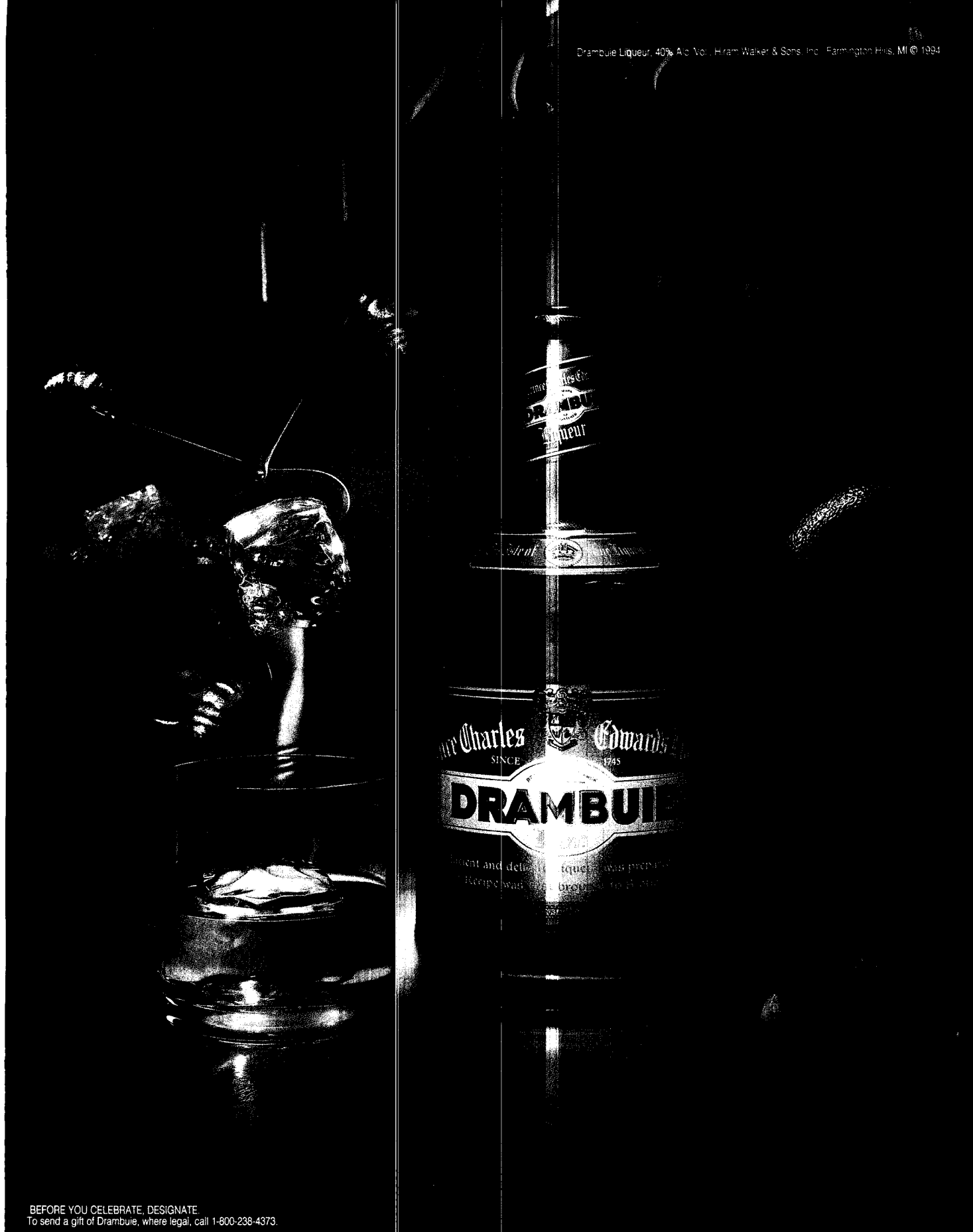
dustrial worker" had become synonymous with "machine operator" and implied employment in a factory along with hundreds if not thousands of people. These factory workers were indeed Marx's proletarians—without social position, without political power, without economic or purchasing power.

The workers of 1900—and even of 1913—received no pensions, no paid vacation, no overtime pay, no extra pay for Sunday or night work, no health or old-age insurance (except in Germany), no unemployment compensation (except, after 1911, in Britain); they had no job security whatever. Fifty years later, in the 1950s, industrial workers had become the largest single group in every developed country, and unionized industrial workers in mass-production industry (which was then dominant everywhere) had attained upper-middle-class income levels. They had extensive job security, pensions, long paid vacations, and comprehensive unemployment insurance or "lifetime employment." Above all, they had achieved political power. In Britain the labor unions were considered to be the "real government," with greater power than the Prime Minister and Parliament, and much the same was true elsewhere. In the United States, too—as in Germany, France, and Italy—the labor unions had emerged as the country's most powerful and best organized *political* force. And in Japan they had come close, in the Toyota and Nissan strikes of the late forties and early fifties, to overturning the system and taking power themselves.

Thirty-five years later, in 1990, industrial workers and their unions were in retreat. They had become marginal in numbers. Whereas industrial workers who make or move things had accounted for two fifths of the American work force in the 1950s, they accounted for less than one fifth in the early 1990s—that is, for no more than they had accounted for in 1900, when their meteoric rise began. In the other developed free-market countries the decline was slower at first, but after 1980 it began to accelerate everywhere. By the year 2000 or 2010, in every developed free-market country, industrial workers will account for no more than an eighth of the work force. Union power has been declining just as fast.

Unlike domestic servants, industrial workers will not disappear—any more than agricultural producers have disappeared or will disappear. But just as the traditional small farmer has become a recipient of subsidies rather than a producer, so will the traditional industrial worker become an auxiliary employee. His place is already being taken by the "technologist"—someone who works both with hands and with theoretical knowledge. (Examples are computer technicians, x-ray technicians, physical therapists, medical-lab technicians, pulmonary technicians, and so on, who together have made up the fastest-growing group in the U.S. labor force since 1980.) And instead of a class—a coherent, recognizable, defined, and self-conscious group—industrial workers may soon be just another "pressure group."

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Chroniclers of the rise of the industrial worker tend to highlight the violent episodes—especially the clashes between strikers and the police, as in America’s Pullman strike. The reason is probably that the theoreticians and propagandists of socialism, anarchism, and communism—beginning with Marx and continuing to Herbert Marcuse in the 1960s—incessantly wrote and talked of “revolution” and “violence.” Actually, the rise of the industrial worker was remarkably *nonviolent*. The enormous violence of this century—the world wars, ethnic cleansings, and so on—was all violence from above rather than violence from below; and it

States until 1913—and in some countries, including Japan, until the Second World War—worked long hours. But they worked shorter hours than farmers and domestic servants. What’s more, they worked *specified* hours: the rest of the day was their own, which was true neither of work on the farm nor of domestic work.

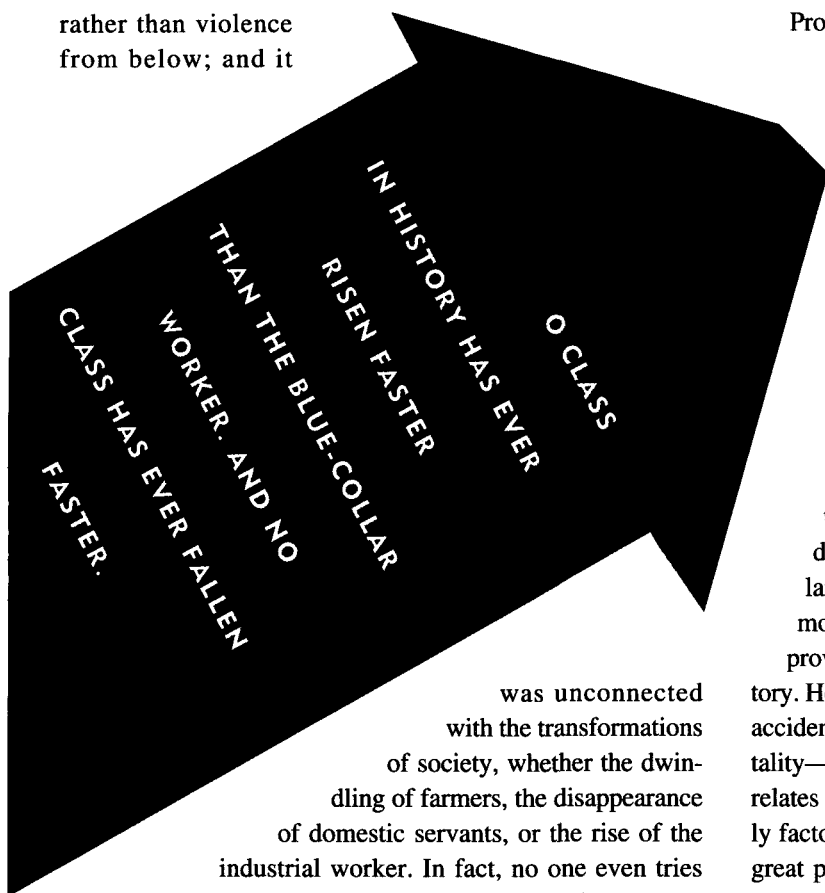
The history books record the squalor of early industry, the poverty of the industrial workers, and their exploitation. Workers did indeed live in squalor and poverty, and they were exploited. But they lived better than those on a farm or in a household, and were generally treated better.

Proof of this is that infant mortality dropped immediately

when farmers and domestic servants moved into industrial work. Historically, cities had never reproduced themselves. They had depended for their perpetuation on constant new recruits from the countryside. This was still true in the mid-nineteenth century. But with the spread of factory employment the city became the center of population growth. In part this was a result of new public-health measures: purification of water, collection and treatment of wastes, quarantine against epidemics, inoculation against disease. These measures—and they were effective mostly in the city—counteracted, or at least contained, the hazards of crowding that had made the traditional city a breeding ground for pestilence. But the largest single factor in the exponential drop in infant mortality as industrialization spread was surely the improvement in living conditions brought about by the factory. Housing and nutrition became better, and hard work and accidents came to take less of a toll. The drop in infant mortality—and with it the explosive growth in population—correlates with only one development: industrialization. The early factory was indeed the “Satanic Mill” of William Blake’s great poem. But the countryside was not “England’s green and pleasant Land” of which Blake sang; it was a picturesque but even more satanic slum.

For farmers and domestic servants, industrial work was an opportunity. It was, in fact, the first opportunity that social history had given them to better themselves substantially without having to emigrate. In the developed free-market countries over the past 100 or 150 years every generation has been able to expect to do substantially better than the generation preceding it. The main reason has been that farmers and domestic servants could and did become industrial workers.

Because industrial workers are concentrated in groups, systematic work on their productivity was possible. Beginning in 1881, two years before Marx’s death, the systematic study of work, tasks, and tools raised the productivity of manual work in making and moving things by three to four percent compound on average per year—for a fiftyfold increase in output per worker over 110 years. On this rest all



was unconnected with the transformations of society, whether the dwindling of farmers, the disappearance of domestic servants, or the rise of the industrial worker. In fact, no one even tries anymore to explain these great convulsions as part of “the crisis of capitalism,” as was standard Marxist rhetoric only thirty years ago.

Contrary to Marxist and syndicalist predictions, the rise of the industrial worker did not destabilize society. Instead it has emerged as the century’s most stabilizing social development. It explains why the disappearance of the farmer and the domestic servant produced no social crises. Both the flight from the land and the flight from domestic service were voluntary. Farmers and maids were not “pushed off” or “displaced.” They went into industrial employment as fast as they could. Industrial jobs required no skills they did not already possess, and no additional knowledge. In fact, farmers on the whole had a good deal more skill than was required to be a machine operator in a mass-production plant—and so did many domestic servants. To be sure, industrial work paid poorly until the First World War. But it paid better than farming or household work. Industrial workers in the United

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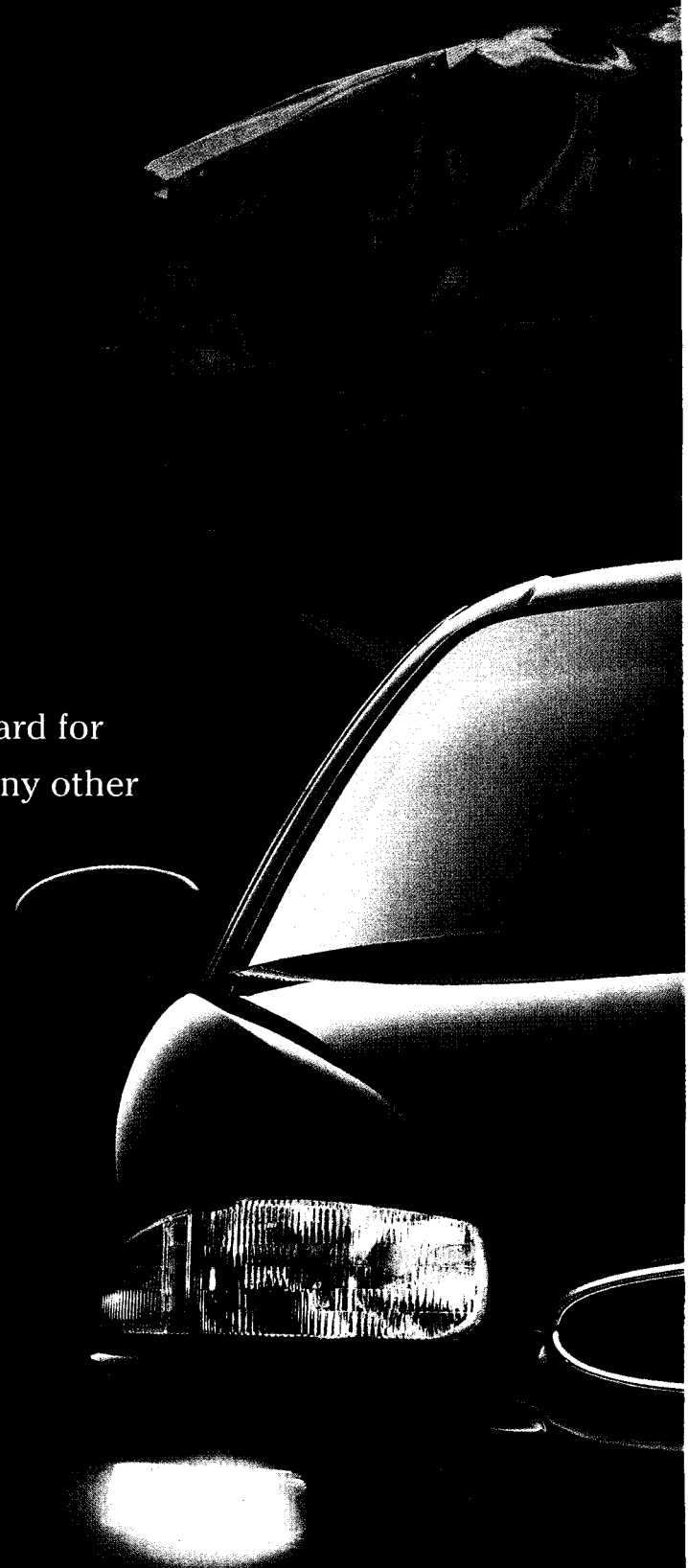
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the economic and social gains of the past century. And contrary to what "everybody knew" in the nineteenth century—not only Marx but all the conservatives as well, such as J. P. Morgan, Bismarck, and Disraeli—practically all these gains have accrued to the industrial worker, half of them in the form of sharply reduced working hours (with the cuts ranging from 40 percent in Japan to 50 percent in Germany), and half of them in the form of a twenty-five-fold increase in the real wages of industrial workers who make or move things.

There were thus very good reasons why the rise of the industrial worker was peaceful rather than violent, let alone revolutionary. But what explains the fact that the fall of the industrial worker has been equally peaceful and almost entirely free of social protest, of upheaval, of serious dislocation, at least in the United States?

THE RISE OF THE KNOWLEDGE WORKER

THE rise of the class succeeding industrial workers is not an opportunity for industrial workers. It is a challenge. The newly emerging dominant group is "knowledge workers." The very term was unknown forty years ago. (I coined it in a 1959 book, *Landmarks of Tomorrow*.) By the end of this century knowledge workers will make up a third or more of the work force in the United States—as large a proportion as manufacturing workers ever made up, except in wartime. The majority of them will be paid at least as well as, or better than, manufacturing workers ever were. And the new jobs offer much greater opportunities.

But—and this is a big but—the great majority of the new jobs require qualifications the industrial worker does not possess and is poorly equipped to acquire. They require a good deal of formal education and the ability to acquire and to apply theoretical and analytical knowledge. They require a different approach to work and a different mind-set. Above all, they require a habit of continuous learning. Displaced industrial workers thus cannot simply move into knowledge work or services the way displaced farmers and domestic workers moved into industrial work. At the very least they have to change their basic attitudes, values, and beliefs.

In the closing decades of this century the industrial work force has shrunk faster and further in the United States than in any other developed country—while industrial production has grown faster than in any other developed country except Japan.

The shift has aggravated America's oldest and least tractable problem: the position of blacks. In the fifty years since the Second World War the economic position of African-Americans in America has improved faster than that of any other group in American social history—or in the social history of any country. Three fifths of America's blacks rose into middle-class incomes; before the Second World War the figure was one twentieth. But half that group rose

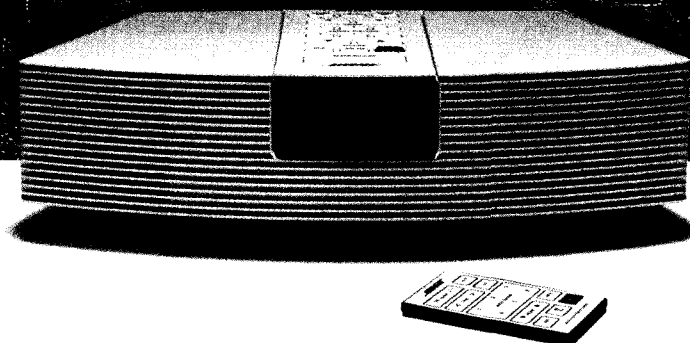
into middle-class *incomes* and not into middle-class *jobs*. Since the Second World War more and more blacks have moved into blue-collar unionized mass-production industry—that is, into jobs paying middle-class and upper-middle-class wages while requiring neither education nor skill. These are precisely the jobs, however, that are disappearing the fastest. What is amazing is not that so many blacks did not acquire an education but that so many did. The economically rational thing for a young black in postwar America was not to stay in school and learn; it was to leave school as early as possible and get one of the plentiful mass-production jobs. As a result, the fall of the industrial worker has hit America's blacks disproportionately hard—quantitatively, but qualitatively even more. It has blunted what was the most potent role model in the black community in America: the well-paid industrial worker with job security, health insurance, and a guaranteed retirement pension—yet possessing neither skill nor much education.

But, of course, blacks are a minority of the population and work force in the United States. For the overwhelming majority—whites, but also Latinos and Asians—the fall of the industrial worker has caused amazingly little disruption and nothing that could be called an upheaval. Even in communities that were once totally dependent on mass-production plants that have gone out of business or have drastically slashed employment (steel cities in western Pennsylvania and eastern Ohio, for instance, or automobile cities like Detroit and Flint, Michigan), unemployment rates for nonblack adults fell within a few short years to levels barely higher than the U.S. average—and that means to levels barely higher than the U.S. "full-employment" rate. Even in these communities there has been no radicalization of America's blue-collar workers.

The only explanation is that for the nonblack blue-collar community the development came as no surprise, however unwelcome, painful, and threatening it may have been to individual workers and their families. Psychologically—but in terms of values, perhaps, rather than in terms of emotions—America's industrial workers must have been prepared to accept as right and proper the shift to jobs that require formal education and that pay for knowledge rather than for manual work, whether skilled or unskilled.

In the United States the shift had by 1990 or so largely been accomplished. But so far it has occurred only in the United States. In the other developed free-market countries, in western and northern Europe and in Japan, it is just beginning in the 1990s. It is, however, certain to proceed rapidly in these countries from now on, perhaps faster than it originally did in the United States. The fall of the industrial worker in the developed free-market countries will also have a major impact outside the developed world. Developing countries can no longer expect to base their development on their comparative labor advantage—that is, on cheap industrial labor.

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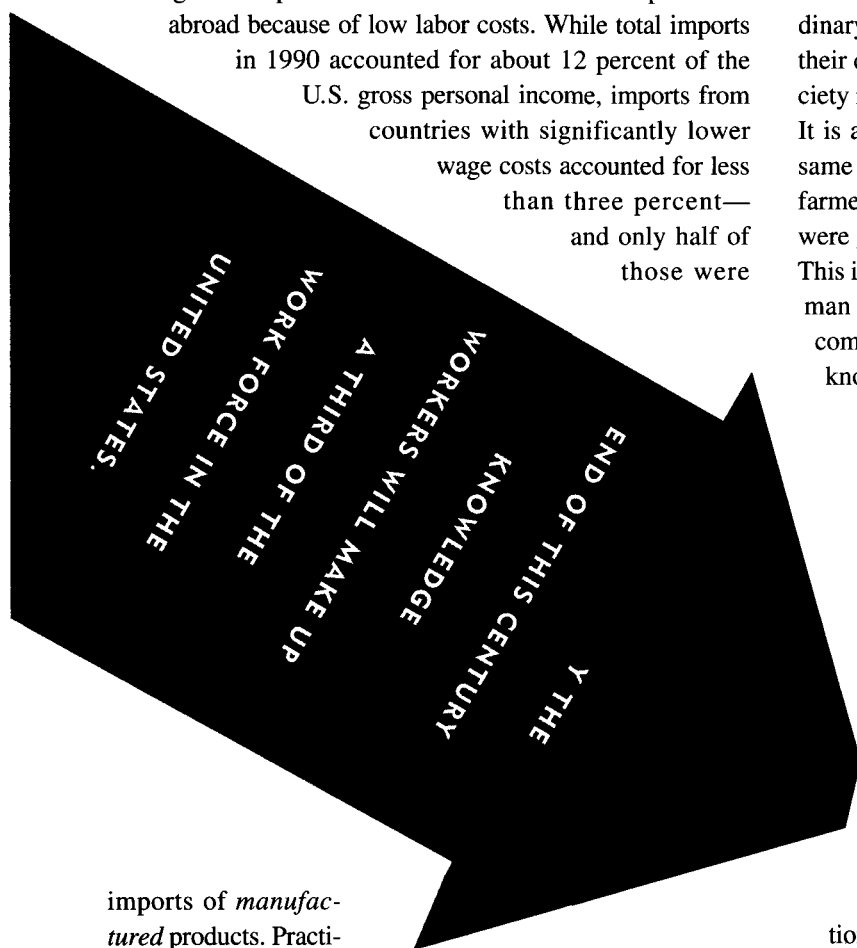
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It is widely believed, especially by labor-union officials, that the fall of the blue-collar industrial worker in the developed countries was largely, if not entirely, caused by moving production "offshore" to countries with abundant supplies of unskilled labor and low wage rates. But this is not true.

There *was* something to the belief thirty years ago. Japan, Taiwan, and, later, South Korea did indeed (as explained in some detail in my 1993 book *Post-Capitalist Society*) gain their initial advantage in the world market by combining, almost overnight, America's invention of training for full productivity with wage costs that were still those of a pre-industrial country. But this technique has not worked at all since 1970 or 1975.

In the 1990s only an insignificant percentage of manufactured goods imported into the United States are produced abroad because of low labor costs. While total imports in 1990 accounted for about 12 percent of the U.S. gross personal income, imports from countries with significantly lower wage costs accounted for less than three percent—and only half of those were



imports of *manufactured* products. Practically none of the decline in American manufacturing employment from some 30 or 35 percent of the work force to 15 or 18 percent can therefore be attributed to moving work to low-wage countries. The main competition for American manufacturing industry—for instance, in automobiles, in steel, and in machine tools—has come from countries such as Japan and Germany, where wage costs have long been equal to, if not higher than, those in the United States. The comparative advantage that now counts is in the application of knowledge—for example, in Japan's total quality management, lean manufacturing processes, just-in-

time delivery, and price-based costing, or in the customer service offered by medium-sized German or Swiss engineering companies. This means, however, that developing countries can no longer expect to base their development on low wages. They, too, must learn to base it on applying knowledge—just at the time when most of them (China, India, and much of Latin America, let alone black Africa) will have to find jobs for millions of uneducated and unskilled young people who are qualified for little except yesterday's blue-collar industrial jobs.

But for the developed countries, too, the shift to knowledge-based work poses enormous social challenges. Despite the factory, industrial society was still essentially a traditional society in its basic social relationships of production. But the emerging society, the one based on knowledge and knowledge workers, is not. It is the first society in which ordinary people—and that means most people—do not earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow. It is the first society in which "honest work" does not mean a callused hand. It is also the first society in which not everybody does the same work, as was the case when the huge majority were farmers or, as seemed likely only forty or thirty years ago, were going to be machine operators.

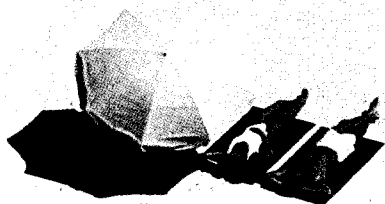
This is far more than a social change. It is a change in the human condition. What it means—what are the values, the commitments, the problems, of the new society—we do not know. But we do know that much will be different.

THE EMERGING KNOWLEDGE SOCIETY

KNOWLEDGE workers will not be the majority in the knowledge society, but in many if not most developed societies they will be the largest single population and work-force group. And even where outnumbered by other groups, knowledge workers will give the emerging knowledge society its character, its leadership, its social profile. They may not be the ruling class of the knowledge society, but they are already its leading class. And in their characteristics, social position, values, and expectations, they differ fundamentally from any group in history that has ever occupied the leading position.

In the first place, knowledge workers gain access to jobs and social position through formal education. A great deal of knowledge work requires highly developed manual skill and involves substantial work with one's hands. An extreme example is neurosurgery. The neurosurgeon's performance capacity rests on formal education and theoretical knowledge. An absence of manual skill disqualifies one for work as a neurosurgeon. But manual skill alone, no matter how advanced, will never enable anyone to be a neurosurgeon. The education that is required for neurosurgery and other kinds

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of knowledge work can be acquired only through formal schooling. It cannot be acquired through apprenticeship.

Knowledge work varies tremendously in the amount and kind of formal knowledge required. Some jobs have fairly low requirements, and others require the kind of knowledge the neurosurgeon possesses. But even if the knowledge itself is quite primitive, only formal education can provide it.

Education will become the center of the knowledge society, and the school its key institution. What knowledge must everybody have? What is "quality" in learning and teaching? These will of necessity become central concerns of the knowledge society, and central political issues. In fact, the acquisition and distribution of formal knowledge may come to occupy the place in the politics of the knowledge society which the acquisition and distribution of property and income have occupied in our politics over the two or three centuries that we have come to call the Age of Capitalism.

In the knowledge society, clearly, more and more knowl-

edge, and especially advanced knowledge, will be acquired well past the age of formal schooling and increasingly, perhaps, through educational processes that do not center on the traditional school. But at the same time, the performance of the schools and the basic values of the schools will be of increasing concern to society as a whole, rather than being considered professional matters that can safely be left to "educators."

We can also predict with confidence that we will redefine what it means to be an educated person. Traditionally, and especially during the past 300 years (perhaps since 1700 or so, at least in the West, and since about that time in Japan as well), an educated person was somebody who had a prescribed stock of formal knowledge. The Germans called this knowledge *allgemeine Bildung*, and the English (and, following them, the nineteenth-century Americans) called it the liberal arts. Increasingly, an educated person will be somebody who has learned how to learn, and who continues

The knowledge society will inevitably become far more competitive than any society we have yet known—for the simple reason that with knowledge being universally accessible, there will be no excuses for nonperformance. There will be no “poor” countries. There will only be ignorant countries. And the same will be true for companies, industries, and organizations of all kinds. It will be true for individuals, too. In fact, developed societies have already become infinitely more competitive for individuals than were the societies of the beginning of this century, let alone earlier ones.

I HAVE been speaking of knowledge. But a more accurate term is “knowledges,” because the knowledge of the knowledge society will be fundamentally different from what was considered knowledge in earlier societies—and, in fact, from what is still widely considered knowledge. The knowledge of the German *allgemeine Bildung* or of the Anglo-American liberal arts had little to do with one’s life’s work. It focused on the person and the person’s development, rather than on any application—if, indeed, it did not, like the nineteenth-century liberal arts, pride itself on having no utility whatever. In the knowledge society knowledge for the most part exists only in application. Nothing the x-ray technician needs to know can be applied to market research, for instance, or to teaching medieval history. The central work force in the knowledge society will therefore consist of highly specialized people. In fact, it is a mistake to speak of “generalists.” What we will increasingly mean by that term is people who have learned how to acquire additional specialties rapidly in order to move from one kind of job to another—for example, from market research into management, or from nursing into hospital administration. But “generalists” in the sense in which we used to talk of them are coming to be seen as dilettantes rather than educated people.

This, too, is new. Historically, workers were generalists. They did whatever had to be done—on the farm, in the household, in the craftsman’s shop. This was also true of industrial workers. But knowledge workers, whether their knowledge is primitive or advanced, whether there is a little of it or a great deal, will by definition be specialized. Applied knowledge is effective only when it is specialized. Indeed, the more highly specialized, the more effective it is. This goes for technicians who service computers, x-ray machines, or the engines of fighter planes. But it applies equally to work that requires the most advanced knowledge, whether research in genetics or research in astrophysics or putting on the first performance of a new opera.

Again, the shift from knowledge to knowledges offers tremendous opportunities to the individual. It makes possible a career as a knowledge worker. But it also presents a great many new problems and challenges. It demands for the first time in history that people with knowledge take responsibility for making themselves understood by people who do not have the same knowledge base.

HOW KNOWLEDGES WORK

THAT knowledge in the knowledge society has to be highly specialized to be productive implies two new requirements: that knowledge workers work in teams, and that if knowledge workers are not employees, they must at least be affiliated with an organization.

There is a great deal of talk these days about “teams” and “teamwork.” Most of it starts out with the wrong assumption—namely, that we have never before worked in teams. Actually people have always worked in teams; very few people ever could work effectively by themselves. The farmer had to have a wife, and the farm wife had to have a husband. The two worked as a team. And both worked as a team with their employees, the hired hands. The craftsman also had to have a wife, with whom he worked as a team—he took care of the craft work, and she took care of the customers, the apprentices, and the business altogether. And both worked as a team with journeymen and apprentices. Much discussion today assumes that there is only one kind of team. Actually there are quite a few. But until now the emphasis has been on the individual worker and not on the team. With knowledge work growing increasingly effective as it is increasingly specialized, teams become the work unit rather than the individual himself.

The team that is being touted now—I call it the “jazz combo” team—is only one kind of team. It is actually the most difficult kind of team both to assemble and to make work effectively, and the kind that requires the longest time to gain performance capacity. We will have to learn to use different kinds of teams for different purposes. We will have to learn to understand teams—and this is something to which, so far, very little attention has been paid. The understanding of teams, the performance capacities of different kinds of teams, their strengths and limitations, and the trade-offs between various kinds of teams will thus become central concerns in the management of people.

Equally important is the second implication of the fact that knowledge workers are of necessity specialists: the need for them to work as members of an organization. Only the organization can provide the basic continuity that knowledge workers need in order to be effective. Only the organization can convert the specialized knowledge of the knowledge worker into performance.

By itself, specialized knowledge does not yield performance. The surgeon is not effective unless there is a diagnosis—which, by and large, is not the surgeon’s task and not even within the surgeon’s competence. As a loner in his or her research and writing, the historian can be very effective. But to educate students, a great many other specialists have to contribute—people whose specialty may be literature, or mathematics, or other areas of history. And this requires that the specialist have access to an organization.

This access may be as a consultant, or it may be as a provider of specialized services. But for the majority of

knowledge workers it will be as employees, full-time or part-time, of an organization, such as a government agency, a hospital, a university, a business, or a labor union. In the knowledge society it is not the individual who performs. The individual is a cost center rather than a performance center. It is the organization that performs.

WHAT IS AN EMPLOYEE?

MOST knowledge workers will spend most if not all of their working lives as “employees.” But the meaning of the term will be different from what it has been traditionally—and not only in English but in German, Spanish, and Japanese as well.

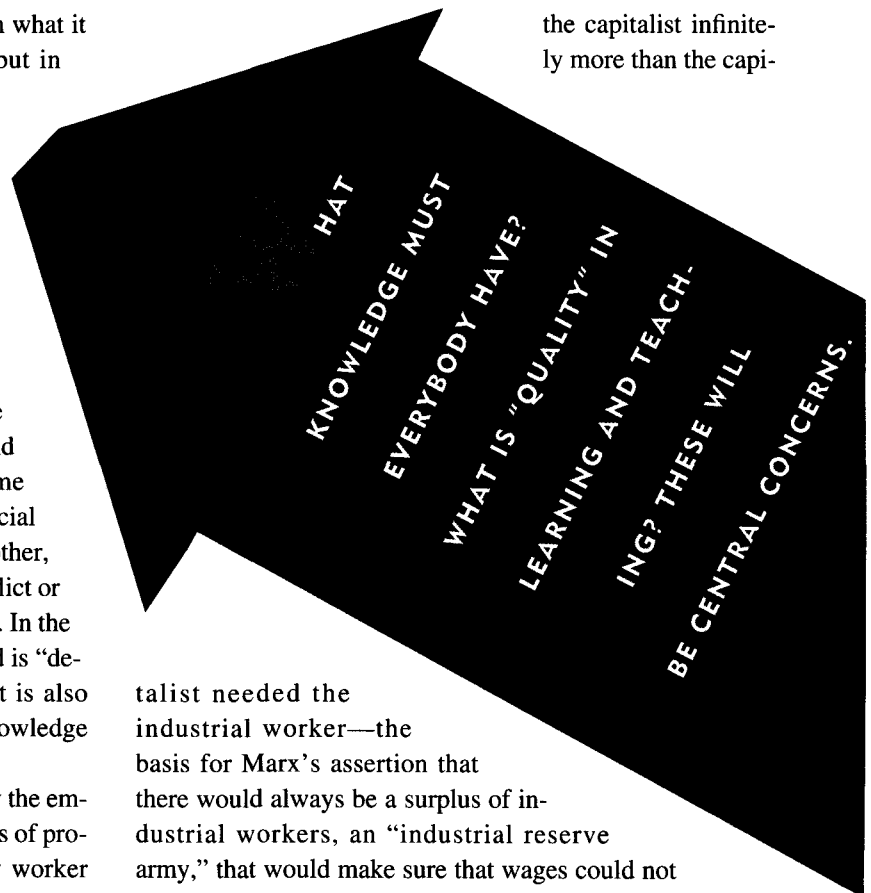
Individually, knowledge workers are dependent on the job. They receive a wage or salary. They have been hired and can be fired. Legally each is an employee. But collectively they are the capitalists; increasingly, through their pension funds and other savings, the employees own the means of production. In traditional economics—and by no means only in Marxist economics—there is a sharp distinction between the “wage fund,” all of which goes into consumption, and the “capital fund,” or that part of the total income stream that is available for investment. And most social theory of industrial society is based, one way or another, on the relationship between the two, whether in conflict or in necessary and beneficial cooperation and balance. In the knowledge society the two merge. The pension fund is “deferred wages,” and as such is a wage fund. But it is also increasingly the main source of capital for the knowledge society.

Perhaps more important, in the knowledge society the employees—that is, knowledge workers—own the tools of production. Marx’s great insight was that the factory worker does not and cannot own the tools of production, and therefore is “alienated.” There was no way, Marx pointed out, for the worker to own the steam engine and to be able to take it with him when moving from one job to another. The capitalist had to own the steam engine and to control it. Increasingly, the true investment in the knowledge society is not in machines and tools but in the knowledge of the knowledge worker. Without that knowledge the machines, no matter how advanced and sophisticated, are unproductive.

The market researcher needs a computer. But increasingly this is the researcher’s own personal computer, and it goes along wherever he or she goes. The true “capital equipment” of market research is the knowledge of markets, of statistics, and of the application of market research to business strategy, which is lodged between the researcher’s ears and is his or her exclusive and inalienable property. The surgeon needs the operating room of the hospital and all its expensive capital equipment. But the surgeon’s true capital investment is

twelve or fifteen years of training and the resulting knowledge, which the surgeon takes from one hospital to the next. Without that knowledge the hospital’s expensive operating rooms are so much waste and scrap.

This is true whether the knowledge worker commands advanced knowledge, like a surgeon, or simple and fairly elementary knowledge, like a junior accountant. In either case it is the knowledge investment that determines whether the employee is productive or not, more than the tools, machines, and capital furnished by an organization. The industrial worker needed the capitalist infinitely more than the capi-



talist needed the industrial worker—the basis for Marx’s assertion that there would always be a surplus of industrial workers, an “industrial reserve army,” that would make sure that wages could not possibly rise above the subsistence level (probably Marx’s most egregious error). In the knowledge society the most probable assumption for organizations—and certainly the assumption on which they have to conduct their affairs—is that they need knowledge workers far more than knowledge workers need them.

There was endless debate in the Middle Ages about the hierarchy of knowledges, with philosophy claiming to be the “queen.” We long ago gave up that fruitless argument. There is no higher or lower knowledge. When the patient’s complaint is an ingrown toenail, the podiatrist’s knowledge, not that of the brain surgeon, controls—even though the brain surgeon has received many more years of training and commands a much larger fee. And if an executive is posted to a foreign country, the knowledge he or she needs, and in a hurry, is fluency in a foreign language—something every native of that country has mastered by age three, without any great investment. The knowledge of the knowledge society, pre-

cisely because it is knowledge only when applied in action, derives its rank and standing from the situation. In other words, what is knowledge in one situation, such as fluency in Korean for the American executive posted to Seoul, is only information, and not very relevant information at that, when the same executive a few years later has to think through his company's market strategy for Korea. This, too, is new. Knowledges were always seen as fixed stars, so to speak, each occupying its own position in the universe of knowledge. In the knowledge society knowledges are tools, and as such are dependent for their importance and position on the task to be performed.

MANAGEMENT IN THE KNOWLEDGE SOCIETY

ONE additional conclusion: Because the knowledge society perforce has to be a society of organizations, its central and distinctive organ is management.

When our society began to talk of management, the term meant "business management"—because large-scale business was the first of the new organizations to become visible. But we have learned in this past half century that management is the distinctive organ of all organizations. All of them require management, whether they use the term or not. All managers do the same things, whatever the purpose of their organization. All of them have to bring people—each possessing different knowledge—together for joint performance. All of them have to make human strengths productive in performance and human weaknesses irrelevant. All of them have to think through what results are wanted in the organization—and have then to define objectives. All of them are responsible for thinking through what I call the theory of the business—that is, the assumptions on which the organization bases its performance and actions, and the assumptions that the organization has made in deciding what not to do. All of them must think through strategies—that is, the means through which the goals of the organization become performance. All of them have to define the values of

the organization, its system of rewards and punishments, its spirit and its culture. In all organizations managers need both the knowledge of management as work and discipline and the knowledge and understanding of the organization itself—its purposes, its values, its environment and markets, its core competencies.

Management as a practice is very old. The most successful executive in all history was surely that Egyptian who, 4,500 years or more ago, first conceived the pyramid, without any precedent, designed it, and built it, and did so in an astonishingly short time. That first pyramid still stands. But as a discipline management is barely fifty years old. It was first dimly perceived around the time of the First World War. It did not emerge until the Second World War, and then did so primarily in the United States. Since then it has been the fastest-growing new function, and the study of it the fastest-growing new discipline. No function in history has emerged as quickly as has management in the past fifty or sixty years, and surely none has had such worldwide sweep in such a short period.

Management is still taught in most business schools as a bundle of techniques, such as budgeting and personnel relations. To be sure, management, like any other work, has its own tools and its own techniques. But just as the essence of medicine is not urinalysis (important though that is), the essence of management is not techniques and procedures. The essence of management is to make knowledges productive. Management, in other words, is a social function. And in its practice management is truly a liberal art.

THE SOCIAL SECTOR

THE old communities—family, village, parish, and so on—have all but disappeared in the knowledge society. Their place has largely been taken by the new unit of social integration, the organization. Where community was fate, organization is voluntary membership. Where community claimed the entire person, organization is a means to a person's ends, a tool. For 200 years a hot debate has been raging, especially in the West: are communities "organic" or are they simply extensions of the people of which they are made? Nobody would claim that the new organization is "organic." It is clearly an artifact, a creation of man, a social technology.

But who, then, does the community tasks? Two hundred years ago whatever social tasks were being done were done in all societies by a local community. Very few if any of these tasks are being done by the old communities anymore. Nor would they be capable of doing them, considering that they no longer have control of their members or even a firm hold over them. People no longer stay where they were born, either in terms of geography or in terms of social position and status. By definition, a knowledge society is a society of mobility. And all the social functions of the old communi-

LYING

He puts his brush to the canvas,
with one quick stroke
unfolds a bird from the sky.
Steps back, considers.
Takes pity.
Unfolds another.

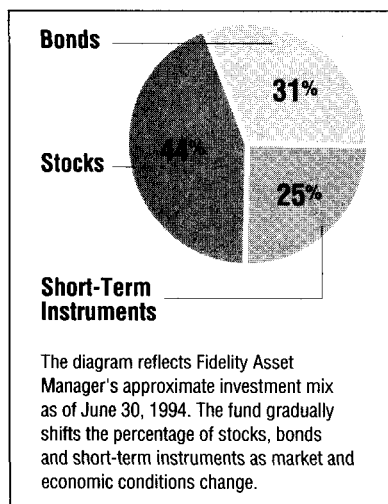
—JANE HIRSHFIELD

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ties, whether performed well or poorly (and most were performed very poorly indeed), presupposed that the individual and the family would stay put. But the essence of a knowledge society is mobility in terms of where one lives, mobility in terms of what one does, mobility in terms of one's affiliations. People no longer have roots. People no longer have a neighborhood that controls what their home is like, what they do, and, indeed, what their problems are allowed to be. The knowledge society is a society in which many more people than ever before can be successful. But it is therefore, by definition, also a society in which many more people than ever before can fail, or at least come in second. And if only because the application of knowledge to work has made developed societies so much richer than any earlier society could even dream of becoming, the failures, whether poor people or alcoholics, battered women or juvenile delinquents, are seen as failures of society.

Who, then, takes care of the social tasks in the knowledge

society? We cannot ignore them. But the traditional community is incapable of tackling them.

Two answers have emerged in the past century or so—a majority answer and a dissenting opinion. Both have proved to be wrong.

The majority answer goes back more than a hundred years, to the 1880s, when Bismarck's Germany took the first faltering steps toward the welfare state. The answer: the problems of the social sector can, should, and must be solved by government. This is still probably the answer that most people accept, especially in the developed countries of the West—even though most people probably no longer fully believe it. But it has been totally disproved. Modern government, especially since the Second World War, has everywhere become a huge welfare bureaucracy. And the bulk of the budget in every developed country today is devoted to "entitlements"—to payments for all kinds of social services. Yet in every developed country society is becoming sicker



rather than healthier, and social problems are multiplying. Government has a big role to play in social tasks—the role of policymaker, of standard setter, and, to a substantial extent, of paymaster. But as the agency to *run* social services, it has proved almost totally incompetent.

In my *The Future of Industrial Man* (1942), I formulated a dissenting opinion. I argued then that the new organization—and fifty years ago that meant the large business enterprise—would have to be the community in which the individual would find status and function, with the workplace community becoming the one in and through which social tasks would be organized. In Japan (though quite independently and without any debt to me) the large employer—government agency or business—has indeed increasingly attempted to serve as a community for its employees. Lifetime employment is only one affirmation of this. Company housing, company health plans, company vacations, and so on all emphasize for the Japanese employee that the employer, and

especially the big corporation, is the community and the successor to yesterday's village—even to yesterday's family. This, however, has not worked either.

There is need, especially in the West, to bring the employee increasingly into the government of the workplace community. What is now called empowerment is very similar to the things I talked about fifty years ago. But it does not create a community. Nor does it create the structure through which the social tasks of the knowledge society can be tackled. In fact, practically all these tasks—whether education or health care; the anomies and diseases of a developed and, especially, a rich society, such as alcohol and drug abuse; or the problems of incompetence and irresponsibility such as those of the underclass in the American city—lie outside the employing institution.

The right answer to the question Who takes care of the social challenges of the knowledge society? is neither the government nor the employing organization. The answer is a separate and new *social sector*.

It is less than fifty years, I believe, since we first talked in the United States of the two sectors of a modern society—the “public sector” (government) and the “private sector” (business). In the past twenty years the United States has begun to talk of a third sector, the “nonprofit sector”—those organizations that increasingly take care of the social challenges of a modern society.

In the United States, with its tradition of independent and competitive churches, such a sector has always existed. Even now churches are the largest single part of the social sector in the United States, receiving almost half the money given to charitable institutions, and about a third of the time volunteered by individuals. But the nonchurch part of the social sector has been the growth sector in the United States. In the early 1990s about a million organizations were registered in the United States as nonprofit or charitable organizations doing social-sector work. The overwhelming majority of these, some 70 percent, have come into existence in the past thirty years. And most are community services concerned with life on this earth rather than with the Kingdom of Heaven. Quite a few of the new organizations are, of course, religious in their orientation, but for the most part these are not churches. They are “parachurches” engaged in a specific social task, such as the rehabilitation of alcohol and drug addicts, the rehabilitation of criminals, or elementary school education. Even within the church segment of the social sector the organizations that have shown the capacity to grow are radically new. They are the “pastoral” churches, which focus on the spiritual needs of individuals, especially educated knowledge workers, and then put the spiritual energies of their members to work on the social challenges and social problems of the community—especially, of course, the urban community.

We still talk of these organizations as “nonprofits.” But this is a legal term. It means nothing except that under

American law these organizations do not pay taxes. Whether they are organized as nonprofit or not is actually irrelevant to their function and behavior. Many American hospitals since 1960 or 1970 have become “for-profits” and are organized in what legally are business corporations. They function in exactly the same way as traditional “nonprofit” hospitals. What matters is not the legal basis but that the social-sector institutions have a particular kind of purpose. Government demands compliance; it makes rules and enforces them. Business expects to be paid; it supplies. Social-sector institutions aim at changing the human being. The “product” of a school is the student who has learned something. The “product” of a hospital is a cured patient. The “product” of a church is a churchgoer whose life is being changed. The task of social-sector organizations is to create human health and well-being.

Increasingly these organizations of the social sector serve a second and equally important purpose. They create citizenship. Modern society and modern polity have become so big and complex that citizenship—that is, responsible participation—is no longer possible. All we can do as citizens is to vote once every few years and to pay taxes all the time.

As a volunteer in a social-sector institution, the individual can again make a difference. In the United States, where there is a long volunteer tradition because of the old independence of the churches, almost every other adult in the 1990s is working at least three—and often five—hours a week as a volunteer in a social-sector organization. Britain is the only other country with something like this tradition, although it exists there to a much lesser extent (in part because the British welfare state is far more embracing, but in much larger part because it has an established church—paid for by the state and run as a civil service). Outside the English-speaking countries there is not much of a volunteer tradition. In fact, the modern state in Europe and Japan has been openly hostile to anything that smacks of volunteerism—most so in France and Japan. It is *ancien regime* and suspected of being fundamentally subversive.

But even in these countries things are changing, because the knowledge society needs the social sector, and the social sector needs the volunteer. But knowledge workers also need a sphere in which they can act as citizens and create a community. The workplace does not give it to them. Nothing has been disproved faster than the concept of the “organization man,” which was widely accepted forty years ago. In fact, the more satisfying one’s knowledge work is, the more one needs a separate sphere of community activity.

Many social-sector organizations will become partners with government—as is the case in a great many “privatizations,” where, for instance, a city pays for street cleaning and an outside contractor does the work. In American education over the next twenty years there will be more and more government-paid vouchers that will enable parents to put their children into a variety of different schools, some public and

tax-supported, some private and largely dependent on the income from the vouchers. These social-sector organizations, although partners with government, also clearly compete with government. The relationship between the two has yet to be worked out—and there is practically no precedent for it.

What constitutes performance for social-sector organizations, and especially for those that, being nonprofit and charitable, do not have the discipline of a financial bottom line, has also yet to be worked out. We know that social-sector organizations need management. But what precisely management means for the social-sector organization is just beginning to be studied. With respect to the management of the nonprofit organization we are in many ways pretty much where we were fifty or sixty years ago with respect to the management of the business enterprise: the work is only beginning.

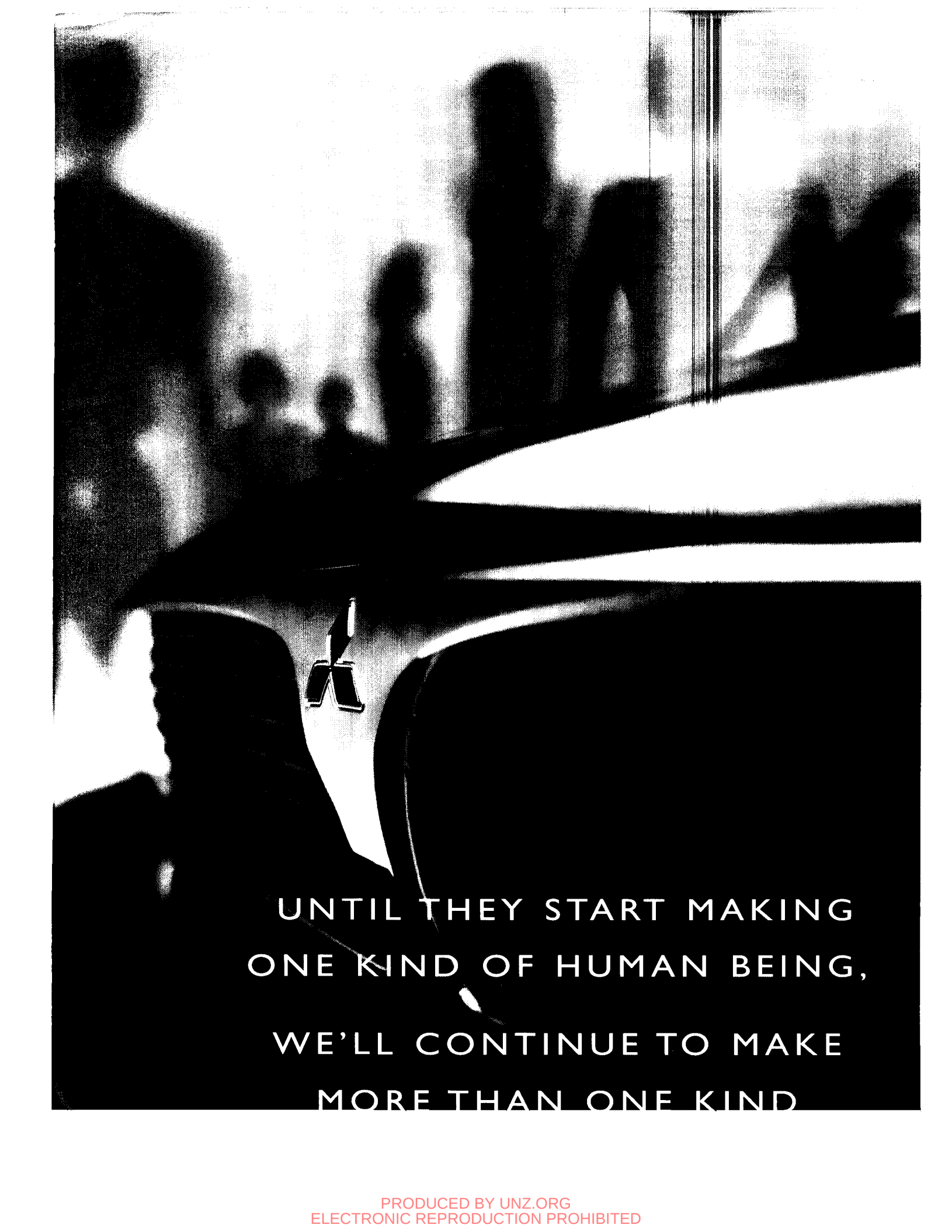
But one thing is already clear. The knowledge society has to be a society of three sectors: a public sector of government, a private sector of business, and a social sector. And I submit that it is becoming increasingly clear that through the social sector a modern developed society can again create responsible and achieving citizenship, and can again give individuals—especially knowledge workers—a sphere in which they can make a difference in society and re-create community.

THE SCHOOL AS SOCIETY’S CENTER

KNOWLEDGE has become the key resource, for a nation’s military strength as well as for its economic strength. And this knowledge can be acquired only through schooling. It is not tied to any country. It is portable. It can be created everywhere, fast and cheaply. Finally, it is by definition changing. Knowledge as the key resource is fundamentally different from the traditional key resources of the economist—land, labor, and even capital.

That knowledge has become the key resource means that there is a world economy, and that the world economy, rather than the national economy, is in control. Every country, every industry, and every business will be in an increasingly competitive environment. Every country, every industry, and every business will, in its decisions, have to consider its competitive standing in the world economy and the competitiveness of its knowledge competencies.

Politics and policies still center on domestic issues in every country. Few if any politicians, journalists, or civil servants look beyond the boundaries of their own country when a new measure such as taxes, the regulation of business, or social spending is being discussed. Even in Germany—Europe’s most export-conscious and export-dependent major country—this is true. Almost no one in the West asked in 1990 what the government’s unbridled spending in the East would do to Germany’s competitiveness.



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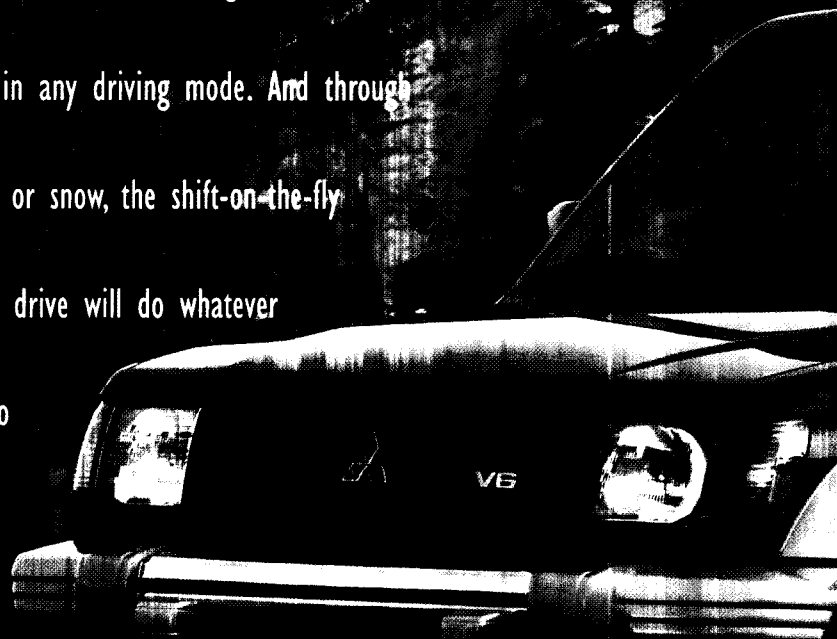
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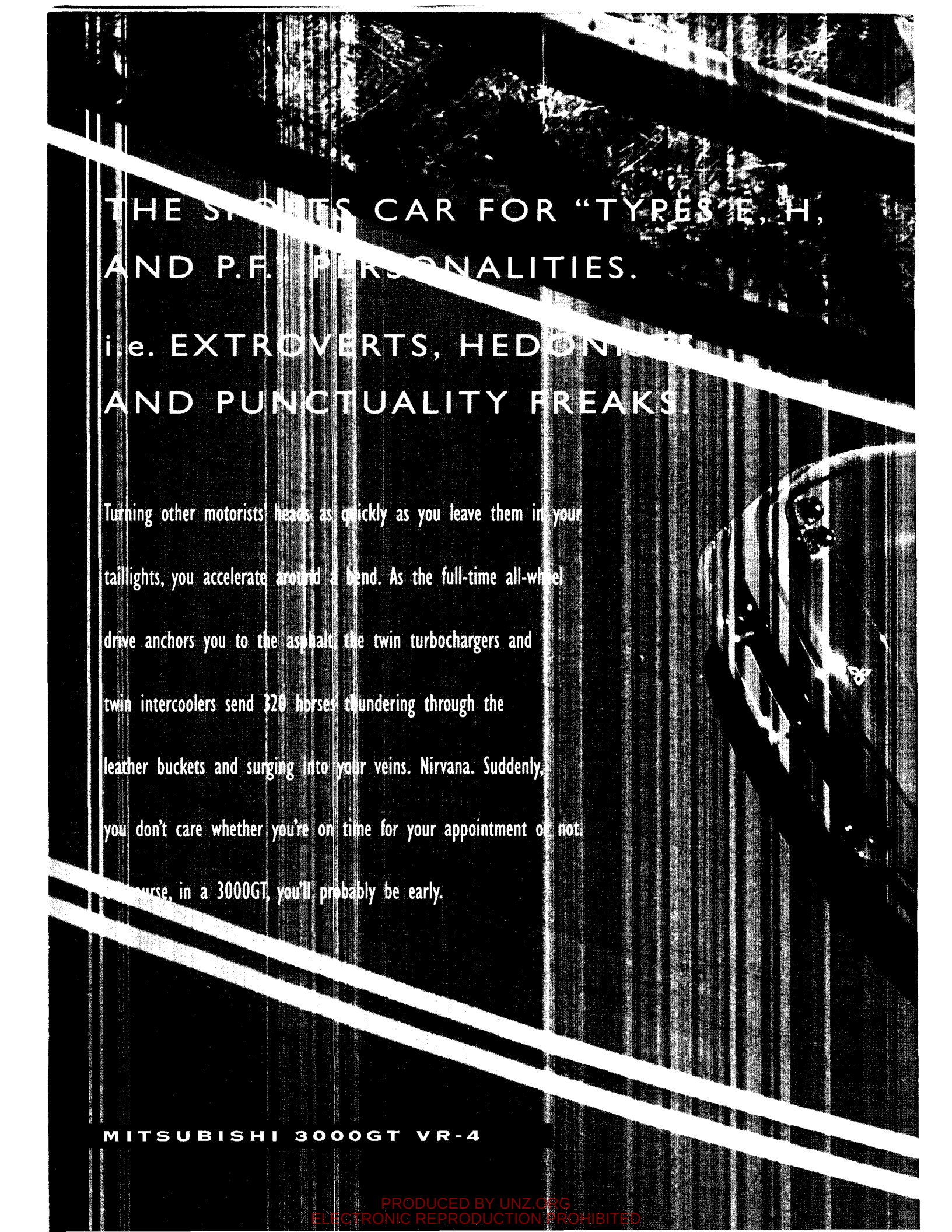
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This will no longer do. Every country and every industry will have to learn that the first question is not Is this measure desirable? but What will be the impact on the country's, or the industry's, competitive position in the world economy? We need to develop in politics something similar to the environmental-impact statement, which in the United States is now required for any government action affecting the quality of the environment: we need a competitive-impact statement. The impact on one's competitive position in the world economy should not necessarily be the main factor in a decision. But to make a decision without considering it has become irresponsible.

Altogether, the fact that knowledge has become the key resource means that the standing of a country in the world economy will increasingly determine its domestic prosperity. Since 1950 a country's ability to improve its position in the world economy has been the main and perhaps the sole determinant of performance in the domestic economy.

Monetary and fiscal policies have been practically irrelevant, for better and, very largely, even for worse (with the single exception of government-

ing a different dimension. This is that a country's competitive position in the world economy—and also an industry's and an organization's—has to be the first consideration in its domestic policies and strategies. This holds true for a country that is only marginally involved in the world economy (should there still be such a one), and for a business that is only marginally involved in the world economy, and for a university that sees itself as totally domestic. Knowledge knows no boundaries. There is no domestic knowledge and no international knowledge. There is only knowledge. And with knowledge becoming the key resource, there is only a world economy, even though the individual organization in its daily activities operates within a national, regional, or even local setting.

HOW CAN GOVERNMENT FUNCTION?

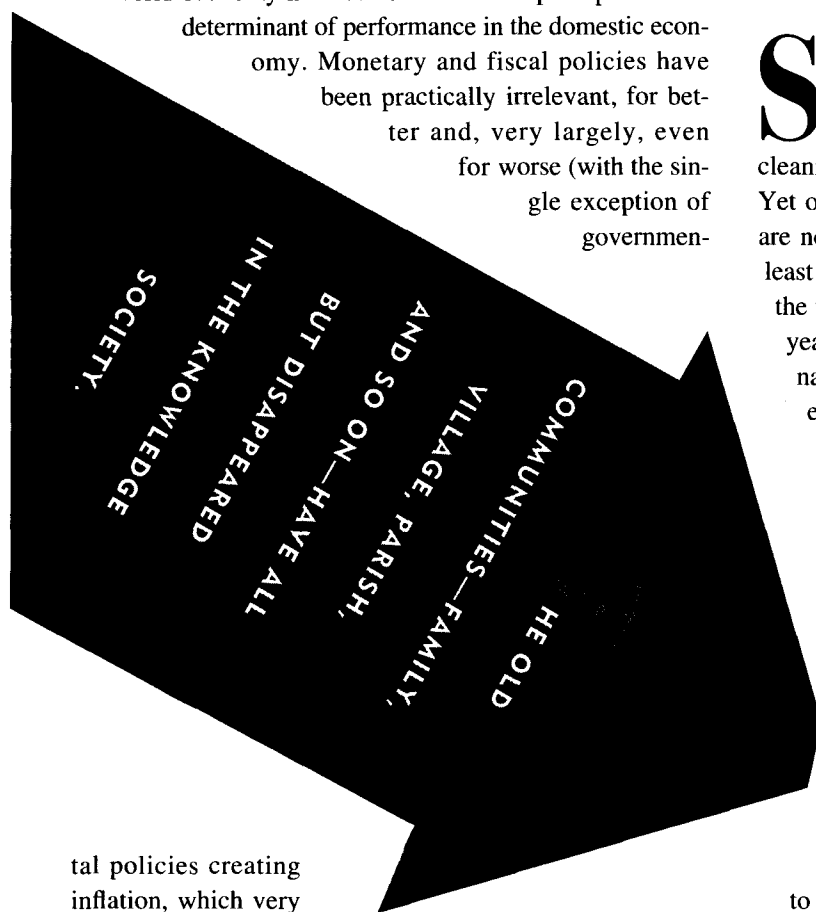
SOCIAL tasks are increasingly being done by individual organizations, each created for one, and only one, social task, whether education, health care, or street cleaning. Society, therefore, is rapidly becoming pluralist. Yet our social and political theories still assume that there are no power centers except government. To destroy or at least to render impotent all other power centers was, in fact, the thrust of Western history and Western politics for 500 years, from the fourteenth century on. This drive culminated in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, when, except in the United States, such early institutions as still survived—for example, the universities and the churches—became organs of the state, with their functionaries becoming civil servants. But then, beginning in the mid-nineteenth century, new centers arose—the first one, the modern business enterprise, around 1870. And since then one new organization after another has come into being.

The new institutions—the labor union, the modern hospital, the mega-church, the research university—of the society of organizations have no interest in public power. They do not want to be governments. But they demand—and, indeed, need—autonomy with respect to their functions. Even at the extreme of Stalinism the managers of major industrial enterprises were largely masters within their enterprises, and the individual industry was largely autonomous. So were the university, the research lab, and the military.

In the “pluralism” of yesterday—in societies in which control was shared by various institutions, such as feudal Europe in the Middle Ages and Edo Japan in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—pluralist organizations tried to be in control of whatever went on in their community. At least, they tried to prevent any other organization from having control of any community concern or community institution

tal policies creating inflation, which very rapidly undermines both a country's competitive standing in the world economy and its domestic stability and ability to grow).

The primacy of foreign affairs is an old political precept going back in European politics to the seventeenth century. Since the Second World War it has also been accepted in American politics—though only grudgingly so, and only in emergencies. It has always meant that military security was to be given priority over domestic policies, and in all likelihood this is what it will continue to mean, Cold War or no Cold War. But the primacy of foreign affairs is now acquir-



within their domain. But in the society of organizations each of the new institutions is concerned only with its own purpose and mission. It does not claim power over anything else. But it also does not assume responsibility for anything else. Who, then, is concerned with the common good?

This has always been a central problem of pluralism. No earlier pluralism solved it. The problem remains, but in a new guise. So far it has been seen as imposing limits on social institutions—forbidding them to do things in the pursuit of their mission, function, and interest which encroach upon the public domain or violate public policy. The laws against discrimination—by race, sex, age, educational level, health status, and so on—which have proliferated in the United States in the past forty years all forbid socially undesirable behavior. But we are increasingly raising the question of the social responsibility of social institutions: What do institutions have to do—in addition to discharging their own functions—to advance the public good? This, however, though nobody seems to realize it, is a demand to return to the old pluralism, the pluralism of feudalism. It is a demand that private hands assume public power.

This could seriously threaten the functioning of the new organizations, as the example of the schools in the United States makes abundantly clear. One of the major reasons for the steady decline in the capacity of the schools to do their job—that is, to teach children elementary knowledge skills—is surely that since the 1950s the United States has increasingly made the schools the carriers of all kinds of social policies: the elimination of racial discrimination, of discrimination against all other kinds of minorities, including the handicapped, and so on. Whether we have actually made any progress in assuaging social ills is highly debatable; so far the schools have not proved particularly effective as tools for social reform. But making the school the organ of social policies has, without any doubt, severely impaired its capacity to do its own job.

The new pluralism has a new problem: how to maintain the performance capacity of the new institutions and yet maintain the cohesion of society. This makes doubly important the emergence of a strong and functioning social sector. It is an additional reason why the social sector will increasingly be crucial to the performance, if not to the cohesion, of the knowledge society.

OF the new organizations under consideration here, the first to arise, 120 years ago, was the business enterprise. It was only natural, therefore, that the problem of the emerging society of organizations was first seen as the relationship of government and business. It was also natural that the new interests were first seen as economic interests.

The first attempt to come to grips with the politics of the emerging society of organizations aimed, therefore, at making economic interests serve the political process. The first to pursue this goal was an American, Mark Hanna, the restorer

of the Republican Party in the 1890s and, in many ways, the founding father of twentieth-century American politics. His definition of politics as a dynamic disequilibrium between the major economic interests—farmers, business, and labor—remained the foundation of American politics until the Second World War. In fact, Franklin D. Roosevelt restored the Democratic Party by reformulating Hanna. And the basic political position of this philosophy is evident in the title of the most influential political book written during the New Deal years—*Politics: Who Gets What, When, How* (1936), by Harold D. Lasswell.

Mark Hanna in 1896 knew very well that there are plenty of concerns other than economic concerns. And yet it was obvious to him—as it was to Roosevelt forty years later—that economic interests had to be used to integrate all the others. This is still the assumption underlying most analyses of American politics—and, in fact, of politics in all developed countries. But the assumption is no longer tenable. Underlying Hanna's formula of economic interests is the view of land, labor, and capital as the existing resources. But knowledge, the new resource for economic performance, is not in itself economic.

It cannot be bought or sold. The fruits of knowledge, such as the income from a patent, can be bought or sold; the knowledge that went into the patent cannot be conveyed at any price. No matter how much a suffering person is willing to pay a neurosurgeon, the neurosurgeon cannot sell to him—and surely cannot convey to him—the knowledge that is the foundation of the neurosurgeon's performance and income. The acquisition of knowledge has a cost, as has the acquisition of anything. But the acquisition of knowledge has no price.

Economic interests can therefore no longer integrate all other concerns and interests. As soon as knowledge became the key economic resource, the integration of interests—and with it the integration of the pluralism of a modern polity—began to be lost. Increasingly, non-economic interests are becoming the new pluralism—the special interests, the single-cause organizations, and so on. Increasingly, politics is not about “who gets what, when, how” but about values, each of them considered to be an absolute. Politics is about the right to life of the embryo in the womb as against the right of a woman to control her own body and to abort an embryo. It is about the environment. It is about gaining equality for groups alleged to be oppressed and discriminated against. None of these issues is economic. All are fundamentally moral.

Economic interests can be compromised, which is the great strength of basing politics on economic interests. “Half a loaf is still bread” is a meaningful saying. But half a baby, in the biblical story of the judgment of Solomon, is not half a child. No compromise is possible. To an environmentalist, half an endangered species is an extinct species.

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Newspapers and commentators still tend to report in economic terms what goes on in Washington, in London, in Bonn, or in Tokyo. But more and more of the lobbyists who determine governmental laws and governmental actions are no longer lobbyists for economic interests. They lobby for and against measures that they—and their paymasters—see as moral, spiritual, cultural. And each of these new moral concerns, each represented by a new organization, claims to stand for an absolute. Dividing their loaf is not compromise; it is treason.

There is thus in the society of organizations no one integrating force that pulls individual organizations in society and community into coalition. The traditional parties—perhaps the most successful political creations of the nineteenth century—can no longer integrate divergent groups and divergent points of view into a common pursuit of power. Rather, they have become battlefields between groups, each of them fighting for absolute victory and not content with anything but total surrender of the enemy.

THE NEED FOR SOCIAL AND POLITICAL INNOVATION

THE twenty-first century will surely be one of continuing social, economic, and political turmoil and challenge, at least in its early decades. What I have called the age of social transformation is not over yet. And the challenges looming ahead may be more serious and more daunting than those posed by the social transformations that have already come about, the social transformations of the twentieth century.

Yet we will not even have a chance to resolve these new and looming problems of tomorrow unless we first address the challenges posed by the developments that are already accomplished facts, the developments reported in the earlier sections of this essay. These are the priority tasks. For only if they are tackled can we in the developed democratic free-market countries hope to have the social cohesion, the economic strength, and the governmental capacity needed to tackle the new challenges. The first order of business—for sociologists, political scientists, and economists; for educators; for business executives, politicians, and nonprofit-group leaders; for people in all walks of life, as parents, as employees, as citizens—is to work on these priority tasks, for few of which we so far have a precedent, let alone tested solutions.

- We will have to think through *education*—its purpose, its values, its content. We will have to learn to define the quality of education and the productivity of education, to measure both and to manage both.
- We need systematic work on the *quality of knowledge* and the *productivity of knowledge*—neither even defined so far. The performance capacity, if not the survival, of any organization in the knowledge society will come increasingly to

depend on those two factors. But so will the performance capacity, if not the survival, of any individual in the knowledge society. And what *responsibility* does knowledge have? What are the responsibilities of the knowledge worker, and especially of a person with highly specialized knowledge?

- Increasingly, the *policy* of any country—and especially of any developed country—will have to give primacy to the country's competitive position in an increasingly competitive world economy. Any proposed domestic policy needs to be shaped so as to improve that position, or at least to minimize adverse impacts on it. The same holds true for the policies and strategies of any institution within a nation, whether a local government, a business, a university, or a hospital.

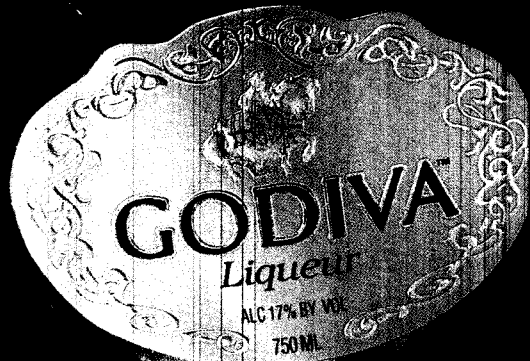
- But then we also need to develop an *economic theory* appropriate to a world economy in which knowledge has become the key economic resource and the dominant, if not the only, source of comparative advantage.

- We are beginning to understand the new integrating mechanism: *organization*. But we still have to think through how to balance two apparently contradictory requirements. Organizations must competently perform the one social function for the sake of which they exist—the school to teach, the hospital to cure the sick, and the business to produce goods, services, or the capital to provide for the risks of the future. They can do so only if they single-mindedly concentrate on their specialized mission. But there is also society's need for these organizations to take social responsibility—to work on the problems and challenges of the community. Together these organizations *are* the community. The emergence of a strong, independent, capable social sector—neither public sector nor private sector—is thus a central need of the society of organizations. But by itself it is not enough—the organizations of both the public and the private sector must share in the work.

- The *function of government* and its *functioning* must be central to political thought and political action. The megastate in which this century indulged has not performed, either in its totalitarian or in its democratic version. It has not delivered on a single one of its promises. And government by countervailing lobbyists is neither particularly effective—in fact, it is paralysis—nor particularly attractive. Yet effective government has never been needed more than in this highly competitive and fast-changing world of ours, in which the dangers created by the pollution of the physical environment are matched only by the dangers of worldwide armaments pollution. And we do not have even the beginnings of political theory or the political institutions needed for effective government in the knowledge-based society of organizations.

If the twentieth century was one of social transformations, the twenty-first century needs to be one of social and political innovations, whose nature cannot be so clear to us now as their necessity. ☞

The real sin would be never experiencing it.



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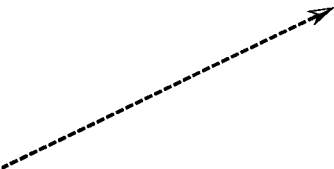
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A Country Killing

by E. ANNIE PROULX

Albro was messed up, a snake eating its tail. He couldn't think of anything but her hot, ringless hand, the big haunches under her dress

TWO Jehovah's Witnesses, suffering in hot clothes, found the bodies a little before the cloudburst. They got out of their car, the man thin and sallow from some long trouble, and stood a minute under the saw-edged trees, looking at the clouds coming up dark as plums and at the trailer in the clearing. The man, an arrowhead of sweat on the back of his suit jacket, straightened his necktie and followed the woman up the path. The woman had experience. They had told him to stay in the background, watch how it was done.

The woman knocked at the door, the man behind her, holding his sun-heated Bible against his leg, breathing air as heavy as wet velvet. The woman shaded her eyes with a plain hand, nails cut blunt; she looked through the glass of the door and saw Rose lying face-up in front of the stove, saw a grimy brassiere in some huge triple-X size, and Rose's face with its raccoon's mask of bloody pulp. Warren was farther back, red foot and shin showing, the rest of him hidden by the stove. He had fallen against shelves crammed with empty jars, folded paper bags, spindles of binder twine. The smell of roasting chicken greased the humid air. The woman had to look at the stove, saw the oven knob set at 350. The man stared at Rose's pale pubic hair.

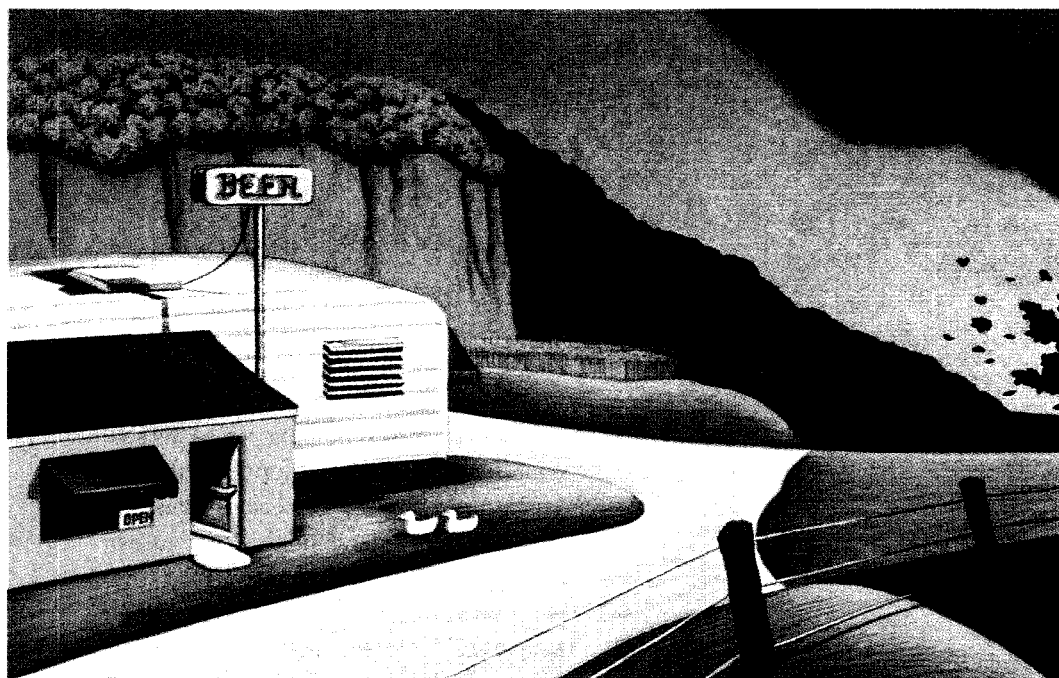
"Hello?" the woman said. "Are you all right?"

"They're dead. They look dead as mackerels."

The woman whirled and jumped past him down the steps, almost falling to her knees with the force of the leap, but she rose up again with the man limping after her, slap-

ping his thigh for the car keys but still clenching the Bible and some badly printed pages describing the future of the world and those in it. Lightning hair jolted from the thunderheads.

The car swayed over the road, and before they entered the hairpin, raindrops the size of wild birds' eggs hit the windshield and the trees roared over them, casting off twigs and whole branches. The man drove through bursting rain and luminous blue hail that sounded like an avalanche of gravel,



and the woman's praying voice burrowed under the drumming and thundercrack.

At the main road a washout cut them off from the blacktop. On the other side they could see Sweet's Country Store. The fogged windshield glowed like a television screen; rods of hail and rain struck the macadam and rebounded in perpendicular strokes; across the way the trembling letters that spelled out BEER faded as the electricity died in the store. Suddenly the man trod on the gas pedal and the car launched

into the washout, making it onto the blacktop before it stalled.

"We ought to get off the highway."

He got out and pushed the car, and the woman pushed too, the roadway water over the tops of their shoes, the woman's hair twisting into snakelets, and the smell of dye coming out of their drenched clothes. The red-coaled images of what they had seen were already taking on ashy crusts, cooling into memory. They ran for the store, splashing halos of water.

Inside, the woman shouted excitedly at Simone Sweet, who stood at the counter pumping up a gas lantern.

"Phone the police. People dead up there. In a trailer. Up that road."

She spoke from the distance of the door, water draining from her saturated hem. The overhead light flickered; the beer sign glowed again. Simone pointed. The woman thought she meant for them to go outside with their wet clothes, but, turning, she saw the pay phone and the man fumbling for a coin.

HE store was in a river valley among scrolled corn fields that broke green against sudden cliffs. The road ran along the river, into the northern spruce, to Quebec.

have plugged a culvert. Finally a high school kid drove through the water, arm braced in the window, rooster tails spurting from the tires. One by one the watchers left, marking the macadam with muddy arcs as they turned around. The fogged cliffs buried their heads in rain; the dripping woods were as ill-defined as a grainy newspaper photograph.

HE Sweets lived in a double-wide with awnings and a picture window, set off by a scribble of fence and two plywood ducks. Their kitchen opened into the store. The side lawn was brown from close mowing. Albro rode the machine up and down every day, as though it were a horse that needed frequent exercise. At the center of the lawn were five boulders and an upended bathtub painted the bitter blue of a Noxema jar. A Madonna stood under the curve of the tub rim. In winter her crusted chin rested on snow and the boulders became humped penitents.

Simone, arms like dowels, a frizz of tea-colored hair, worked all hours in the store under the droning neons, surrounded by potato chips, candy, toilet paper, dry gas, adventure videos, the lottery machine. She made the brownies herself. A smell like that of the devil's hooves came from the coffee pot beside the cash register. Under the counter she

had a metal box of rolled quarters and a nail puller with a broken claw.

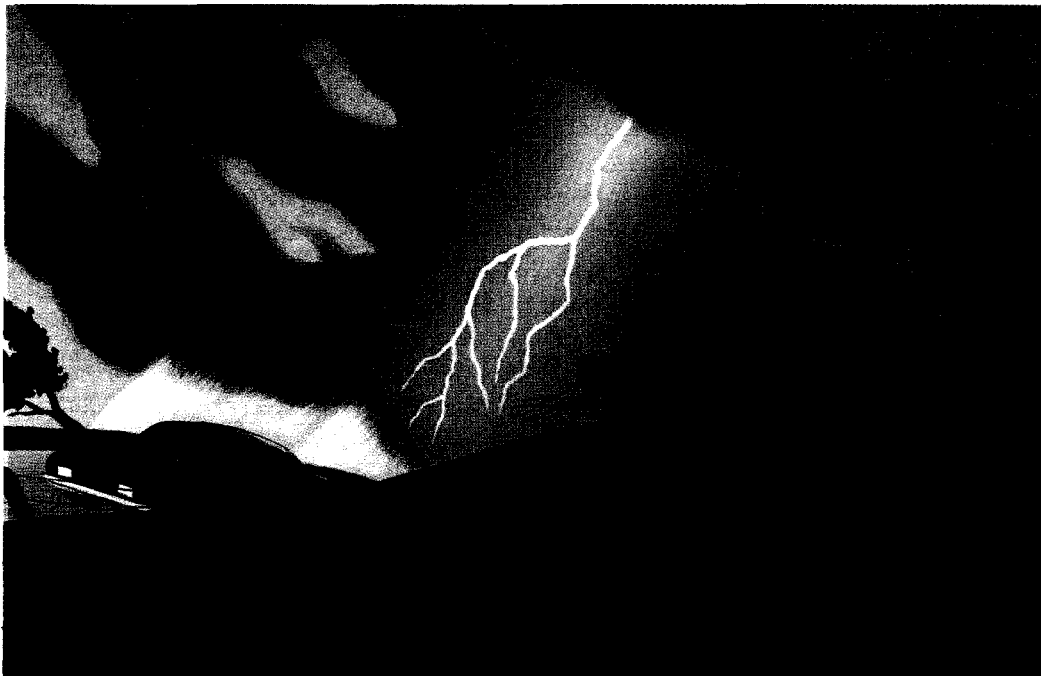
"What good'll that do you?" Albro said.

"You wouldn't care to get clipped behind the ear with it."

Albro's good looks had slipped over thirty-odd years. He had a shock of steel-colored hair, a congealed expression, oily hands picking over a stew of metal parts. A silvery scar the size of a beer cap marked one thigh, from the time when he was married to his first wife and had fallen raving drunk into a barbed wire fence after a jealous fight because she knew

he was cheating with other women. That supple, hot-blooded self was still stored in his stiffening body, though long unused.

He was a night driver. A hundred times a year he eased open the door of the back room where he slept—the office, they called it: a desk buried in bills and receipts, a cot, a tumble of blankets—while Simone lay in the double bed in the front bedroom in the bleed of the yard light, her shoes crooked on the rug in front of the bureau like dead fish on a sandbar.



Because it went to Canada, the road had a blue mood of lonely distances and night travel.

A spring ice jam had forced the river onto the road. The water, charged with branches and dead leaves, got into the store, gleaming like brilliant wax, and ruined bags of potatoes, melted the labels off cans on the bottom shelves. For a few days farmers parked at the edge of the flood and sat in the cabs of their trucks, smoking and drinking beer, watching the slurring current. Someone said a drowned hog might

Sometimes he was out until morning light. Simone would hear the loose rumble of the wrecker pulling in and get up to start the coffee. Albro, stinking of cigarettes, would lean his elbow on the table and tell her what he'd seen as he crawled on the sweet note of second gear over the moonlit roads, pitted and obscure under the wheels.

"I seen two bobcats fighting or fucking in a ditch, one, don't know which, anyway, blood on the fur."

Wailing songs on the radio. In the rainy headlights the side roads glistened like roof flashing. He came upon disabled cars wallowing in snow or drunks passed out on their steering wheels. If they wanted a tow, he charged thirty-five dollars. Once, he caught a glint in the roadside alders that turned out to be a ring hanging on a twig, a ring set with chip diamonds. And, years back, that car with Arizona plates in a snowplow turnaround, nose pointed into the woods and the windows frosted on the inside with condensed breath, the dead man dimly visible through the pearly scrim of his past exhalations. Fragments of teeth across his jacket like red crumbs.

"Come all that way to do it," Albro said.

Simone listened, spreading newspaper on the concrete floor, down on her knees to jab into the vending machine with a straightened coat hanger.

"Supposed to be rodent-proof, but there's a mouse in there. Must weigh three pound now off the candy. You ought to stay away from a car pulled off the road. Get mixed up in it. You don't know who's in it. You ought to be taking care of the mice and rats eating us up."

"Could be somebody needed a tow."

"Ask me, *you* need a tow."

How many times had he driven up Trussel Hill, the road bent like a folded straw before it went nowhere, seven or eight miles of uphill woods ending in Warren Trussel's yard with its chalky, rake-ended trailer up on blocks, the third-hand kind from the back of the lot, the kind with a space heater between the bedroom and the door? The mobile-home salesman, laughing in their plywood office, called them roaster ovens. Through the trees Warren's roaster oven resembled a sinking boat. Sometimes, when Albro pulled in, a mealy face loomed at the door, a flashlight ray stuttered over the lumber piles. Albro took his time turning around.

The trailer swam in a sea of junk auto parts, mildewed hay bales, cable spools, broken shovels and tractor seats, logging chains, the front half of a bus without windows or engine, a late-model wreck folded like a wallet. Plywood steps atilt, aluminum door decorated with a curlicued *B* in stamped metal, .22-shot into a twist.

"Prob'ly Warren done that," he told Simone. "Fed up to see that *B* every time he opens the door. *B* for bum. *B* for deadbeat. He made them half-assed steps. Only trailer in the world without a dog. *B* for sonofabitch."

"Don't know how anybody can live that way." Simone wiped the table and looked in Albro's coffee cup to see if he was done yet.

She knew Warren. When she opened the store Friday mornings, he was there, as tall as a hen-yard post, wearing brown canvas overalls that stood away from his legs like tarpaper rolls, nodding his big panhead with its greasy cap. Down for the mystery bins and his lottery ticket. Sore-looking eyes. He pawed through the boxes of cans without labels and the frozen microwave dinners in mangled containers.

"How can you tell how long to heat up them microwaves, Warren?" Simone said in her pitched storekeeper's voice. "No way to tell how long to cook

them when the labels is half off."

"Guess at it. Can't tell what you get until you get it. Beans. Soup. Chinese shit. Cans is better. Know what the best ones is? Some a that dog food. That is kangaroo. That is good meat. Too good for goddamn dogs." Heavy mouth with its frieze of cold sores, stubble over the jaw and down the neck into a fester of ingrown hairs.

He logged in winter if somebody came up with a short crew, in summer stacked boards at the lumber mill and picked up roadside bottles in company with Archie Noury. Sometimes he had a horse up by the woods for a few weeks, keeping it for somebody.

"Horses?" A farmer looked at Simone, his thick yellow hand on the counter a little in front of the quart of ice cream, three blackening bananas, a canister of ersatz cream. "Let me tell you something about Warren and horses. You know that old Dodge he drives? Thing hangs down so low its tits drag on the ground. You could put your fist through the side of the door. Somebody didn't know no better give him two kids' ponies to keep while they went off. He went to pick them up. He's got this business rigged up there, a pole in the back to separate the ponies. Gets them in and takes off. On the interstate, doing fifty at most. Paper trucks on the way up to Quebec, semis going past him, sixty-five, seventy miles an hour. The ponies see them big tandems eighteen inches away. Warren gets to the bridge, they are over the water there, the ponies see the railing. A couple of trailer trucks pass Warren. He claims one of them hit the air horn. The ponies lose it, rear up, and one kicks the tailgate. Tailgate falls off and the ponies go out on the road. At fifty miles an hour, hitting the concrete and the trucks coming up fast behind them. That happened three years ago. And that's Warren and *horses*."

"Oh, my God," said Simone, who had heard the story many times. "Was they hurt?"

"Hurt! I guess they was hurt. Killed. They was killed. Guts and blood all over the road. Traffic piled up. State trooper had to shoot 'em to put 'em out of their misery."

"Guess I know somebody's going to have banana splits after supper," she said. Knew something else about him



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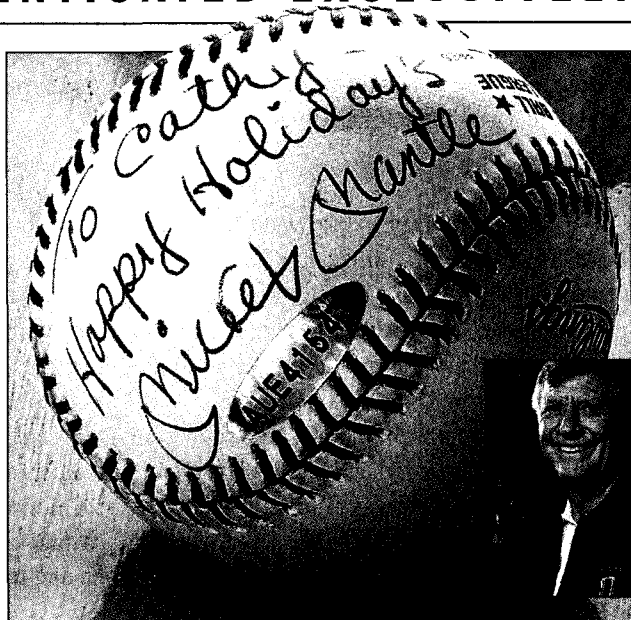


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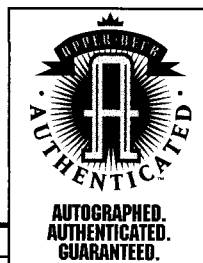
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too—that he'd been seen coming out of a restaurant men's room in another town, naked to the waist and blushing scarlet from belt-line to scalp. Shirt rolled up under his arm. Who could say what that was about?

IN Father's Day, Albro went to see his sons by his first wife, Arsenio and Oland, twenty-eight and twenty-six years old and still living in the Homer B. Bake Training Home. They would never be trained for anything but raking leaves or sweeping the long, shining corridors, their hairy arms scything away the years.

Arsenio never knew him, but Oland said "Dad, Dad, Dad" like a mourning dove, whacking his pliant hands together in counterpoint. Unless it was raining, they stood on the lawn. Wooden benches faced each other like wrestlers. Arsenio's waxy fingers clenched his broom. Albro stood alone and to the side.

"Well, here's your dad again come to say hello and see how you're gettin' along," he said. Arsenio's face clenched like someone listening to a loudspeaker test. He began to sweep the sidewalk, and Oland, without a broom, swept with him. Albro walked beside them in the grass, doggedly reciting the year's news.

"There was a break-in at the store and at first we thought nothing was took. But a day or so later Simone seen the shoelaces was all out. Somebody robbed the shoelaces. Imagine that. And there was a flood. Foot deep in the store. Elgood Peckox—you remember him, Oland, he give you apples when you was little—well, he died. Seventy-two years old. Cancer of the bowels."

"Papple," Oland muttered.

At the end of half an hour Albro handed each of the men who were his sons a two-pound box of chocolates, shrink-wrapped in red plastic. Arsenio, gripped by the passion of sweeping, let his box fall, but Oland tore the crimson covering and crammed the dark candies into his mouth. His eyes closed and a kind of ruined beauty shuddered over his face like the hide of a horse disturbed by flies. Although he tried to cramp it back, hopeless affection fluttered in Albro like a tic.

BEFORE Rose came to live with Warren Trussel, he went around

with Archie Noury. Simone often saw them driving past in Warren's old truck, heading out to pick up cans and bottles along the roadside for the deposit money.

"Can't be much of a business," Simone said. "They get, what, twelve, fourteen dollars' worth of cans, if they're lucky, for a full day of fooling around. Have to buy more gas for what they use up; that takes most of the money. They get two six-packs, get a pack of them generic cigarettes, and that's it. Six beers and ten cigarettes for a day's work. Re-

minds me, you ought to get at them potholes in the parking lot, 'stead of fooling around with the mower."

"Don't know how somebody can live like that," Albro mumbled.

One of the Nourys was a pastry chef, another the principal of an elementary school in Massachusetts, but the others were brawlers, knifers, crazy log-truck drivers known for taking corners too fast, rolling the load, and leaping clear, unhurt.

"That's a rat's nest of Nourys up in the Eastern Townships," a farmer said. "You look in your graveyards both sides of the border, you'll find plenty of Nourys. Most of them got there the hard way."

Archie Noury had ginger hair, bloodshot eyes, and a scar down the middle of his nose that made him say, "What are you starin' at?" He was greasily handsome, despite the scar, and bad-tempered. He glanced in windows and mirrors not out of vanity but to see whom he resembled, for his parentage was uncertain. A locket on a tarnished chain hung around his neck, tangled in his chest hair. No one knew what pictures were inside. Maybe Rose, maybe she knew.

IN the thick summer darkness, window cranked down for the cool, Albro pulled into Warren's yard to turn around, to begin his homeward run. A parked truck blocked the way. He looked it over in the moth-shot headlight glare: an old bucket with a varnished board sign in the back window, CHEVY, the letters fashioned from popsicle sticks; a rack of maple poles with the bark still on; and two bumper stickers—on the driver's side HIS, on the passenger side HERS. Then somebody came up beside him and pressed the mouth of a side-by-side 12-gauge into the soft flesh of his neck. He smelled vanilla, and swiveled his eyes to see a huge woman with hair billowing around her head like crimped silk.

"You're the booger turns around in the driveway. Warren don't want you to do it. So you better get out of here. This is private prop'ty." A creeping flashlight beam came out of the trailer door and slid over them, lighting up her yellow flaring hair and Albro's surprised hands gripping the steering wheel. He couldn't say a word at first, but got his voice back

when she lowered the gun.

"Hell, I didn't know nobody lived up here, thought the trailer was empty. He should of said something. End of the town road, no place to turn around."

"Is now. He cleared out over there." She pointed across the road with her chin.

Albro backed across into a slot of stumps and rocks that chewed his tires, turned, and passed the trailer. She was up on the steps, Warren holding the aluminum door open for



her with his foot, his flashlight twitching. The bumper stickers on the Chevy truck blazed, and he saw where she'd tried to scrape HIS off.

A mile or two down the hill he pulled onto a logging road, drove into the ash whips, stopped, turned off the motor, and lit a cigarette. His hands trembled. He couldn't stop seeing the purple mouth like melted crayon, the yellow hair; he still felt the shotgun's hard snout.

At first light he was drinking coffee in the kitchen, and Simone was mixing brownies for the store. The window fitted around a sky like milk. She tilted a bottle; a fragrance rose from the bowl.

"What's that?"

"Vanilla, same as I always put in."

She looked at him. "When you gonna do something about Robichaud's garden tiller? Been settin' there for weeks, and they come by twice, see if it was ready."

RIDAY morning Albro rode his mower around the lawn in wet heat, starting from a central point known only to him and working outward in a spiral. The river lay between its banks like molten lead; the cornfields were as flat as wallpaper. A farm truck dragged past in a hot clatter. Around eleven the Chevy truck with the pole rack pulled in.

Warren Trussel jumped down from the passenger side and went into the store. The fat woman followed him, hair like cascading heat over her magenta dress, a huge bell of fabric. Two laps of the lawn, the mower vibrating under his buttocks, and Albro saw them come out, Warren with his box of mystery cans. The woman said something and he went back in. She stepped onto Albro's lawn and waited at the edge for him to come around.

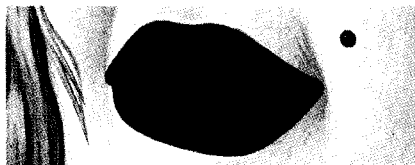
He stopped the mower but kept it running. The engine's tremors shook his flesh. She came up to the machine. The smell of vanilla mingled with exhaust. He stared at the lawn as if his interest were grass. Warren came out of the store again, got in the truck, and bent forward to drink from a can.

"Didn't know you was the storekeeper's husband; thought you was some troublemaker. Warren says it's okay if you turn around in the yard. Says it's okay, do whatever you want."

From the corner of his eye he saw Warren drain the can and turn toward them, his head framed in the passenger window. Albro cleared his throat. Quickly the woman's hot, ringless hand went to his groin, squeezed. She walked back to the truck, her sheet of hair flashing in the sun like signals. He threw the mower in gear and finished the lawn before he went in the store. Simone was wiping out the refrigerator case.

"How do you like that?"

"What?" Albro said.



"Who Warren had with him. I seen her over there talking to you. You know who she is, do you?"

"No. She wanted to know what time it was." He held up his left arm with its stainless-steel watch.

"She's Archie Noury's wife. Rose Noury. Left Archie, come to live with Warren. For how long, who knows? What I call leaving the frying pan for the fire. There'll be trouble over it. Archie Noury will make trouble. I remember Rose at school, big fat thing even then, a big fat slob. Wish it would rain and cool things off."

"Sooner or later," he said. He fished in his pocket, came up with a dollar and a quarter, and laid it on the counter. He took a brownie. For the smell of the vanilla. It was not enough. Later he sneaked a small bottle off the shelf and slipped it in his pocket.

MILES away Archie Noury was sharpening an umbrella spoke, whetting the points of his hunting arrows, throwing his deer rifle up to his shoulder and dry-firing, flinging a knife at a post, punching at his mirror image, whirling to hit the surprised air.

"Nobody pulls nothin' on Archie Noury!" he shouted. "You like that?" he yelled at the gouged post.

NOT, listless days went by. There was thunder in the night, but no rain. Albro fooled with the garden, got the lawn down to stubble. He stayed home, watched the late programs with Simone, slept or didn't sleep in the back room.

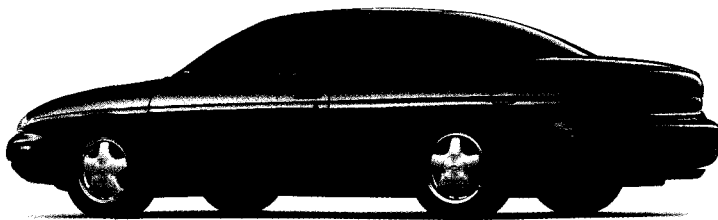
Wednesday the white air shuddered with heat and the hazy cornfields undulated. Simone had a fan going, the wash of hot air riffing the real-estate guides on the counter. Albro was in and out between the store and the garage. He was messed up, a snake eating its tail. He couldn't think of anything but the hot, ringless hand, the big haunches under the dress. He couldn't stand the waiting, until night and its coolness.

After the late news Simone went to bed, where she lay listening to the wawl of trucks on the road, the sound of water running into the bathtub. She was awake when he drove out of the yard.

HE turned in the stump-pocked cut, drifted past the trailer, and there was Rose, leaning against a pile of boards. His wet hands slid on the steering wheel. His chin was smooth, hair still damp; he wore clean underwear, the pastel-yellow boxer shorts that Simone bought at Ames, three to a package. Rose was walking to him through the darkness.

"Hey, ain't it hot? What took you so long? Thought I was

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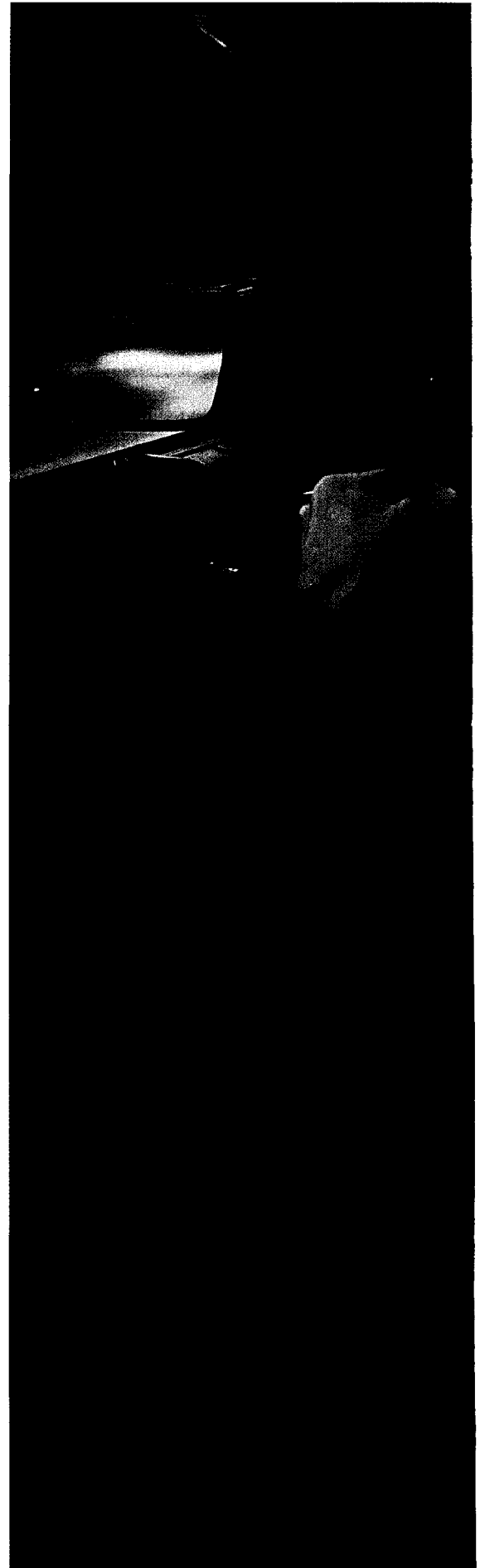


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gonna see you before this.” She was in the seat beside him, the interior light briefly on her face, the huge arm shawled in bright hair.

“Where you want to go?” He listened to the engine beating and turning.

“Nowhere. Just pull in behind my Chevy.”

“Here?” He was appalled. “What about Warren?”

“Warren! He don’t have nothing to do with it. Just park there, it’s okay.”

But he wanted to go to the old logging road, get in behind the ash saplings. No, sir, he said, he wasn’t going to park in Warren’s yard. In the trash and the dirt.

“C’m on,” she coaxed. “It’ll only take a minute.”

A minute wasn’t what he had in mind either. He said nothing.

“Well, then, I’m goin’ back inside,” she said. The event, which for days he had imagined as a luscious, secret hour behind the leaves, rotted in her purple mouth. Everything was screwed up.

“All right.” He jerked the truck up behind the Chevy. HIS. HERS. He turned off the engine and the lights, trod the emergency-brake pedal. She was at him, agile for such a fat woman. And it did take only a minute, ending with a burst of light, his wide-open eyes seeing a flash that illuminated a pile of logs and some chicken bones and eggshells raying from a burst garbage bag.

“What was that?” His numb mouth mangled the words.

She laughed. “Oh, prob’ly only Warren, shinin’ his flashlight around. Heat lightnin’.” She was already out of the truck. “Maybe a car comin’ up the hill. Maybe somebody comin’ to turn around in the yard.”

“Maybe Archie Noury,” he said meanly. Seven minutes after he’d pulled up, he drove away. He was sorry he’d wasted the hot water on a bath.

By the time he got to the bottom of the hill, he was sure it had been Warren Trussel crouched on one of the lumber piles with a flashbulb camera he’d stolen somewhere. The thought of Warren made him sick. Dirty trash like that. Warren and Rose. He gagged.

ARCHIE Noury started to drink early the next morning. He began with a dreggy swallow of Old Duke from an almost empty bottle in the stifling outhouse, switched to warm beer at 7:30, found a quarter of a pint of cheap tequila tucked away in the glove compartment of the truck, and then, at noon, drove down to the shopping mall, cashed in his deposit bottles, and bought a fifth of Popov. The bank thermometer read 92°. He drove with the bottle between his legs, the neck sticking up like a glass hard-on. He looked at himself in the rearview. “Bam,” he said. “Bam, bam. Thank you, ma’am.”

LBRO couldn’t get the motor started. He could hardly breathe the thick air. Around one o’clock he went into the store. “I got to go get a part for the mower,” he said.

“If this heat don’t break soon,” Simone said. She regarded the shimmering road, the distorted shapes of passing cars and trucks. She started to say something else, but Albro was already outside, his hand on the door handle of the truck.

He came back late in the afternoon under knobby blue thunderheads pulsing with lightning. His face was gray and sweaty; he wiped at his mouth as if he’d eaten fried meat.

“What’s the matter,” Simone said, “heat got you?”

“Nothing.”

“Looks like we’re going to get it.”

He went out to the garage to work on the mower.

HE Jehovah’s Witness man could not dial the state-police number, his hands were shaking so hard. He had thought he had things under control, but this shaking had started. The woman took the quarter out of his hand, dialed, did the talking. After she hung up, she bought a bottle of pop from Simone.

“The police cruiser is coming,” the woman said, and retold what she had seen—the fat naked body, the bloody foot; the roasting chicken, burned up by now; the heat, the washed-out road.

“We ought to pray,” she said, looking at the man, who stood off by himself, gazing into the rain. She put her chin down and folded her hands. “I believe

in the love of Jehovah and its power to—come on, pray with me.”

“I believe in love . . .,” the man said.

Simone said she had to run over to the garage for a minute. She held a folded paper bag above her hair, dodging through the downpour.

Albro leaned against the edge of the workbench at the back of the garage, the oily fingers of his right hand pulling the fingers of the left. The bench was littered with tools and empty brown vanilla bottles.

“Well,” Simone said, “there’s two Bible nuts, just come down from Warren Trussel’s place. Say they are both dead on the floor. Called up the police.”

She squinted, and made out the blue bathtub and its Madonna in the streaming rain through the window behind him. “It’s really coming down.” The cotton dress hung damp on her stick bones.

“Um,” he said.

She sighed, walked over to the door, and opened it.

“That’s the cruiser. They got here fast enough.” She held the damp bag over her head, ready to make a run for it. “Now, I’m going to tell you something. You shut up. You hear me? You just shut up,” she said.

He knew that much, anyway. ☞



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Fields of Fear

by GARY TAUBES

People want to believe that electromagnetic fields are bad for them, and so they do. A study in how the selective reporting of scientific evidence—by researchers as well as journalists—can generate anxiety at the expense of reality

THE proposition that electromagnetic fields may be hazardous to your health began with Nancy Wertheimer, a Harvard-educated experimental psychologist who now works with the Department of Preventive Medicine at the University of Colorado. In the spring of 1974 and for much of the next two years, Wertheimer drove the streets of greater Denver searching for possible causative agents of childhood cancer.

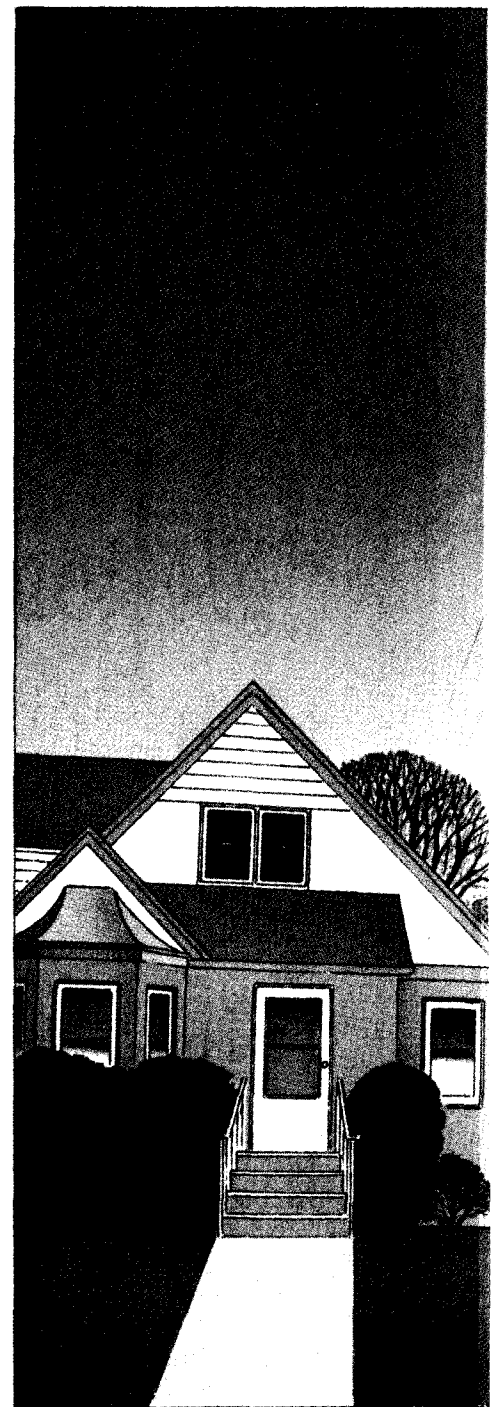
What Wertheimer found was that the homes of children who developed cancer were, with suspicious regularity, located near high-current electric power lines. Wertheimer spent two more years with Ed Leeper, a friend with an education in physics, analyzing her data and checking her methods. "We stayed as quiet as we could," she told me recently. "We didn't want people getting anxious."

Their research was published in the March, 1979, issue of the *American Journal of Epidemiology*, under the ti-

tle "Electrical Wiring Configurations and Childhood Cancer." Wertheimer and Leeper wrote,

Electrical power came into use many years before environmental-impact studies were common, and today our domestic power lines are taken for granted and generally assumed to be harmless. However, this assumption has never been adequately tested. Low-level harmful effects could be missed, yet they might be important for the population as a whole, since electric lines are so ubiquitous.

The scientific community paid little attention to Wertheimer's research until a decade later, when the *New Yorker* writer Paul Brodeur immortalized Wertheimer in a three-part "Annals of Radiation" series in June of 1989. A year later Brodeur's articles appeared in a book titled, with little ambiguity, *Currents of Death: Power Lines, Computer Terminals, and the Attempt to Cover Up Their*



Threat to Your Health. Brodeur and *The New Yorker* returned to the subject in 1990 and 1992, in articles that were republished last year in a book titled *The Great Power-Line Cover-up: How the Utilities and the Government Are Trying to Hide the Cancer Hazard Posed by Electromagnetic Fields.*

Unlike Wertheimer's research, Brodeur's annals had almost immediate impact. In the years since the first series appeared, half a dozen government agencies have entered the business of



assessing the health hazards of electromagnetic fields (known as EMF)—in particular, the magnetic fields emitted by both high-voltage power lines and “feeder” power lines, which go from house to house; appliances; home wiring; computer terminals; and anything else that plugs into a wall socket or carries electricity into a home or across the countryside. Congress has mandated that the Department of Energy organize a \$65 million five-year research program, and the National Cancer In-

stitute is conducting a \$5 million five-year study to assess whether exposure to EMF can cause or promote childhood leukemia, the most common form of childhood cancer. The motivation for the NCI study, says Martha Linet, an NCI epidemiologist, is less any evidence than the fact that “the public is very concerned and we, of course, are concerned as well.”

The cost to society of public anxiety about EMF now exceeds \$1 billion annually, according to a July, 1992, article

in the journal *Science*, written by H. Keith Florig, of Resources for the Future, an environmental-research institute in Washington, D.C. Florig’s estimate takes into account everything from the decrease in prices of real estate near high-voltage lines to the cancellation of or moratoria on new power-transmission projects to the cost of active efforts to reduce EMF exposure. Florig suggests that an appropriate budget for government research on the health effects of EMF could be “as large as [our] com-

bined economic and health costs." Consider the huge savings to society, the argument goes, should further research lead either to a consensus that exposure to EMF is a significant health hazard or to proof beyond reasonable doubt that it is harmless.

The latter possibility is, surprisingly, the one that most scientists say is far more likely. Two recent studies, one by Britain's National Radiological Protection Board and one by the Oak Ridge Associated Universities (ORAU), conducted at the behest of the White House Office of Science and Technology and the Department of Labor, have reviewed the huge body of scientific literature on EMF and concluded that it is long on alarm and short on meaningful science.

The Oak Ridge committee reviewed some fifteen years' worth of literature on the biological effects of EMF and concluded that "epidemiologic findings of an association between electric and magnetic fields and childhood leukemia or other childhood or adult cancers are inconsistent and inconclusive," and that there is no compelling evidence "that these fields initiate cancer, promote can-

cer, or influence tumor progression." He did add, however, that the weak evidence makes it all the more "urgent" to carry out high-quality, large-scale studies to lay the matter to rest.

The controversy over electromagnetic fields has set the institutionalized skepticism of science—the demand that extraordinary claims be supported by extraordinary evidence—against the alarmist attitude of citizens'-action groups and the press, which advocate a guilty-until-proved-innocent approach to environmental concerns. Whether the public has come out wiser rather than simply nervous remains to be seen.

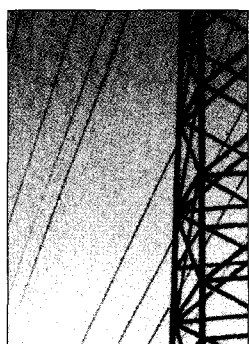
VIRTUALLY all the existing evidence linking EMF to cancer comes from the science of epidemiology, which is the study of the incidence of diseases in populations and the factors that might cause or influence disease. Nancy Wertheimer, for instance, concluded that children who lived in homes near thick and presumably high-current electrical wires contracted cancer at two to three times the rate of children who lived in homes near thin and pre-

high-current lines. And finally, in late 1992, a Swedish study appeared that was hailed by the press as definitive. The Swedish researchers, Anders Ahlbom and Maria Feychting, of the Karolinska Institute, reported not only that magnetic fields seemed to increase a child's risk of contracting leukemia but also that the risk increased as exposure to magnetic fields increased—a phenomenon known in epidemiology as a dose response.

To those researchers inclined to believe that EMF can be harmful, these studies represent a consistent and reliable body of experimental data. Savitz, for instance, calls them "four reasonably well-done studies all pointing in reasonably the same directions."

Those researchers inclined toward skepticism challenge such assertions. Doll, for instance, told me when I spoke to him not long ago that although the Swedish study and a subsequent Danish study were carried out competently, the number of cases of childhood cancer identified is "perishingly small, really much too weak to justify the conclusion that you have got a cause-and-effect relationship." The Swedish study was based on what Ahlbom himself called "a handful of cases," the Danish study on even fewer.

None of the studies linked leukemia or other cancers to the actual magnetic fields measured in the homes. Instead the researchers could link cancer only to what are called proxy measures: in the Denver and Los Angeles studies the connection was with configurations of lines carrying electricity into homes which the researchers thought were likely to be carrying high currents. In Sweden it was the EMF calculated from historical records of power usage. Because the studies involve cases of childhood cancer that occurred many years in the past, epidemiologists in the field argue at length over whether these proxy measures might indeed best reflect EMF exposure at the crucial time. Even so, says Dimitrios Trichopoulos, the head of the epidemiology department at the Harvard School of Public Health, the need to rely on proxies to establish a cause-and-effect relation-



Scientists on both sides say that they are dealing at most with rare diseases and an increased risk that is almost infinitesimal—especially compared with life's other everyday risks.

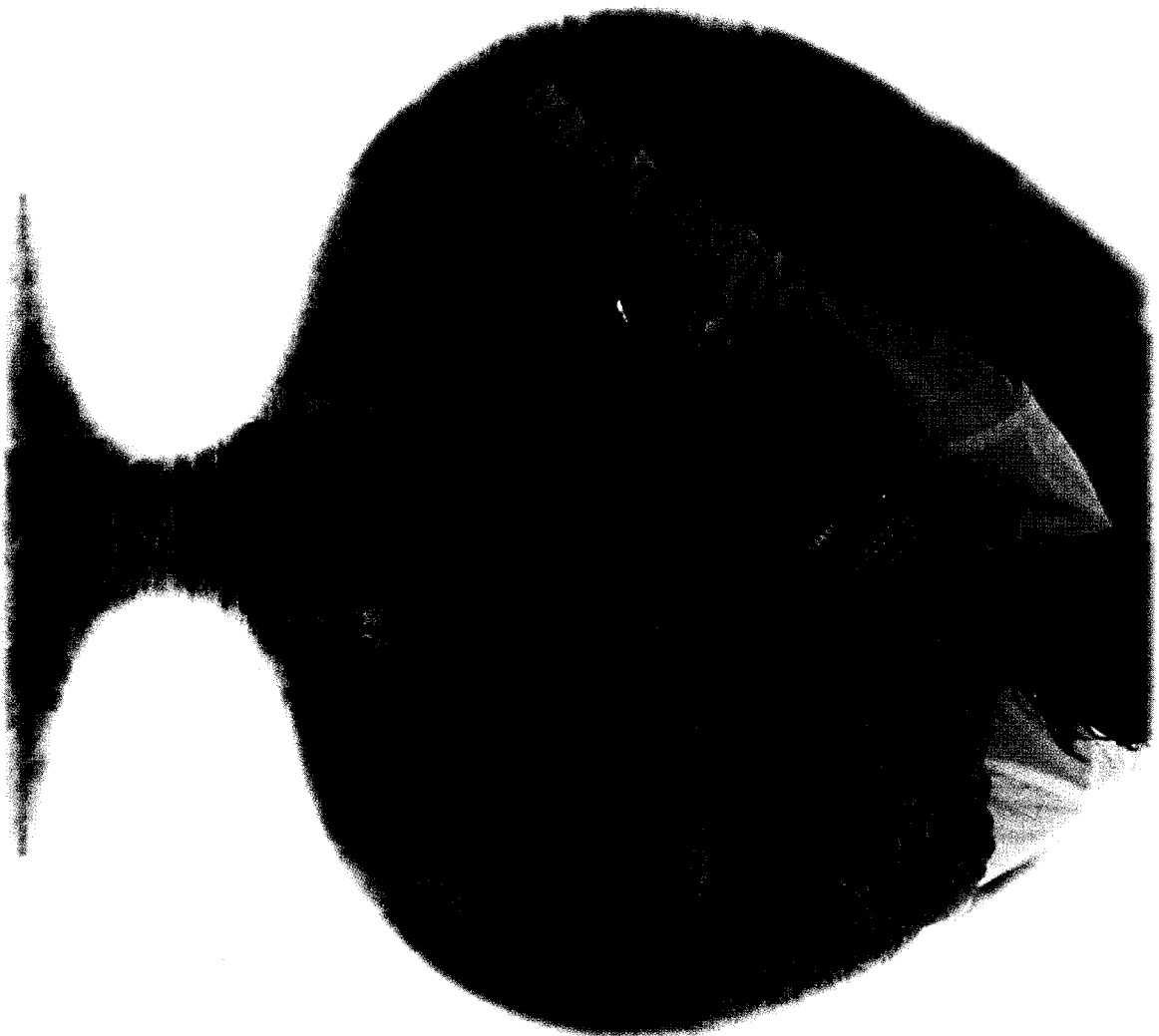
cer, or influence tumor progression." J. Glenn Davis, the director of the medical-sciences division of ORAU and the chair of the study, told *Science* that "in light of things like AIDS and breast cancer," research into EMF should not be given a high priority.

The British study was chaired by Sir Richard Doll, an Oxford University epidemiologist famous for his pioneering studies linking cigarette smoking to lung cancer. Doll called the evidence on EMF "much too weak to justify the

sumably low-current wires. Her study had serious flaws, as she readily admits, but over the years several other studies have made similar claims.

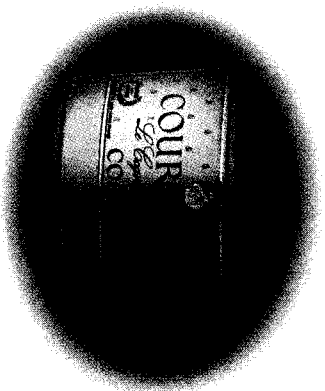
A second Denver study, nine years later, by David Savitz, who is now at the University of North Carolina, also reported a twofold increase in the risk of cancer for children living near high-current electrical wires. A Los Angeles study followed in 1991, reporting that the risk of contracting leukemia was doubled among children living near

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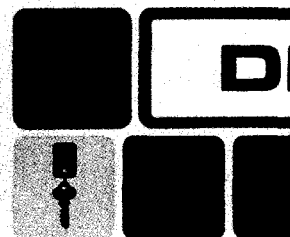


Alexander had a horse named Bucephalus. Napoleon had Marengo. Robert E. Lee had Traveller, a strikingly handsome and elegant animal. In contrast, Ulysses S. Grant's Cincinnati was a slightly rumped bay.

Getting Right With Robert E. Lee, May/June 1991

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ship makes the EMF-cancer link that much less convincing.

Another suspicious aspect of the studies is that they associate a various and shifting array of cancers with EMF. When the Swedish study came out, Savitz was quoted in *Time* as saying that up to that point the evidence had been stronger for brain tumors. The Swedish study, however, implicated EMF in leukemia and suggested that EMF had no effect on brain tumors. Last October the Danish study and a new Finnish study were published simultaneously in the *British Medical Journal*. The Danes reported a slight association between EMF and all childhood cancers grouped together, and none with leukemia alone. The Finns reported no positive association with any cancers. "They're all conflicting," Doll says.

One likely explanation is that the epidemiologists have fallen victim to what is known in science as a multiple-comparison problem, also known as "data dredging." In other words, researchers set out to compare the incidence of several types of cancer with several different measures of EMF strength, and find that some show a small positive association and some show a small negative association. The researchers report the positive ones, ignore the negative ones, and claim that they have confirmed the hypothesis that EMF can cause cancer.

The Swedish researchers, for instance, found no link between magnetic fields measured in the homes and any cancers, no link between distance from power lines and any cancers other than leukemia, and none between the fields calculated from historical records of electricity usage and either brain tumors or all childhood cancers together. They did find a link between calculated historical fields and childhood leukemia. "The results," the researchers concluded, "provide support for the hypothesis that exposure to magnetic fields increases the risk of cancer. This is most evident in childhood leukemia." This conclusion ignores the results regarding measured magnetic fields alone, which suggest the opposite hypothesis: that electromagnetic fields substantially pro-

tect against childhood leukemia. Taken as a whole, in fact, the data could equally be said to support the hypothesis that exposure to magnetic fields does not increase the risk of cancer.

This kind of selective interpretation has been institutionalized in the field. Any data seeming to confirm the EMF-cancer hypothesis is considered worthy of publication, regardless of how meaningless it might be. And once published, the report often makes the news and enters the mythology of the field, regardless of how much evidence stacks up against it. When, for instance, researchers at the Johns Hopkins University School of Hygiene and Public Health recently did a preliminary investigation of all cancers found in some 5,500 male New York State telephone workers, they found two cases of breast cancer, which is an extremely rare disease in men. They reported the two as evidence that EMF might cause breast cancer. "The observation that we had the two cases was what was worth noting," says Patrick Breyse, one of the researchers. Since then male breast cancer, and by implication female breast cancer, has been high on the agenda of EMF researchers, and the press has played it up widely. But this ignores the numerous studies of workers whose jobs entail relatively high EMF exposure. These studies would have detected an increased incidence of male breast-cancer cases had the two in the Hopkins study been anything more than an unlikely coincidence. "We can assume," says Charles Poole, an epidemiologist at Boston University, "that those studies that didn't report anything on breast cancer didn't actually see it."

At the heart of the problem is that epidemiology is by most scientific standards a crude science. It has historically been capable of identifying causative agents of disease when the association is strong. One of the first major studies of cigarette smoking and lung cancer, for instance, published in the early 1950s by Doll and the late Sir Austin Bradford Hill, found that the risk of contracting lung cancer was at least ten times as high for cigarette smokers as for nonsmokers.

The published studies linking EMF to cancer, however, suggest that the risk of cancer is at most doubled by prolonged exposure to a strong electromagnetic field. This level of increased risk, says Ken Rothman, the editor of the journal *Epidemiology*, is "pushing the edge of what can be done with epidemiology." Epidemiologists and policymakers have worked under the guiding principle that the stronger the association between agent and disease, the less necessary is a credible biological mechanism explaining how that agent might cause the disease. As the epidemiological evidence gets weaker, the need for a plausible biological mechanism and for biomedical evidence—for instance, reproducible experiments in which the agent in question induces the disease in animals—grows stronger.

What's rarely mentioned in public discussions of electromagnetic fields is that the evidence against their having a biological effect of any consequence is strong. Doll says that the "solid weight of biological research" is against the EMF-cancer hypothesis, although he adds that "no hypothesis is too bizarre for someone to think of a reason to justify it." To begin with, cancer rates in America (with the notable exception of lung-cancer rates in women, attributable to smoking) have remained relatively unchanged in the past fifty years, while electrification of the country has increased enormously. Estimates of the degree to which electricity usage has increased vary: the Oak Ridge report cited a 4.4-fold per capita increase from 1950 to 1987, and Dr. J. D. Jackson, a University of California physicist, in a 1992 issue of the *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences*, cited a 300-fold per capita increase from the turn of the century to 1992. "If a rapidly increasing widespread exposure were indeed strongly associated with childhood cancers," the Oak Ridge study said, "and if no strong countervailing trends in other risk factors were occurring, we should be witnessing an observable epidemic of childhood cancers. However, there is little, if any, evidence of such an epidemic of childhood cancer."

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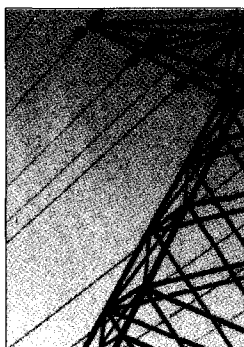
Power over tomorrowsm

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THE magnetic fields under discussion are 100 to 500 times less intense than the earth's magnetic field. Because they arise from alternating currents, however, they reverse direction sixty times a second, which the earth's magnetic field does not.

Citing as his source a retired chairman of the pharmacology department at Baylor University, Paul Brodeur has described the magnetic fields from alternating currents as ticking back and forth like a "metronome" and causing

trical forces, or "noise," produced by the natural random motion of ions and molecules in the body. (This random jiggling is known as thermal motion, because it manifests itself as heat.) And the forces generated inside the body by external alternating currents are thousands of times too weak to move a DNA or an RNA molecule in a cell, and trillions of times weaker than those required to break the chemical bonds in such molecules or cause a mutation—the first steps in the initiation of cancer.



Once researchers publish a result confirming the existence of a phenomenon, they often cease to do the careful critical evaluation that is a requisite of good science.

every molecule in the "brain and body in a child or adult standing next to a major power line" to vibrate back and forth in sixty-hertz time. "Anybody with a grain of sense," Brodeur says, "knows that day in and day out, week in and week out, that can't be very good for you."

Understanding the physical effects of these fields, however, requires a course in electromagnetism along the lines of freshman college physics, as well as common sense. Electromagnetic fields simply exert forces on charged particles—they push or pull. They do so in two ways: a static magnetic field, like the earth's, will exert a force on electrically charged particles that are moving; a changing magnetic field, like that of an alternating current, will exert a force on all charged particles, moving or not. The forces generated inside the human body by external sixty-hertz alternating currents when, for example, a person is standing directly under high-tension power lines are thousands of times less intense than the forces generated by the changing electric fields of the heart, brain, and muscles. They are also thousands of times less intense than the elec-

To those physicists and biologists who understand the fundamental science, Jamie Robins, a Harvard epidemiologist, observes, EMF-induced cancer seems almost as implausible as, for instance, ESP-induced cancer. Because epidemiologists don't understand physics as well as physicists do, or biology as well as biologists do, they are not constrained by a strong prejudice toward the "null hypothesis"—the assumption that the phenomenon in question is nonexistent. As a result, Robins says, epidemiologists will gladly give credence to dubious studies of EMF in a way they never would to similar studies of ESP, the implausibility of which they understand.

To explain how forces generated inside the body by EMF could have an effect a thousand, a million, or a trillion times greater than what seems physically possible, EMF researchers have proposed theories evoking esoteric phenomena from far-ranging fields of physics—soliton dynamics, Bose-Einstein condensation, electromagnetically induced pressure waves, and magnetic resonance. One theory, for example, proposed by Abe Liboff, a physicist at

Oakland University, in Michigan, suggests that EMF can entrap ions in the brain and the body in "cyclotron resonance" and thus spin them at high speeds inside the brain and body like the particles in a particle accelerator. As the Oak Ridge report points out, Liboff ignores, among other aspects of physics, that ions in an accelerator are flung around in a vacuum by extremely strong magnetic fields designed to do just that, whereas ions in the body exist not in a vacuum but in a viscous medium (the brain, for instance) and are under the influence of negligible magnetic fields.

Liboff and his colleagues in EMF theory argue that the scientific community rejects their work because they are proposing a new paradigm and scientists who have grown up with the old paradigm are incapable of accepting such new concepts. Skeptics counter that the theories are, rather, poorly understood and misguided applications of known and accepted science. "People are very paranoid in this field," says William Happer, a physicist at Princeton University. "They think that nobody takes them seriously. They use the same jargon as other scientists; they write down differential equations and solve them. It's just that when you look at what goes into the equation, none of it makes sense."

THE copious body of literature on EMF—at least 13,000 journal articles are being reviewed by an ongoing National Research Council committee on EMF—supports the conclusions of elementary physics and the proposal that electromagnetic fields are biologically harmless. The Oak Ridge report says, "Evidence is lacking to demonstrate that electric or magnetic fields act as cancer initiators by altering structural properties of DNA, function as cancer promoters by inducing or accelerating cell growth, or influence tumor progression." Researchers using EMF have been similarly unable to induce or promote cancer in animals in experiments that can be reproduced.

Although there are scattered reports of physiological changes generated by exposure to EMF, these changes are ei-

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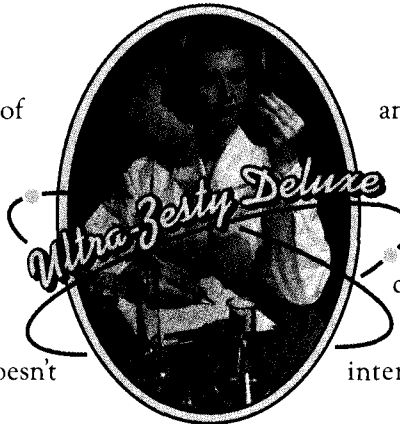
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ther irreproducible or show no particular relevance to the question of EMF and cancer. "The bottom line," says Gary Boorman, a scientist at the National Institute of Environmental Health Sciences, "is that all of the findings in the field so far are marginal, and most of them have not been replicated."

This scarcity of reproducible experiments has sparked the notion among EMF researchers that cancer can be induced or promoted only by a distinct, albeit unknown, combination of EMF variables. "This explanation is used," the Oak Ridge report says, "to explain why so many studies, both *in vivo* and *in vitro*, are negative."

This theory also serves to obviate the usual requirement that a dose-response curve be identified before an agent is conclusively labeled a carcinogen. For example, if an exposure of two milligauss (a measure of magnetic-field strength) doubles your chance of contracting cancer, the usual expectation

would be for four milligauss to triple or quadruple it. However, according to some EMF researchers, two milligauss might provoke cancer and four milligauss might not. Further complicating the matter, researchers have suggested that the EMF recipe that results in cancer might include some particular fluctuation of the earth's ambient magnetic field, which can differ from city to city and even from room to room. "Is it some combination of geomagnetic fields and sixty-hertz fields?" asks Raymond Neutra, the acting chief of the environmental-health-investigations branch of the California Department of Health Services. "Is it sudden spikes? Is it polarization?"

If your local electromagnetic fields are too strong or too weak, the logic goes, or not tuned to precisely the right wave function, they will have no effect. What seems to cause cancer in Buffalo might not in Sheboygan. Thus when Scientist B fails to replicate the experi-

ment of Scientist A, the reason is not that Scientist A's experiment was poorly executed or interpreted incorrectly but that Scientist B did not use precisely the same cell line, or type of DNA or RNA, and did not expose the cells to precisely the same combination of geomagnetic field and EMF frequency, amplitude, and wave shape.

THE big catch is that if electromagnetic fields have no detrimental biological effect, the absence of an effect will be impossible to prove. Outside mathematics it is simply impossible scientifically to prove the nonexistence of something. The best that science can do is to say that the existence of the phenomenon in question is highly unlikely and that the evidence in its favor is poor—which is what is being said today about EMF.

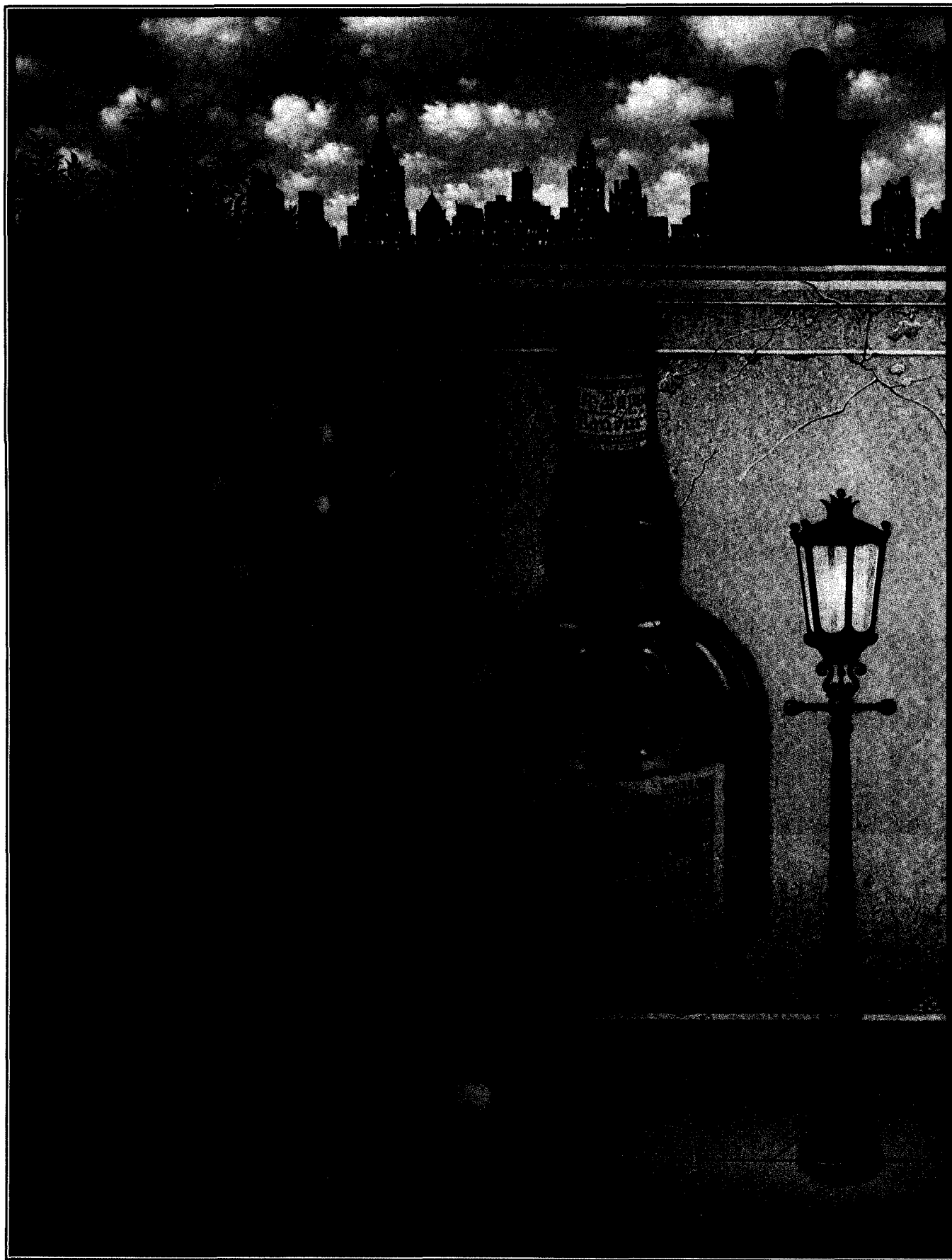
The public, the press, and even many scientists often fail to understand that the nonexistence of a phenomenon does

WINDOWS

When the cow died by the green sapling,
her limp udder splayed on the grass
like something from the sea, we offered
our words in their low calibrations—
which was our fashion—then severed
her horns with a pug-toothed blade
and pounded them out to an amber
transparency, two sheets that became,
in their moth-wing haze, our parlor windows.
They softened our guests with the gauze-light
of the Scriptures, and rendered to us,
on our merriest days, the sensation
of gazing through the feet of a gander.
In time we moved up to the status
of glass—one pane, then two—each
cupping in proof of its purity
a dimple of fault, a form of distortion
enhancing our image. We took the panes

with us from cottage to cottage,
moth-horn and glass, and wedged up
the misfitted gaps with a poultice
of gunny and wax. When woodsmoke
darkened our bricks, we gave
to the windowsills a lacquer
of color—clear blue with a lattice
of yellow: a primary entrance and exit
for light. And often, walking home
from the river and small cheese shop,
we would squint their colors to a sapling
green, and remember the hull
of that early body, the slap of fear
we suffered there, then the little wash
of recovery that is our fashion—how
we stroked to her bones a cadenced droning,
and took back from her absence our
amber, half-literal method of sight.

—LINDA BIERDS



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not mean that every experiment will result in confirmation of its nonexistence. Experimental science is not nearly so clean. The history of science is littered with examples of what Irving Langmuir, the 1932 Nobel Prize winner in chemistry, called “pathological science,” or “the science of things that aren’t so”—of which the latest to hit the press was cold fusion. In these cases researchers publish hundreds of papers claiming to support the existence of an illusory effect, all of which are wrong. “These are cases,” Langmuir said in a 1953 lecture, “where there is no dishonesty involved but where people are tricked into false results by a lack of understanding about what human beings can do to themselves in the way of being led astray by subjective effects, wishful thinking, or threshold interactions.”

Contributing to the pathology is the fact that once researchers publish a result confirming the existence of a phenomenon, they often cease to do the careful critical evaluation of their research that is a requisite of good science. “If you’re an investigator working in EMF,” says Gary Boorman, “and you can prove conclusively that there’s nothing there, what you’ve done is create the demise of your field. Economics becomes very, very important here. Everything from lab space and post-docs to support and funding is tied to having an effect.”

Langmuir suggested a half dozen characteristic symptoms of pathological science—among them that “the effect is of a magnitude that remains close to the limit of detectability” and that “the magnitude of the effect is substantially independent of the intensity of the cause”—all of which have been exhibited by the epidemiological research on EMF and cancer. The question becomes, How can scientists, policymakers, and the public tell the difference between a phenomenon that does not exist and never will and a phenomenon that may exist but will be confirmed only with more research? Langmuir suggested that real scientific discoveries, no matter how marginal the early data, blossom as more people and money enter the field—not the case with pathologi-

cal science, which just goes “on and on.”

So how do we tell about the presumed link between EMF and cancer? “What I would expect if it doesn’t exist,” Nancy Wertheimer says, “which I don’t think I’m seeing but others think they are, is more and more studies that come up totally iffy, including the laboratory work and the epidemiology. Slowly you get this accumulation of more of the same, and it doesn’t amount to anything.”

Controversy alone, Charles Poole points out, will keep a field alive whether the phenomenon under examination is real or not. But rather than a series of studies’ leading to a compelling scientific judgment, he says, “a highly plausible outcome for all this work is the eventual petering out of research interest.” It can take decades of inconclusive and conflicting studies, though, before the research community decides to move on.

THE public concern engendered by Paul Brodeur’s exposés has ensured a steady flow of funding for further research. Brodeur’s work presents a picture different from that of the scientific data, one arrived at by a technique that Wertheimer, who continues to believe that EMF may be hazardous, describes as leaving out evidence not in accord with Brodeur’s own interpretation. “Brodeur served an important function of journalists,” she says. “He got people excited. It’s not a scientific approach, because he left out most of the negative evidence.”

David Savitz, whose studies have supported an association between EMF and cancer, agrees, saying that Brodeur “interprets the evidence differently than I do and most other scientists I know.” He adds that Brodeur’s later articles, which became *The Great Power-Line Cover-up*, have “less and less scientific merit and are more and more misleading.” Savitz, like Wertheimer, believes that Brodeur played an important role by generating public interest in the issue. “I would rather the public be motivated by hard evidence,” he says, “but that may not be the realistic world of setting research priorities.”

Brodeur presents studies as incontrovertible when most scientists consider them inconclusive and inconsistent, and portrays scientists as petty and self-interested if they have had the temerity to suggest that the studies are less than incontrovertible. Brodeur also presents a smattering of research results—those reporting biological effects from EMF—as if they represent the bulk of the literature and a consistent body of research. After the publication of *Currents of Death*, the Committee on Man and Radiation of the Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers drafted a thirty-one-page report correcting the inaccuracies of Brodeur’s reporting. The committee described Brodeur’s work this way:

[Brodeur] chooses sides and identifies the “good guys” as those who report biological effects in the laboratory and find positive associations in epidemiological studies. On the other hand, the “bad guys” practice obfuscation, mendaciousness, and cover-ups in the service of corporate or military bosses. In his entertaining tale of right and wrong, Mr. Brodeur casts aside the scientific approach and treats questionable research with the same respect as sound research as long as the results support his theme. He deftly builds the case for health hazards, concomitantly casting into unfavorable light respected institutions such as the National Academy of Sciences, the Centers for Disease Control, the World Health Organization, and the American Medical Association, all of whom have examined this issue without finding convincing evidence of health risk in human populations.

At a meeting last November of the National EMR Alliance, a coalition of more than 300 citizens’ groups fighting to reduce what they believe are hazardous exposures to EMF, Brodeur explained in a speech that consensus scientific opinion differs from his own because those scientists who disagree with his position have sold out. Those doing the buying, he said, are the Electric Power Research Institute, known as EPRI, which is the research arm of the

utility industry, and the lawyers for the utility industry.

"A lot of the scientific community is being bought on this issue," Brodeur continued. "I'm not saying most of it. The problem isn't the ones that are being bought; the problem, as it always is, is the eighty-five or ninety percent of honest scientists who have been approached but aren't saying anything. The silence of the community [is] because scientists and medical doctors hate to criticize one another. You know they've got to go to meetings, they have to drink and nibble a canapé with these guys. You don't want to come out and attack a guy for taking money."

Brodeur also explained to his audience that the utility companies are likely to win any court cases on EMF, "because even now they have got almost all the expert witnesses lined up." Brodeur and lawyers for the alliance suggest that citizens' groups sue utility companies for property damage, claiming that power lines have drastically reduced nearby real-estate values. To win such cases in many states, according to John Ward, a Baltimore attorney, "requires only proof of public fear of [EMF] from

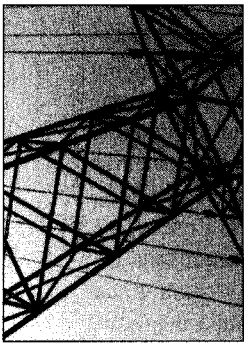
most any newspaper's revenue," he explained to the credulous audience, "between fifty and seventy-five percent comes from real-estate advertisement, and this problem is having a major effect on real-estate advertisement."

Many of the major players in EMF research have similar explanations for why the scientific community has rejected their research. "Most people who say this is impossible come from the engineering side of things," says Abe Liboff, the progenitor of the cyclotron-resonance theory. "Scientists are different." Louise Young, one of the authors of *Power Over People*, a 1973 exposé of the alleged environmental hazards of high-voltage transmission lines, says that because the electric utilities, through EPRI, are the major source of research funds in the field, money goes only to researchers who will report evidence that living near EMF is safe—an assertion that is documentably wrong. Louis Slesin, the editor of *Microwave News*, says that the bulk of EMF research is paid for by the military and implies that the military won't allow its researchers to talk openly about the dangers of EMF. Liboff agrees. "Re-

ic experts. What makes Brodeur's conspiratorial interpretation all the harder to understand is the level of alarm raised compared with the maximum possible level of the threat. Scientists on both sides of the issue say that they are dealing at the very most with rare diseases and an increased risk that is almost infinitesimal—especially compared with all the other risks of everyday life, from driving and smoking to choice of diet. As Savitz puts it, the possibilities are "the absence of effect and a fairly subtle and modest one."

Anders Ahlbom, the co-author of the Swedish study, says that if his results do turn out to be incontrovertible, and "if you make a very simplified assumption—say, living close to a power line doubles your risk of leukemia—then you still have to put this into a public-health perspective." Seventy cases of childhood leukemia are diagnosed each year in Sweden, out of which one might be attributed to living near high-power transmission lines. "Suppose you have a day-care center around power lines," Ahlbom says, "which is fairly common" in Sweden. "Suppose you move your child to a day-care center that requires driving several more miles. You may actually increase your risk" of harming your child, in a car accident.

As epidemiologists await the results of the National Cancer Institute's EMF study, due in 1995, and of a similar large study in Britain, members of the public will have to make their own decisions. Doing so will involve weighing the unknown and at most extremely small risks of EMF against the known risks of everyday life. In California, the epidemiologist Charles Poole observes, parents have suggested that the authorities close down schools near power lines and bus the children to other schools. Poole, who refers to himself as an "agnostic" on the EMF issue, says, "You know, the buses don't have seat belts and kids die every year in bus crashes. We don't know there's any risk at all in electromagnetic fields from power lines. But people have a fear of the unknown; they have a fear of these invisible rays. This could all easily turn out to be a false alarm." ☛



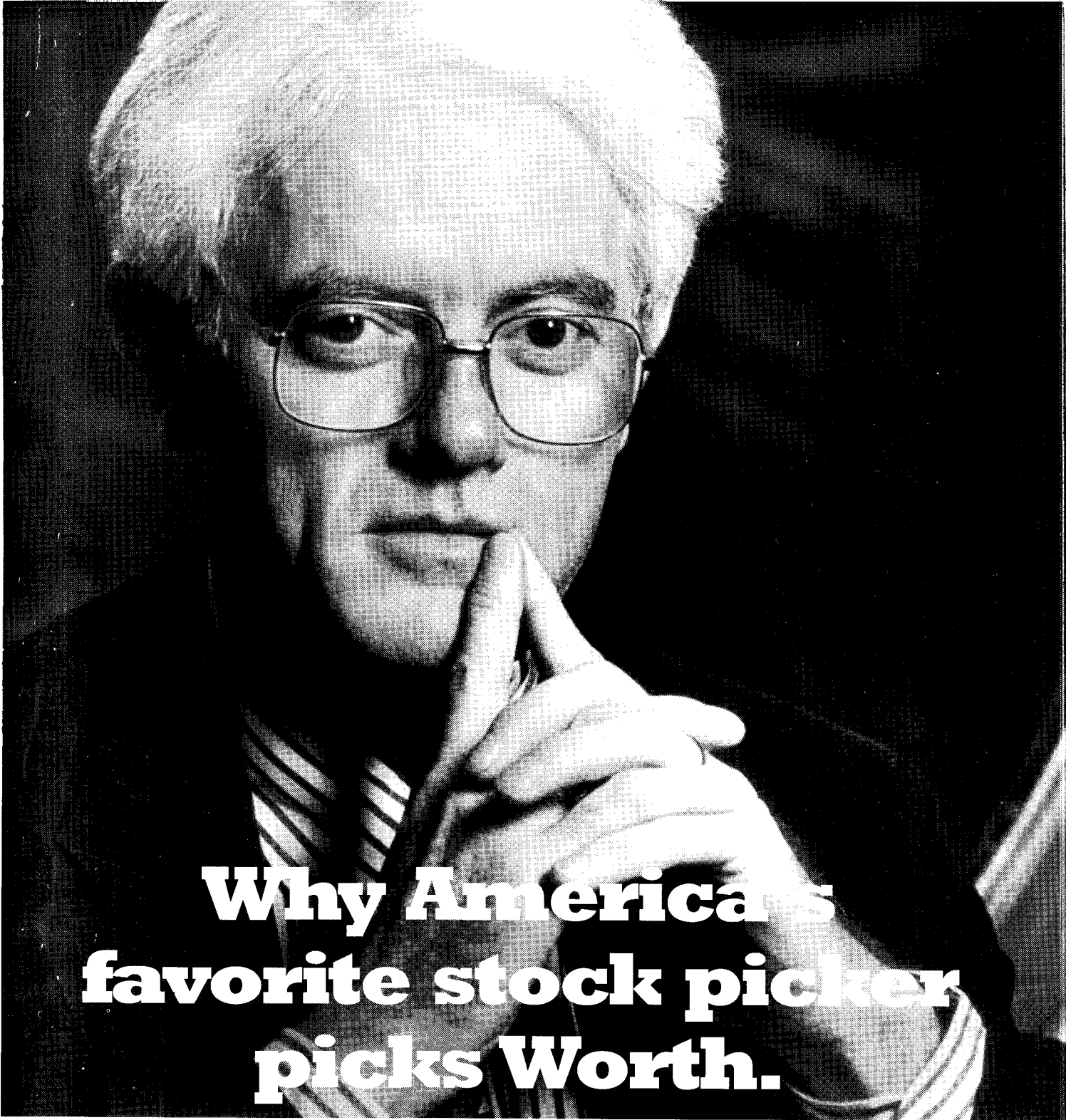
To those physicists and biologists who understand the science, one epidemiologist observes, EMF-induced cancer seems almost as implausible as, for instance, ESP-induced cancer.

power lines and proof that such fear diminishes the market value of the property. The reasonableness of the public's fear is deemed either established or irrelevant." As Ward told the alliance during the meeting last fall, "When the voice of sweet reason doesn't work, property-damage cases are the club."

Brodeur suggested at the meeting that newspapers are reluctant to report the harmful reality of EMF, because they, too, must pay tribute to interested parties: "Seventy-five percent of al-

search money will not go to universities," he says. "It will go to national laboratories, where the government knows no utterances will get out."

These arguments have a certain persuasiveness, even if they are at best highly debatable. For whatever reason—perhaps the influence of Hollywood—Americans have a marked willingness to distrust any scientist who professes to know better than the lay experts. The best place to go for scientific expertise, however, is often the scientif-



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MAGPIETY

. . .



You pull over to the shoulder
of the two-lane
road and sit for a moment wondering
where you were going
in such a hurry. The valley is burned
out, the oaks
dream day and night of rain
that never comes.
At noon or just before noon
the short shadows
are gray and hold what little
life survives.
In the still heat the engine
clicks, although
the real heat is hours ahead.
You get out and step
cautiously over a low wire
fence and begin
the climb up the yellowed hill.

A hundred feet
ahead the trunks of two
fallen oaks
rust; something passes over
them, a lizard
perhaps or a trick of sight.
The next tree
you pass is unfamiliar,
the trunk dark,
as black as an olive's; the low
branches stab
out, gnarled and dull: a carob
or a Joshua tree.
A sudden flaring-up ahead,
a black-winged
bird rises from nowhere,
white patches
underneath its wings, and is gone.
You hear your own

breath catching in your ears,
a roaring, a sea
sound that goes on and on
until you lean
forward to place both hands
—fingers spread—
into the bleached grasses
and let your knees
slowly down. Your breath slows
and you know
you're back in central
California
on your way to San Francisco
or the coastal towns
with their damp sea breezes
you haven't
even a hint of. But first
you must cross
the Pacheco Pass. People

expect you, and yet
you remain, still leaning forward
into the grasses
that if you could hear them
would tell you
all you need to know about
the life ahead.

. . .

Out of a sense of modesty
or to avoid the truth
I've been writing in the second
person, but in truth
it was I, not you, who pulled
the green Ford
over to the side of the road
and decided to get
up that last hill to look
back at the valley
he'd come to call home.

I can't believe
that man, only thirty-two,
less than half
my age, could be the person
fashioning these lines.
That was late July of '60.

I had heard
all about magpies, how they
snooped and meddled
in the affairs of others, not
birds so much
as people. If you dared
to remove a wedding
ring as you washed away
the stickiness of love
or the cherished odors of another
man or woman,
as you turned away
from the mirror
having admired your new-found
potency—humming
“My Funny Valentine” or
“Body and Soul”—
to reach for a rough towel

or some garment
on which to dry yourself,
he would enter
the open window behind you
that gave gratefully
onto the fields and the roads
bathed in dawn—
he, the magpie—and snatch
up the ring
in his hard beak and shoulder
his way back
into the currents of the world
on his way
to the only person who could
change your life:
a king or a bride or an old woman
asleep on her porch.

. . .

Can you believe the bird
stood beside you
just long enough, though far
smaller than you
but fearless in a way
a man or woman
could never be? An apparition
with two dark
and urgent eyes and motions
so quick and precise
they were barely motions at all?
When he was gone
you turned, alarmed by the rustling
of oily feathers
and the curious pungency,
and were sure
you'd heard him say the words
that could explain
the meaning of blond grasses
burning on a hillside
beneath the hands of a man
in the middle of
his life caught in the posture
of prayer. I'd
heard that a magpie could talk,

so I waited
for the words, knowing without
the least doubt
what he'd do, for up ahead
an old woman
waited on her wide front porch.
My children
behind her house played
in a silted pond
poking sticks at the slow
carp that flashed
in the fallen sunlight. You
are thirty-two
only once in your life, and though
July comes
too quickly, you pray for
the overbearing
heat to pass. It does, and
the year turns
before it holds still for
even a moment.
Beyond the last carob
or Joshua tree
the magpie flashes his sudden
wings; a second
flames and vanishes into the pale
blue air.
July 23, 1960.
I lean down
closer to hear the burned grasses
whisper all I
need to know. The words rise
around me, separate
and finite. A yellow dust
rises and stops
caught in the noon's driving light.
Three ants pass
across the back of my reddened
right hand.
Everything is speaking or singing.
We're still here.

—PHILIP LEVINE

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DEVOURING THE EARTH

by KENNETH BROWER

In August, President Clinton signed into law the first U.S. sanctions against another nation—Taiwan—for its trade in endangered species. So far Taiwan's voracious appetite for tiger bones, rhinoceros horns, snake blood, and a host of other illegal animal products has been little diminished by international pressure

IN the summer of 1992 a tall *yang kuei tzu*, a “foreign ghost,” walked the streets of Taipei in a ten-gallon Stetson, a garish display of feathers in his hat-band. The Texas headgear played against type. The features beneath the broad brim were more Oxford than Lubbock. The man in the Stetson was fortyish, handsome, vaguely distinguished. If one had to choose a hat for him, it would have been a bowler.

The man in the Stetson stopped to stare at a stuffed pangolin atop a glass apothecary shelf. When he had had his fill of the pangolin, his attention shifted slowly to a tiger skull nearby. Coming to himself, he set off again down Tihua Street, only to stop outside another apothecary. His gaze panned down glass shelves, row on row of brightly packaged herbal remedies, and settled on the yellowish bones of tigers heaped in trays below. The man lingered over polished rhino horns displayed in jewelry-store windows. His gaze followed, caressingly, the long curves of the ivory of elephants. He studied bear paws and stuffed leopards. He directed long, pruri-



King cobras

ent stares at the tiger penises displayed on folds of cloth behind the glass.

If the Chinese slang for “European”—*ta pi tzu*, “big nose”—was ever apt in a figurative way, it was apt for this man. Hidden in the feathers decorating the Stetson was the tiny lens of a miniature Panasonic video camera, a “spy-cam” or “lipstick-cam.” From the lens a thin wire ran down the back of the man’s neck to the camera, which was strapped across his back and hidden by his coat. The camera’s remote control was concealed in his hand. The man himself had customized the Panasonic for this

job and had dubbed it the “Hat-cam.”

The Hat-cam rolls:

A Taiwanese man pushes a heavy pile of folded pelts out on the floor. He glances at the man in the Stetson but takes no special notice. Untying the bundle, he opens up the top-most pelt. The pelt has been folded fur side in, and the hide, in its stiffness, keeps trying to spring back into the folded position. Several assistants help hold down the outside cor-

ners, and there, arranged in a pattern of beautiful bilateral symmetry, are the black meridians of a tiger.

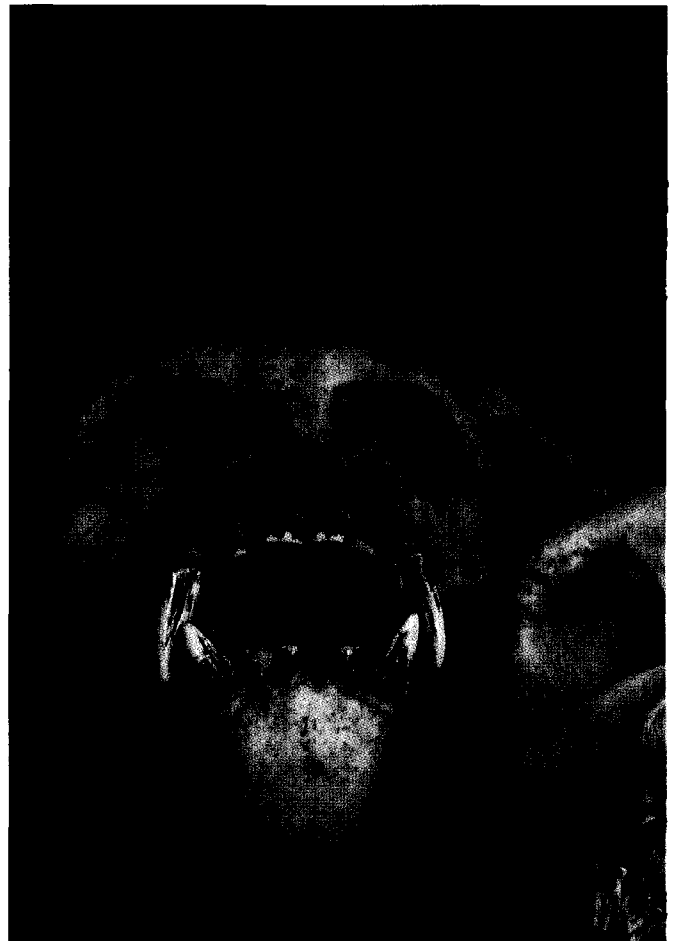
The scene shifts to another shop. A young Taiwanese in a T-shirt hefts a heavy sack. He glances at the man in the Stetson and then toward several other watchers, making sure they have given him sufficient room. Then he upends the sack, dumping the bones of a tiger on the floor. The bones are reddish-yellow, textured still with sinew and muscle attachments—soup bones. The Taiwanese man sets to re-assembling the skeleton on the floor. Soon the skeleton of the tiger is lying on its side, complete but disjunct, the legs articulated, loping recumbent across the linoleum.

According to the ancient treatises still followed by Taiwan's practitioners of traditional Chinese medicine, the yellow bones of male tigers are best. The treatises caution against using tigers killed by poisoned arrows, as the poison can enter the bones. But technology advances, and this is one problem that has taken care of itself: rifles have superseded poison arrows. Tiger bone is good for removing all kinds of evil influences and for calming fright. It cures ulcers, rat-bite sores, rheumatic pain in joints and muscles, abdominal pain, typhoid fever, malaria, hydrophobia, swollen feet. Powdered tiger bone is just the thing for eruptions under the toenail. In infants it prevents devil possession, convulsions, scabies, and boils. Placed on the roof of the house it keeps devils away and cures nightmares. It strengthens the bones, cures dysentery, reverses prolapse of the anus, and helps dislodge bones stuck in the throat.

The man in the Stetson fingers a button on his remote control. The camera zooms slowly into the tiger's skull through a huge bullet hole and swims out of focus inside. It lingers awhile, its focus blurred and dreamlike, in the chamber where the tiger's thought processes resided, and then slowly backtracks.

A clouded leopard in the deepest corner of a pet-store cage rises in irritation and stares at the man in the Stetson balefully through the bars. The clouded leopard has a strange, long face—not the handsomest visage in the cat family—but its yellow-golden coat is beautiful, spotted on the legs, reticulate on the back. The camouflage is designed to blend with dappled rain-forest light, not with bare cage floors. This clouded leopard seems in the grip of cage psychosis. Its eyes look completely insane.

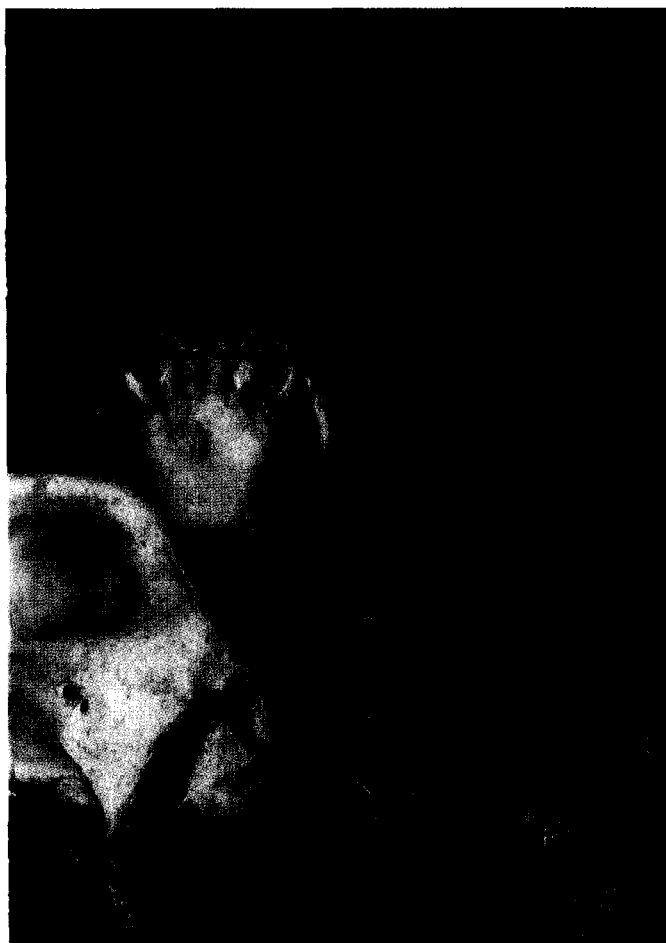
The calm, mournfully resigned, wise old eyes of an orangutan, gazing out through heavy-gauge mesh, meet the three eyes of the man in the Stetson. The orang's eyes quickly shift away. To many primates a direct gaze is rude, a challenge. The artificial third eye in the feathers of the Stetson



continues to stare. The orangutan, the homeliest of the great apes and the most Buddhalike, fills the frame. "*Orangutan*" in Malay means "man of the forest." This particular man of the forest sits close to the mesh of its cage and pretends to be uninterested in the man in the Stetson. The artificial eye of the Hat-cam pans down the mesh to another orangutan. This one, like the first, politely shifts its gaze away. A popular Taiwanese television show, *The Naughty Family*, featured an orang and started a fad on the island. Every Taiwanese who could afford an orangutan just had to have one. Conservationists estimate that up to a thousand oranges have been illegally imported into Taiwan in recent years.

A tiger penis and testicles are carefully displayed on folds of yellow velvet. The testicles are vaguely anthropoid, but the penis is completely alien, an odd, slender organ, jointed at midpoint and all insect-hairy at the tip. Forced to guess, one might take it for some specialized appendage of a mosquito or a beetle under high magnification. The camera zooms in on the tip. The insect hairs resolve themselves into backward-pointing barbs. Ouch! In domestic felines the barbs of a smaller version of this same wicked piece of equipment can set off a caterwauling that wakes a whole city

aiwan's trade in endangered wildlife extends far beyond



block. But that is just caterwauling. What of tigerwauling? Any forest folk within earshot must have pulled their blankets tighter about them and moved a little closer to the fire.

Tiger-penis soup is eaten on Taiwan in winter, mostly by men, for it is thought to aid male sexual performance. In 1992 conservationists visited one Taiwanese restaurant that served it—Pu Chung Pao, in Taichung, a posh place where for \$20,000 a party of fifteen could dine according to recipes from the imperial kitchens of the Ching dynasty. At Pu Chung Pao one tiger penis made soup for eight, at \$320 a serving. (Deer penises were available too, if that price seemed steep.) For parties of fifteen or so, two penises were required. All the tiger penises served at the restaurant were imported, according to the staff, mostly from Thailand or northeast China. Tigers from northeast China were preferred, because cold climates produce the penises most potent in soup. That northern subspecies, the Amur tiger, has been reduced to between 200 and 300 animals in the wild. Fewer than 400 wild tigers survive in Thailand. Pu Chung Pao, just one restaurant on Taiwan, served tiger-penis soup four or five times a year.

A tiger pads straight toward the man in the Stetson until

its face fills the screen. Then it turns a striped cheek sideways and rubs its whiskers back and forth across the bars of its cage. The scratching of the whiskers is loud on the hidden microphone of the Hat-cam. The big cat is a resident of a tiger farm outside Taipei. There are several tiger farms on Taiwan, housing approximately 130 inmates; for the most part these tigers are bred not for zoos but for consumption. The Hat-cam wanders among the farm's cages, picking up details: a long, banded tail escaped through the bars, flicking back and forth in freedom outside; a big adult cleaning, with a rough tongue, an already immaculate coat.

Then the man in the Stetson is back in Taipei, wandering again among apothecaries. Taiwan's drugstores are attractive crystalline establishments, their windows, shelves, and apothecary jars all of glass. They are places ill designed to hide forbidden things, even if the proprietors were motivated to hide them. The Hat-cam has no difficulty picking out fragments of wildlife inside: paw of bear, antler of deer, foreleg and crisped claws of tiger. The compositions are all still lifes, yet in them one senses Taipei teeming just beyond the borders of the frame: the chatter of the Fujian dialect from the street behind, the blinking signs—Chinese characters in neon blues and pinks—reflected in windows and apothecary jars.

IN a Taipei neighborhood that the citizens call Snake Alley a barker wearing a throat mike harangues passers-by. In his hand is a snake stick, and on a tabletop a cobra spreads its hood. The man in the Stetson seems to have found his way to the front row. The barker steers his cobra about with the stick while continuing to talk into his throat mike, and the mike in the hat picks up every word.

The scene shifts to another shop in Snake Alley. A pale, eight-foot-long, thick-bodied snake hangs from the ceiling, its head in a metal clamp. The snake appears to be some sort of constrictor. It is torpid but alive. A Taiwanese woman, gripping the body in a two-fisted stranglehold about two thirds of the way up, commences to massage and knead the snake downward. After squeezing and kneading for a while, she peers closely at the underside and then kneads again. Her style is oddly clinical. The snake might be some sort of vein, big and disembodied, and this woman the nurse rubbing it up for injection. In the attenuated chest of the snake she sees what she is looking for. With a small, sharp pair of surgical scissors she snips through the scutes of the belly, hooks out a bluish bolus, cuts through it, and turns the incision downward so that the dark blood fills a jar held by a female companion.

The scene shifts to the front of the same shop. The shopkeeper, a stocky, pleasant-looking man in a crisp short-sleeved

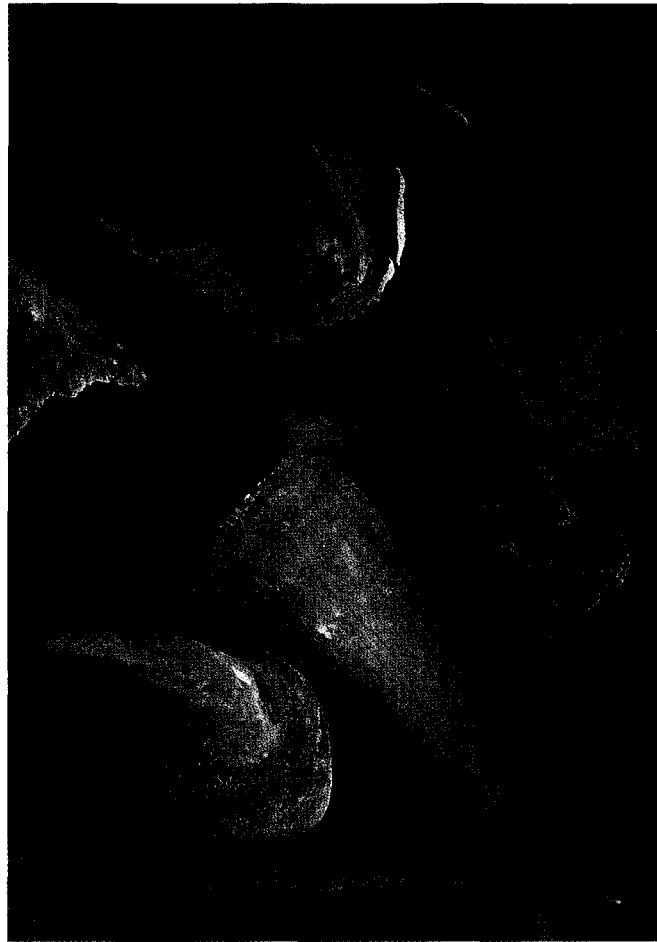
'hina's borders, creating an odd international brotherhood.

Rhinoceros horns

shirt, is seated before a large jar filled to the brim with diluted snake blood. A banded snake is coiled up inside the jar, like a specimen in formalin. The shopkeeper tips the jar to fill a plastic cup and then glances up at the tall *ta pi tzu* in the cowboy hat. For a moment he is uneasy, he knows not why. His instincts are good, but he shrugs them off. His customer, a bespectacled Chinese in his late twenties, picks up the cup and drinks. With the cup half drained, the customer pauses. He steels himself and finishes it off with a grimace. He sets the cup down with a bang as far away from himself as possible.

Taiwanese men drink snake blood for a sexual boost. This is mimetic consumption, the old Chinese notion of *chin pu*. Eat a tiger's eyes and you gain its acuity of vision. Eat the penis of a tiger—or a seal or a deer—or drink snake or tiger blood, and you gain sexual power. Snake blood is the cheapest sort of aphrodisiac hit available in Snake Alley. Keith Highley, of the conservation group Earthtrust, reports that in an establishment down the street, hawkers pitch a tonic containing an extract of tiger and seal penises at \$8 a shot or \$40 a bottle. The establishment demonstrates the efficacy of the tonic with the help of scantily clad prostitutes. Highley watched as one prostitute stepped behind a gauze screen, and on a signal from the hawker, at the climax of his pitch, one of his assistants mounted her.

MOST of China's remaining wildlife exists at the margins of the country. A dendritic underground network, run by well-connected and well-heeled Chinese in all the provinces, gathers in a ganglion in southeastern China, jumps the synapse of the Taiwan Strait, and terminates in Taiwan. All the species of wild feline in China travel down these coalescing paths, either alive in cages or as pelts, dressed or raw: tiger, leopard, snow leopard, clouded leopard, lynx, golden cat, Pallas's cat, Chinese desert cat. Rare primates travel these roads: the Sichuan snubnosed monkey, the slow loris, the



white-browed gibbon, the white-headed langur.

Giant pandas, too, travel the path to Taiwan. From 1974 to 1986 poachers reduced the panda population of Wolong Reserve, in Sichuan, from approximately 145 to seventy-two, according to a report in *International Wildlife* by the biologist George Shaller. The provincial authorities in Sichuan cracked down, arresting 203 poachers and confiscating 146 panda pelts. The organization TRAFFIC (Trade Record Analysis of Flora and Fauna), an affiliate of the World Wildlife Fund, has reported that in Guangdong province in 1990 two panda traffick-

ers, one of whom had been dealing with Taiwanese businessmen, were executed. Capital punishment has proved no deterrent, however, and the trade continues. An eccentric European millionaire might keep a stolen Matisse or Monet in the gallery-vault beneath his villa; the Chinese millionaire keeps panda pelts. The lesser panda finds its way to Taiwan too, as do the musk deer, the saiga antelope, the pangolin, the python, the peregrine falcon, the eagle.

AS TRAFFIC has pointed out, the recent history of the giant salamander, *Andrias davidianus*, is an illustration of the extraordinary power of the Taiwanese wildlife market, its capriciousness, and its potential to do harm. *Andrias davidianus*, the largest salamander on earth, grows to be five feet long. It is an inhabitant of mountain streams in mainland China and is rare. The Chinese call it the "baby fish," for the high-pitched, childlike cries it is said to emit. In June of 1989 baby fish began to receive heavy play in the Taiwanese press, which reported that Taiwan's celebrities were paying as much as \$20,000 for a single salamander as a pet. A segment of the Taiwanese public was outraged that an endangered Chinese species would wind up in aquaria. Taiwan's wildlife dealers, for their part, were delighted by the news. Forgetting clouded leopards and slow lorises and white-browed gibbons for the moment, they turned all their attention to baby fish, buying up every giant salamander that their mainland con-

8 July

The June bug Jackson Pollocked my windshield. And as I looked at its innards, I saw substance. Which made me think. Is there still room in a society of disposable razors, disposable cars and disposable marriages for anything with substance? Or is the American mind so completely closed that it can no longer digest anything but cerebral cupcakes? Mental junk food filled with a lot of air. And as another June bug adds to the painting on the windshield, I glance at the radio dial and think, Yes. There are a few places where substance still matters.



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Skin of zebra head

nections could provide. TRAFFIC reported that from June 21 to July 20 more than 700 giant salamanders were confiscated from fishing boats by Taiwan's coast guard. Taiwan's coastline is notoriously porous, its customs service notoriously corrupt. It is safe to say that these 700 were just the tip of the salamander's tail. On August 5, 1989, authorities in China's Fujian province stumbled upon the French Connection of the amphibian trade, intercepting a Taiwanese fishing boat, the *Hong Hsing*, that reportedly had 12,400 salamanders on board.

The market in Taiwan was quickly glutted. Salamanders were soon selling for just \$20 apiece, a thousandth of their price of four months before. By 1990 Taiwanese dealers were complaining that no one wanted baby fish. The island's consumers had decided that the salamanders were ugly, and the Taiwanese, being Taiwanese, began to eat them. In about a year the rage for baby fish had burned itself out. Even as the demand side of the salamander business was dying, so was the supply side. Salamander hunting in mainland streams was up against sharply diminishing returns. The huge amphibians had grown so vanishingly rare that it was unprofitable to search for them at all.

Taiwan's trade in endangered wildlife extends far beyond China's borders, creating an odd international brotherhood. The illicit trade in wildlife unites Laotians hunting tigers in the jungle and good old boys poaching bears in the North American woods, black Zimbabwean rhinoceros poachers and blond members of South Africa's defense force, who reportedly have for years been funding their operations with profits from illegal diamonds, elephant ivory, and rhinoceros horn. The trade unites young Taiwanese tuna fishermen poaching the last wild reefs of Oceania for *Tridacna gigas*, the giant clam, with their wishful older countrymen who imagine that eating the clam's adductor muscle will give them lower blood pressure and a calmer spirit. It unites Taiwanese practitioners of traditional Chinese medicine—ignorant men who call African rhinoceros horn “water horn” and imagine that it comes from some kind of water buffalo—with poor black Zambians who know exactly whence water horn comes, and who regularly die in firefights with anti-poaching squads in their attempts to acquire it.

In recent years several environmental organizations—the Environmental Investigation Agency, the Endangered Species Project, Earthtrust, the Tiger Trust, and TRAFFIC—have investigated Asia's wildlife trade, researched its history, and charted its routes. These organizations report that with Taiwan's lifting of martial law in 1987, and with the warming in relations between Taiwan and the mainland that year, the trickle of illegal trade across the Taiwan Strait became a flood. Thousands of Taiwanese fishing boats now participate in smuggling various sorts of contraband into





Taiwan: illegal human immigrants, foodstuffs, handguns, wildlife. To avoid detection, Taiwanese vessels returning from the mainland moor offshore or put in at one of the sixty-four small islands of the Pescadores chain—an archipelago as friendly to smugglers as the Florida Keys ever were. Many customs and police officials on either side of the strait are widely believed to be on the take, or directly involved in the smuggling business. The wildlife market in mainland China depends on the linked principles of secrecy and *kuan hsi*—“connections.” Without knowing the right code words, without having established connections, it is impossible to find one’s way into the trading network.

Some of the most exhaustive research has been done by TRAFFIC. In China the organization’s agents posed as buyers for wealthy collectors. In Taiwan they did the same, and conducted surveys as well. In 1990 TRAFFIC commissioned twenty-seven Taiwanese graduate students each to get in touch with a hundred pharmacies on the island, fifty in person and fifty by phone, with a prescription that called for rhino horn. Polling about 2,700 of Taiwan’s 12,000 pharmacies in this manner, TRAFFIC arrived at the estimate that ten tons of rhino horn sit on apothecary shelves in Taiwan.

“AN enormous international trade in endangered species flows into Southeast Asia,” Sam LaBudde, the director of the Endangered Species Project, explained to me recently. “There are other major trade routes for endangered wildlife, such as parrots and other birds coming up out of Africa and Latin America into European and North American pet stores, but the vast majority of the trade flows into and out of South Korea, China, Singapore, Vietnam, Hong Kong, and above all Taiwan.

“Almost all the conservation efforts for bigger species—tigers, rhinos, elephants, pandas, bears—have been focused on protectionist efforts in the range states. Hardly anyone has said boo to the consuming nations, where the actual problem resides. We treat symptoms instead of causes.

“Whole wildlife *industries* are set up in Thailand, along the entire Indochinese Peninsula, all the way over into Nepal and India, up into the Amur region of Manchuria, and on into Siberia. It’s basically a giant funnel moving live endangered species and their products and derivatives down to places like Singapore, Hong Kong, China, and Taiwan, which are the big money markets—places where the people have an enormous amount of money, relative to the rest of Asia. The whole endangered-species industry in Thailand and Vietnam was born of the demand from foreign tourists—Chinese from Taiwan and Hong Kong and Singapore—who come to playgrounds like Phuket, Thailand, and want to dine on rare and exotic species, or take them home.”

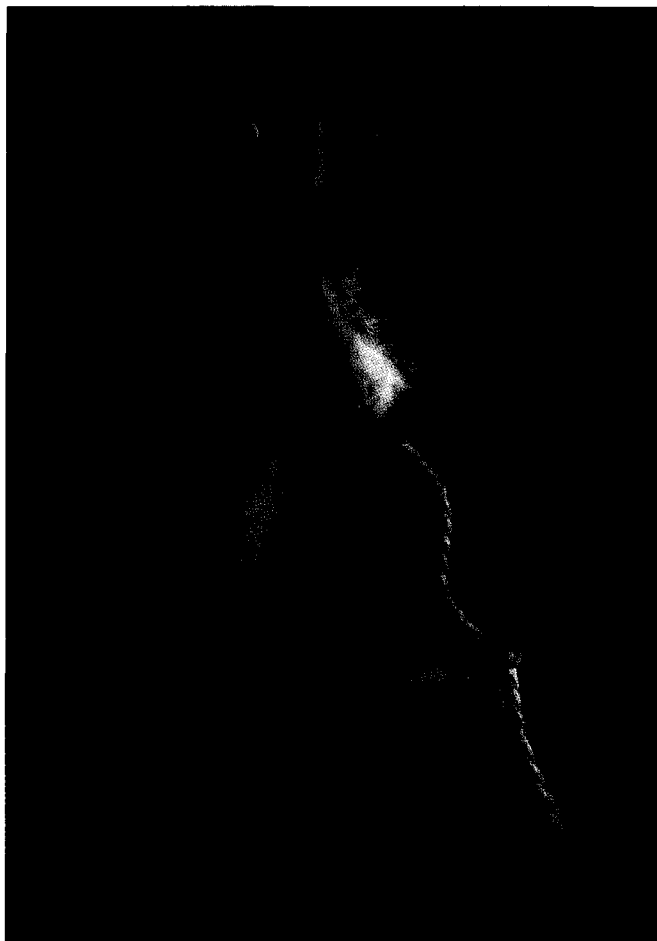
The man in the Stetson will have to go unnamed, since

he and his all-seeing hat are still wandering Asia, but he is working, I am free to say, for the Tiger Trust, which is based in Great Britain, and his spy-cam was provided by Sam LaBudde.

When I last wrote of LaBudde in these pages ("The Destruction of Dolphins," July, 1989), he was fresh off a Panamanian tuna seiner, the *Maria Luisa*, after a tour at sea as a cook. In his free time away from the galley he had fooled around with a Sony Camcorder—a gift from his wealthy father, he told his shipmates. In fact the Sony had been provided by two environmental organizations, the Earth Island Institute

and the Marine Mammal Fund. LaBudde was a spy. His videotape of the "incidental" kill of dolphins in the tuna industry's purse seines became a key piece of documentation in the campaign against that destructive method of fishing. His camera caught dense throngs of dolphins "canopied" by the net and fighting for breath, thrashing the sea white in the attempt to keep their blowholes above the surface; dolphins crushed in the power block that hauls in the seines; dead dolphins by the hundreds being manhandled out of the mesh; a dolphin being filleted with a penknife by the *Maria Luisa's* captain on deck. When I last left LaBudde in print, he was touring with his videotape and lobbying Congress on the tuna-dolphin issue. He and his colleagues had just launched a boycott against Heinz, Pillsbury, and Ralston-Purina, then the three principal canners of the tuna consumed in the United States.

In the spring of 1989 LaBudde spent a month in China trying to film *baiji*, Yangtze River dolphins, one of the many Chinese species on the brink of extinction. He did not like China. "For the first two or three days," he told me later, "you're enchanted by this Pearl Buck kind of romance—this lyrical agrarian lifestyle—but about halfway into the third day you realize these people have a terrible life. It's hard to believe what one-point-two billion people can do to an area the size of the United States. Four or five thousand years of intensive need, greed, and insensitivity."



In 1991 LaBudde won a Goldman Prize for his work on the tuna-dolphin issue. The Goldman Prize is annually awarded to six people, one from each continent except Antarctica, for "grassroots efforts to preserve and enhance the environment." With the statuette comes an award of \$60,000. LaBudde says he contributed much of his award money to a variety of causes: the Alliance for the Wild Rockies, the Southeast Alaska Conservation Council, the Shawnee Defense Fund, and the Leonard Peltier Defense Fund. With the rest of the money he established the Endangered Species Project at the

Earth Island Institute, and began buying video cameras to document threats to endangered species. At the moment he has cameras in Ecuador, Venezuela, Taiwan, Thailand, Indonesia, Vietnam, Russia, and several sites in the United States. He also has cameras in Tibet and Burma, documenting human-rights abuses. "About three dozen cameras in all," he says. "I'm ordering six more this morning, and half of them are already spoken for. Little Sony Hi-8s. I need to do an ad for Sony. I need to get them to give me fifty cameras."

IN November of 1992 LaBudde and Rosalind Reeve, of the Environmental Investigation Agency, a British organization, flew to Taiwan as point persons for a coalition of six environmental organizations calling for a boycott of Taiwanese products.

The time had come, the six groups had decided, to turn up the heat on the Taiwanese. The less confrontational approach taken by the international office of TRAFFIC (as opposed to its U.S. affiliate), which that group continued to urge the others to follow, was not working. "TRAFFIC International does very good documentation and investigative work," LaBudde says. "That doesn't qualify them to make political judgments about the most expedient way to resolve a problem." He and Reeve held a press conference, and the next day they were headline news. From *The China Post*:



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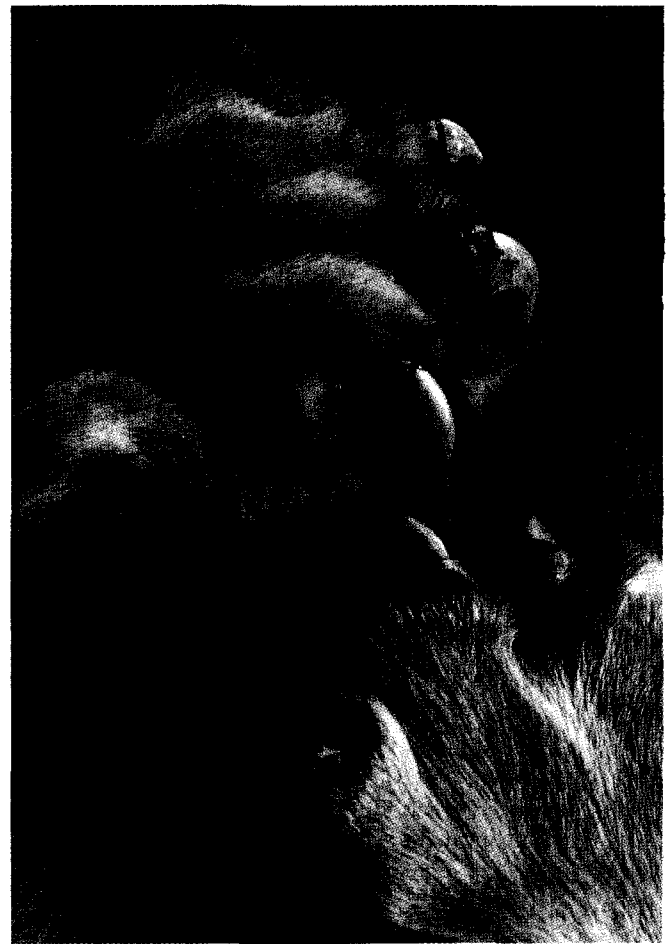
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"The rhino campaign launched in the United Kingdom last week is just the beginning," LaBudde said. "Unless there is an immediate and verifiable end to Taiwan's scandalous trade in tigers, bears, primates, whales, and other endangered species, Taiwan products will become taboo for American industries and consumers. We are poised to launch a U.S. boycott against Taiwan products, and should anyone doubt our ability, we would urge them to review our record with the international tuna industry regarding their killing of dolphins."

From *China News*: "[LaBudde] said that unless the Taiwan government acted decisively on this issue, Americans would begin to perceive Taiwanese culture as one that is 'crude and uncivilized.'"

"It is unimaginable for foreigners to hold a news conference threatening and denouncing their host country," Huang Yuong-jay, the director of the forestry department of Taiwan's Council of Agriculture (COA), told the press after the news conference. Lin Shiang-nung, the vice-chairman of the COA, told *The Journal of Commerce*, "Few countries in Asia have done as much as we have to conserve wildlife in recent years. We are Asia's paragon." Tang Hsiao-yu, the chief of the resources-conservation division of the COA, told *The China Post*, "They have to know that they are in Taiwan, not in their own countries. If they [go] too far away from the line, pertinent authorities will certainly take necessary measures to stop them." Huang Yuan-ching, the general secretary of Taiwan's Animal Protection Association, said, "If they want to talk about compensation, we would like to know what the British government is going to do about its opium trade, which poisoned the Chinese people." Chang Chia-hsun, a practitioner of Chinese medicine, said, "Their attitude is so arrogant that [it] causes repugnance." Not only Taiwanese officials and organizations were put off by LaBudde and Reeve's approach. TRAFFIC International announced that it "does not believe that hostile campaigns that exclude cultural sensitivities are a viable conservation approach."

LaBudde, having ignited this firestorm, wandered Taipei's streets to see for himself what the eye in the Stetson had recorded. Snake Alley was not quite the dark casbah he had expected. "Nobody slipped a knife between my ribs," he says. "It was high-end, but sleazy. It was like a combination carnival, shopping mall, and Wal-Mart for wildlife parts all rolled into one." He watched shop owners zip open snakes, and old Chinese men stop by the counter to drink the blood. In one snake shop a young orangutan sat on a stool, a heavy chain padlocked around its neck. The orang was an adver-



tisement, a silent, subhuman shill for the place. From time to time the owner would pass the ape a betel nut or light a cigarette for it. The orangutan is not, apparently, highly enough evolved to light its own cigarettes. For LaBudde, it all made for a *Blade Runner* sort of ambiance: the blue haze of Taipei's air pollution, the snakeblood aperitifs, the orang smoking reflectively, the odd meld of East and West.

He walked Tihua Street, where shops selling traditional medicines and "mountain products" are concentrated. "You've got powdered things in jars," he says. "You've got bins with bones, and loose bones lying around. You've got horn, both powdered and in whole form on the shelves. It's sort of like a produce section for wildlife. It smells like a museum. It smells like death. There's always this odor of desiccating bone. The drying skin. The kind of outgassing that animal products undergo as they reduce from saturation to, you know, uh . . . I can't remember the biology of this. Just desiccation, okay? It's a smell of death. In museums, in the big natural-history exhibits of giant stuffed animals and rooms filled with dinosaur bones, there's always this kind of odor. But it's much stronger in these shops, more pungent and penetrating."

LaBudde showed up, with Rosalind Reeve and his video

ustoms and police officials are widely believed t



camera, at a police raid on Tihua Street. “Everybody in town knew about it,” he says. “It was supposed to be a raid, but all the journalists knew about it. *We* knew about it, and we didn’t even speak the language. About forty journalists met at the Council of Agriculture headquarters, and we got into five or six vans and drove to a local police station, where we spent an hour. There was a short briefing by the head of the local Taipei task force on wildlife, and lots of the journalists were using the telephones. Everybody in Taiwan who had any sort of association with the police knew that this raid was going to happen. I’m completely confident that everybody on Tihua Street knew well in advance.

“And it’s not like they searched the premises. They just went in and said, ‘Hi, we’re from the police. Do you have any illegal wildlife products? Do you have any rhino horn on the premises?’

“The journalists got so bored, they were following us around getting pictures of us looking at stuff. We would stop and look at anything, and there’d be five video cameras and flashbulbs going off around us. I actually felt sorry for the police. We didn’t want to upstage them. It was an absurd exercise. It was simply done for the prefect of Taipei and the

government officials to try and grab a headline. After about forty-five minutes they found some rhino horn. About twenty police were in the store. They had this apothecary jar out on the counter, and ostensibly it had some rhino horn in it. And they made a great show of holding it up, weighing it, putting it in plastic bags, photographing it, marking it, tagging it, getting signatures, and all this kind of stuff. I’m in the front of the shop, saying, ‘Hey, there’s a tiger skull under the counter here.’

“I asked our translator to ask the police what they would do if they found any tiger bone. They said that naturally they would seize that as well. You’re not supposed to have any tiger products in Taiwan. They were banned back in 1989. I said, ‘Good, tell them there’s a tiger skull right here under the counter.’ I even tried to block a cop as he was going out the door. ‘There’s a tiger skull here!’ I said. He went right past me, on out the door. There was a stuffed tiger cub, too, right in the window.”

THE Endangered Species Project’s telephones rang occasionally as LaBudde, in San Francisco, recollected these events for me. “LaBudde,” he would answer. His telephone style is clipped and intense, and while he talks on the phone he is a pacer. In his free hand he carried an underinflated Wilson football, which he tossed up underhanded in little spirals. The phone was cordless, allowing him considerable latitude in his pacing. He could have paced even farther on each tack, I thought, but conditioned reflex seemed to snatch him back after a certain point. Not so long ago all phones had cords. LaBudde paced to the limits of an imaginary tether, like a tiger freed abruptly after a lifetime caged.

We stepped out into the salt air. From Building E of Fort Mason, where LaBudde works, we walked eastward past the Mission Revival architecture of the fort’s warehouses and piers. The walls were utilitarian, the roofs of red tile—a vague nod to California’s Spanish period, and a style common to military posts throughout the state. When the Army moved out of Fort Mason, the nonprofits moved in: Friends of the River, the Fund for Animals, Oceanic Society Expeditions, Museo ItaloAmericano, The Mexican Museum, Magic Theatre. The offices are spartan. The bay views are unsurpassed.

We passed a retaining wall, landward, on which some environmentalist artist had painted a surreal and wishful mural for the U.S. Bicentennial, in 1976. The mural showed bison, grizzlies, deer, and elk crossing a crumbling San Francisco freeway. A bighorn ram stood atop a Volkswagen. A turkey sprinted down the fast lane. The intent seemed magical, like

e on the take, or directly involved in the smuggling business.

a Ghost Dance in pigment: end the tyranny of the iron horse, bring back the game. Some San Francisco freeways did crumble, in the 1989 earthquake, but neither grizzly nor bison returned. Any turkey sprinting in the fast lane today would soon be a greasy spot and a little swirl of feathers.

We sat on a bench and I opened my notebook. Ahead, in the middle distance, was Alcatraz and its rows of tiny penitentiary windows. A white sail moved past the prison rock, and a trace of tide rip roiled the surface at the midpoint of the channel. We had the cove to ourselves except for a Chinese man

who stood some distance away, gazing out at the bay. LaBudde took out a sack of Drum tobacco and searched for his cigarette papers. Gulls cried overhead. A pair of hummingbirds flashed and hovered, iridescent green against the dark cypresses of the low sea bluff to our right. I glanced at my list of written questions.

"According to Mr. Lin Shiang-nung, of the COA," I said, "Taiwan is out in the lead on conservation issues. 'We are Asia's paragon,' he says. Is that true?"

"He said that? Asia's *paragon* on conservation issues? Yeah, well, if that's true, then we can kiss the tigers, the rhinos, the orangutans, and hundreds of other Southeast Asian species good-bye."

"To avert your boycott, what would Taiwan have to do?" I asked.

"Our recommendation is that Taiwan grant a thirty- to sixty-day amnesty period for everyone in Taiwan to turn in their stocks of rhino horn and tiger bone, announcing at the same time that anyone in possession of those stocks at the end of that period will be subject to the same sort of penalties accorded people who deal in heroin and cocaine and other illegal drugs. These really are illegal drugs. They are banned by international conventions, and yet they are readily available to any member of the Taiwanese public. We would also insist that all materials that were turned in during



the amnesty period be destroyed.

"The problem in Taiwan is not laws. There are great laws for wild-life conservation in Taiwan. The trouble is that nobody enforces them, or even knows they exist, most of the time."

LaBudde found cigarette papers in a pocket of his jacket and rolled himself a slim one. A sea lion broke the surface, close inshore. It was a juvenile male. It took a breath and a look around and then cut back under. A pigeon strutted up to LaBudde and cocked an eye at him hopefully. "I don't have nothin' for you," the environmentalist said. The Chinese man began doing tai chi

exercises. Gusts of wind textured and darkened San Francisco Bay and went racing out toward Alcatraz.

We spoke of rhino horn. In huge doses, according to LaBudde, rhino horn actually has some slight effect in reducing fever, but it has far less effect than aspirin and has it at vastly greater expense. We spoke of tiger-bone pills from mainland China and tiger-bone "cubes" from Thailand. We spoke of tiger wine. From a Taiwanese trade journal the Cat Specialist Group of the International Union for the Conservation of Nature had learned that one business on the island annually imports more than two tons of tiger bone to make wine. LaBudde had spent the better part of three days trying to find and videotape the winery, without success. We spoke of barbecued bear paws, and boiled bear cub, and tiger-penis soup.

"In Taiwan conspicuous consumption is literally that," I suggested.

"Yes. Exactly. It's not so alien a concept. It's very similar to what we see in the United States. Here you have a lot of people trying to define themselves by what they own. Over there you have a lot of people trying to define themselves by what they eat. We wear fancy clothes, and drive fancy cars, and live in ostentatious houses. They like to imbibe all manner of critters. They try to internalize all the qualities they think they're lacking. We should be able to

End of the Migration Era— Time for a Moratorium

If the grass is always greener on the other side, then a quick glance at our daily papers tells us that, for an awful lot of people worldwide, the grass they covet grows in the United States. Never before in the history of this nation have so many people wanted to move here. Never before have we faced so many difficult choices in deciding who, out of millions of basically nice folks, we will allow to enter. A storm is brewing. The differential pressure inside and outside our borders has left the nation vulnerable to unregulated surges of people seeking our shores.

This acute pressure can only grow in intensity. Any loophole in our immigration processes, any opportunity for exploitation or illegal border crossing, will produce uncontrolled waves of immigrants. This may seem hard to believe, but recently, the United Nations named 17 countries as "potential Somalias," or nations that could face collapse, including Mexico, Egypt, Nigeria and Algeria. In each nation or region, we see similar phenomena—a breakdown of civil order and a large, growing, poorly-educated and dissatisfied population in danger of starvation. Civil war, separatist movements, generalized civil and social breakdown—each produce large refugee flows.

Why do we need immigration?

- Do we need more people? Are we underpopulated?
- Is there an acute labor shortage in the U.S.?
- Are the water tables in Florida, California and Texas flooded?
- Is there an excess of prime farmland in America?
- Is there too much wildlife in our national parks?
- Is there an overabundance of beach front property to be developed?
- Do we need immigration to improve public education?
- Do we need immigration to reduce crime in America?
- Do we need immigration to improve medical care?

- Are there too many acres of wetlands in need of paving?
- Are we too homogeneous to be a legitimate nation?
- Does our national security depend, in any way, on significant immigration?

FAIR believes the answer to each of these questions is no. If we don't need immigration, why have it? The answer seem to be perceived tradition and habit. Is this how we want to form national policies?

Polls show most Americans want immigration reduced, and FAIR thinks the nation could use a moratorium or "time-out" on immigration for a while.

We must have a better plan in the future. We must have a better understanding now. We need to understand that the age when international migration could solve human problems is over for the overwhelming majority of mankind. Our role must be to try to help people improve conditions where they are, within our capacity as a nation. If we and the other developed nations are to control our own destinies and respective national security, then we must recognize that most people around the world will have to "bloom where they're planted."

by Dan Stein, Executive Director

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use that. The externalization versus the internalization. It makes both cultures seem equally grasping and sort of . . . loathsome."

LaBudde smiled thinly at this happy formulation. Pulling out his sack of tobacco, he rolled himself another slim one.

The man doing tai chi had warmed up now. The slow, graceful stylized combat of his exercise was edging him closer to us. LaBudde gave the man a long look. I looked him over carefully myself. It would be poetic justice, I thought—a dose of LaBudde's own medicine—if Taiwan had sent an agent to spy on him. A spy-cam couldn't be hidden in the man's clothing, I decided, but a miniature microphone would have been easy. The slow dance of the tai chi took the man away again.

"Did you ever have a moment of doubt in Taiwan about what you're doing?" I asked LaBudde. "Did a little voice ever whisper 'cultural imperialism'? There you were, one more Westerner telling the East how to behave?"

"It occurred to me. But it vanished as quickly as it occurred—for a number of reasons, the principal one being that Taiwan is more Westernized than most of the United States. We're talking about a neon-lit technological wonderland here. We're talking about corporate headquarters for a manufacturing-based economy that sprawls worldwide. We're talking about a multibillion-dollar elevated railway system going up in Taipei. In the middle of all this, nestled in between shops that hawk the latest in high-tech electronics and computer technology, are shops that hawk rare and endangered species. It's a complete anachronism. It's as if you were to go to Miami, Florida, and see hundreds and hundreds of shops dedicated solely to practitioners of witchcraft and voodoo.

"If a guy comes to me with an abacus on his hip and starts telling me about how rhino horn is a part of his culture, it's one thing. If he comes to me with a cellular telephone and a calculator and a pocket computer and starts telling me about it, I have to jump up and yell 'This isn't 2000 B.C.!'"

"For me, this is an issue that transcends nationalism and geographic boundaries. The fact is that there are no native tigers and rhinos on the island of Formosa, and there never have been. Yet in the streets of Taiwan, in the stores, there is probably nearly as much rhino horn and tiger bone as exists on the hoof in all of Asia and Africa. These species do not belong to the Taiwanese. They do not belong to anyone."

IN September of 1993 the U.S. Secretary of the Interior took the first step toward enacting sanctions against Taiwan, certifying that nationals of Taiwan are engaged in trade of rhinoceros horn and tiger products, and that this trade diminishes the effectiveness of CITES, the Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species of Wild Fauna and Flora. Last August, President Clinton, under the authority granted him by the Pelly Amendment to the Fishermen's Protective Act of 1967, imposed trade sanctions against Taiwan. He directed the Secretary of the Treasury to prohibit the importation of most fish and wildlife from the island.

Coral jewelry, crocodile boots and handbags, snakeskin, and all other wild-animal parts and products from Taiwan are now banned. The sanctions cover only about \$23 million in trade—less than one tenth of one percent of Taiwan's annual exports to the United States—but the President's action has at least symbolic sting, and wildlife advocates are pleased.

"A watershed event," LaBudde says. He notes that in the twenty-seven years of the Pelly Amendment's existence roughly two dozen Pelly certifications have been made, but never before have sanctions followed. He is not completely satisfied, of course. He believes that the sanctions could logically have been extended to cover all wildlife products, plants included. A ban on the importation of ginseng and other herbal remedies would particularly affect the Taiwanese apothecary industry, which, more than coral jewelers or snakeskin dealers, thrives at the expense of endangered species.

LaBudde promises that he and his colleagues will soon be returning to Taiwan to conduct new surveys of the availability of tiger bone and rhino horn on the island. They have gathered good data for comparison, he points out. If Taiwan makes no real effort to comply with CITES—if thousands of apothecaries continue to offer their powders and purees of endangered species—then the conservation groups will push for the present sanctions to be extended.

This month in Fort Lauderdale, CITES convenes for its biennial Conference of the Parties. More than 2,500 delegates, journalists, wildlife traders, and conservationists are expected to meet there; the two-week gathering should be at least as raucous as the town's springtime conventions of college students. Discussions are scheduled on African elephants, African gray parrots, minke whales, rhinos, tigers, pandas, vicuñas, hawksbill turtles, and Brazilian mahogany. LaBudde and his people at the Endangered Species Project plan to be on hand. ☸

Most of the photographs in this article were taken for us at the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard University, and we are extremely grateful to its director and curators for help with research and for assistance to our photographer. The photographs that appear on pages 114–115 and 120 were taken at the Nationaal Natuurhistorische Museum, in Leiden.



Auguste Rodin and Gwen John

by NANCY CALDWELL SOREL

WHEN Gwen John returned to Paris, *sans francs*, from painting her way through the province of Languedoc, she sought out modeling jobs. She herself painted women fully clothed, but the demand was for nudes. For subsistence' sake, she took off her clothes. "Why not call on Rodin," her brother Augustus wrote. "He loves English young ladies."

This was true, although not only English and not only young—his ideal was a well-built woman between thirty and forty (consider those thighs in *The Kiss*). Rodin, aged sixty-three, thought a young girl "a poor thing in comparison," but he was tenderly solicitous of the slight, gray-eyed twenty-seven-year-old who arrived at 87 rue de l'Université that cold spring morning in 1904. He dusted off an old wicker chair by the stove, and only when she was warmed did he suggest that she come to the model's couch and disrobe. He had an artist's eye, a sensualist's appetite, and a poet's soul: a woman undressing was "like the sun breaking through the clouds." Mademoiselle had *un corps admirable*, he said; she was hired.

Rodin was to sculpt a memorial to Whistler, but he had never liked Whistler, and so opted to do Whistler's Muse instead. John, who had been Whistler's pupil, became that Muse. Her supple body could handle the pose—standing, draped from the waist, one foot high on a rock, knee out, eyes cast down. Her reward for holding so trying a position while the master worked his little lumps of clay to form the model was the lovemaking that followed—after the assistants had gone home. This was the happiest time of her life. But sex in the workplace is treacherous. Before the Muse acquired arms, the sculptor had moved on to another woman.

Joy turned to jealousy. Obsessed, John haunted Rodin—we would call it harassment today—but he recognized her talent and refused to abandon her. Work, he told her. Paint. At a later, more companionable time they would sit and draw together, or draw each other. She wrote him some 2,000 letters; occasionally he replied. "*Courage, petite amie*," he penned once; "I'm tired and old but I love your little devoted heart."



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Seductive Hawaiian musical forms have regularly swept the mainland and changed its music

ON February 20, 1915, the Panama-Pacific International Exposition opened in San Francisco, to celebrate the completion of the Panama Canal. One of the main attractions was the \$100,000 Hawaii Pavilion, which for seven months hosted a popular Hawaiian-music show several times a day. The Royal Hawaiian Quartette

by Gene Santoro

played songs like "Waikiki Mermaid" and "On the Beach at Waikiki" on acoustic steel guitar, ukuleles, and guitar while singing wide-vibratoed versions of barbershop harmonies, which still shape Hawaiian vocals. People walked away humming the melodies, and soon Tin Pan Alley joined Hawaiian composers in writing "hapa haole" (literally,

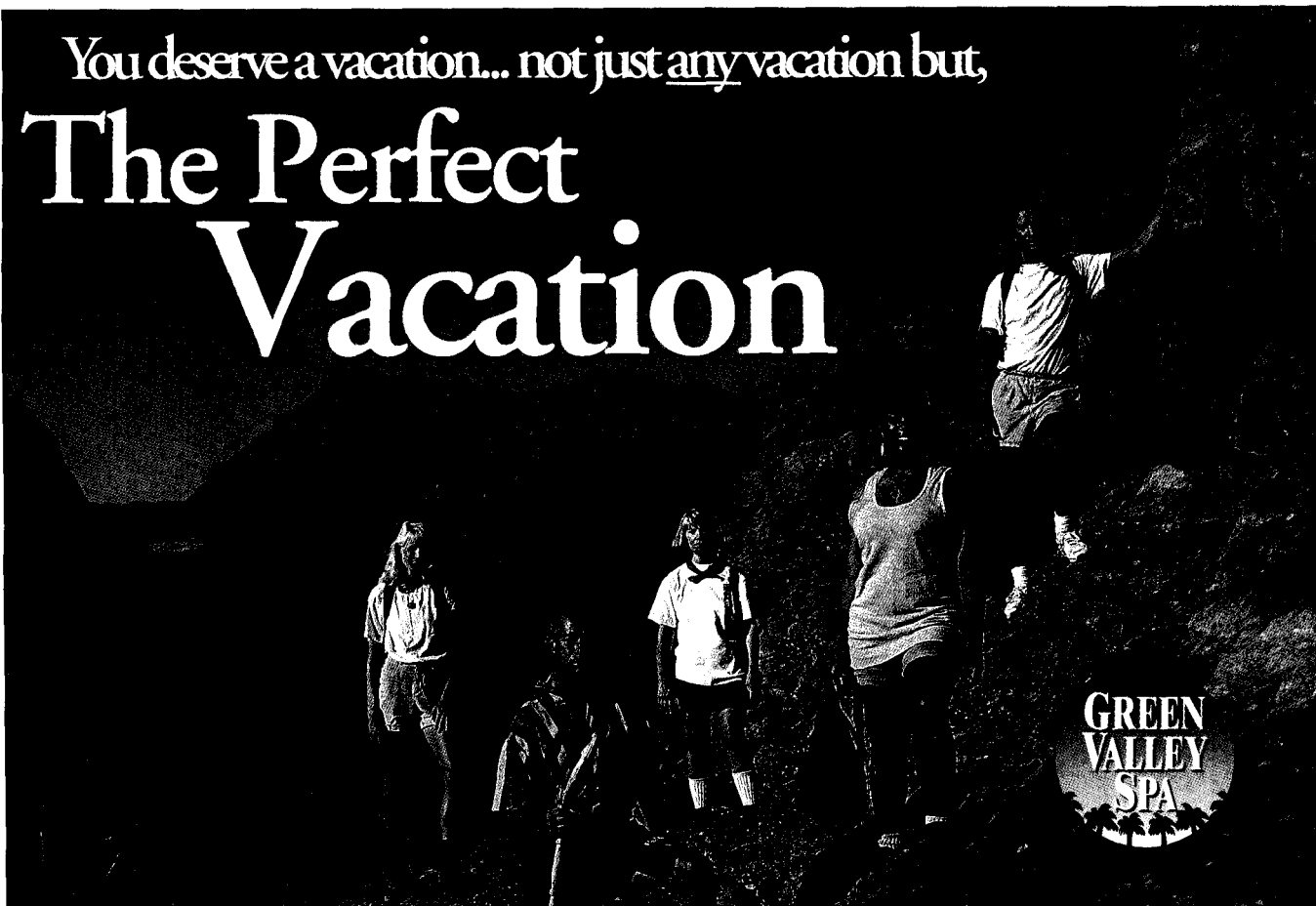
"half-white"—mixtures of predominantly English lyrics and Hawaiian-theme pop tunes) by the hundreds. The Hawaiian sound began to outsell other forms of pop music on the mainland, and had such an impact that Mexican bands added steel-guitar players and masqueraded as Hawaiians to crash the U.S. vaudeville circuit. (The songs on the Tau Moe Family With Bob Brozman's CD *Remembering the Songs of Our Youth*, from Rounder Records, and the Kalama Quartet's *Early Hawaiian Classics 1927-1932*, from Arhoolie, typify the music of the era's touring groups.)

Every twenty years or so since, the mainland has fallen for the lilting lure of Hawaiian-inflected pop—whether from

Ray Kinney, in the Hawaiian Room of New York's Hotel Lexington, c. 1940

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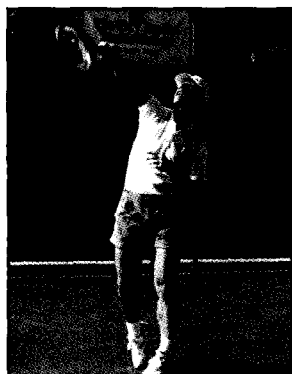


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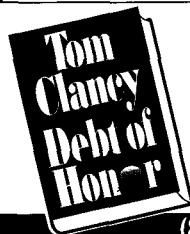
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Bing Crosby and Elvis Presley, who both recorded "Blue Hawaii," or smooth Hawaiian pop singers like Alfred Apaka (*The Best of Alfred Apaka*, MCA) and Don Ho (*Don Ho's Greatest Hits*, Reprise). These native matinee idols mined crossover dreams—dreams that many of today's Hawaiian traditionalists distrust.

GIVEN Hawaii's history, the embrace between mainland and Hawaiian cultures could never be easy. After Captain James Cook landed on Hawaii, in 1778, a series of cultural collisions created displacement and grief at the same time that they shaped a supple hybrid music, in ways that parallel cultural collisions elsewhere in the New World.

Less than half a century after Cook landed on what he called the Sandwich Islands, Hawaiian civilization imploded. A feudal hierarchy supported by an elaborate system of animistic worship reinforced by *kapu*, or taboos, the society was undermined by contact with Western sailors (who violated *kapu* with impunity) and by the *ali'i*, or ruling class, itself. In 1819 King Kamehameha II abolished the *kapu*, and a young Hawaiian went to New England to study for the ministry. The next year New England missionaries came to the islands, and they became central participants in Hawaiian culture.

That culture had been oral. Missionaries set about transliterating Hawaiian, choosing twelve letters of the English alphabet (five vowels, seven consonants) and doing at least some violence to the language in the process. (Meanwhile, diseases carried in by Europeans and Americans were devastating the native population: within seventy-five years of Cook's landing it had shrunk by about 70 percent.) The missionaries' musical contribution was the book of *himeni*, or hymns, which they prepared in Hawaiian in 1823. The Hawaiians loved to sing, and they loved the hymns' simple yet stirring chordal movements, group harmonies, and rising and falling melodies—contours that echo through much Hawaiian music.

Indigenous Hawaiian music had its own rituals, unrelated to anything Western: chanting with percussion and with the dance known as hula, whose swaying, expressive movements illustrated the words of each *mele*, or chant. The chants often described the animistic deities. (These are illustrated on the CD *Hawai-*

ian Drum Dance, from Smithsonian Folkways.) After 1820, however, the hula was suppressed. The missionaries saw it as licentious, and the fact that the women who danced it (the hula had originally been a male province) were topless fueled the outsiders' religious fervor. In 1874 one of Hawaii's last native rulers, King David Kalākaua, revived hula as entertainment, and set up *hālau* (schools) to train students from a young age in this nuanced, difficult art. Hula's cultural symbolism is one reason for its enduring popularity: in Hawaii even pop bands are often accompanied by dancers.

Though much of the sacred hula tradition was lost, it did not die. Music in Hawaii is often still a family affair, and acclaimed clans like the Kanaka'oles, on the island of Hawaii, passed down the hula tradition orally. Hula played a vital role in Hawaii's post-1960s cultural reawakening and questioning; Robert Mugge's fine documentary film *Kumu Hula* (available on videocassette from Rhapsody) surveys hula's history and purposes.

THE Hawaiiana wave of the Roaring Twenties was brought to the mainland by the vocalizing instrument that became a staple first of 1930s western swing and then of Nashville—the Hawaiian, or steel, guitar. According to the most commonly accepted account, in the 1880s young Joseph Kekuku began imitating singers by pressing down his guitar strings with bolts or combs or knives or, finally, metal bars that he had fashioned, and by raising the strings to prevent fret noise. Having pretuned his guitar to a single chord, he would hold it on his lap and finger-pick melodies. The results have shaped pop music around the world—even to the floating juju of Nigeria's King Sunny Ade, shot through with steel guitar, thanks to Ade's love for the country-western vocalist George Jones.

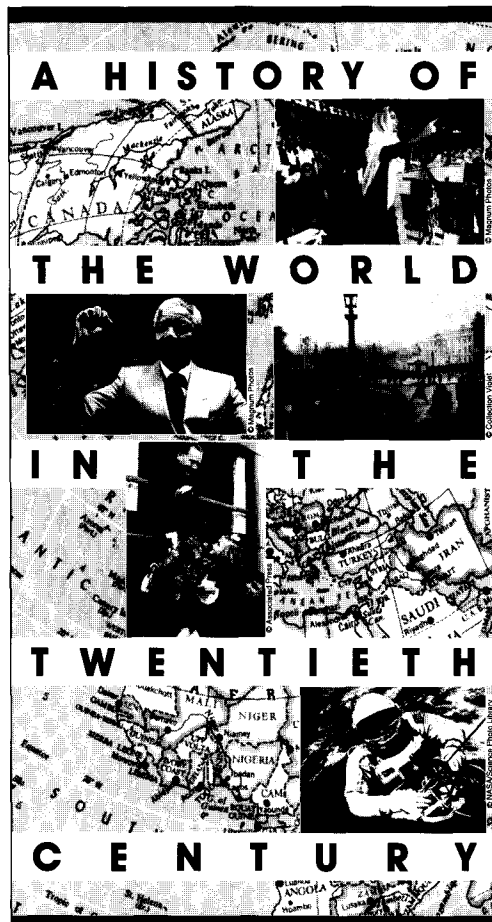
After the 1915 Expo every Hawaiian who could play steel guitar headed to the U.S. mainland. Enduring colonies of Hawaiians dot the West Coast and still form a mini tour circuit for Hawaiian musicians. The king of early steel virtuosos was not Kekuku but Sol Hoopii, who elevated and popularized steel musicianship during his prolific recording career for Columbia and Decca, improvising deftly on jazzy numbers like "Twelfth Street Rag" and "St. Louis Blues" (on the two-CD *Sol*

Hoopii, Master of the Hawaiian Guitar, Rounder). Astonishingly vocal, his playing intrigued western-swing pioneers—notably Bob Wills, who began using Hoopii-influenced steel players.

Other invasions of Hawaii left cultural deposits. When the first Portuguese workers for the sugarcane fields landed, in 1878, they brought their mournful *fados*, songs they accompanied on *braguinhas*. These guitarlike instruments evolved into the Hawaiian ukulele, which became an emblem of the islands' music. Hawaii's last queen, Lili'uokalani, a scholar-composer who wrote "Aloha 'Oe" before being deposed, in 1893, by an American cabal, for trying to restore the monarchy's powers, insisted that *ukulele* meant "the gift that came here"; most agree that it really means "jumping flea." Stars like the tenor Ray Kinney and the often risqué Lena Machado, who rose to fame during the Depression, strummed ukes as they sang, at times in falsetto, a mixture of traditional and *hapa haole* songs.

Hapa haole songs can be racist, demeaning, funny, charming, silly, or lovely. The Hawaiian pianist and bandleader Sonny Cunha popularized the style at the turn of the century, but his disciple Johnny Noble codified it, in "Hawaiian War Chant" and countless other compositions. In 1928 Noble, who as the band director of the Moana Hotel, in Waikiki, melded ragtime and swing-era rhythms, harmonies, and instrumentation with Hawaiian themes, became a talent scout, first for Brunswick Records and then for Decca. As a result many Hawaiians whose performances would otherwise never have been preserved, like Kinney and Machado, were recorded on 78s. These so-far largely uncollected records are fruitful ground for CD reissues.

Singing is Hawaiian music's heart. Hawaiian lyrics, with their multiple meanings, are closed to nonspeakers, who include most Hawaiians; but the rippling beauty of the singing is not. The most breathtaking technique is falsetto. Some say it arose from hymns, some say from Mexican cowboy music. And some point to Henry Berger, the German bandmaster who from 1872 to 1915 helped shape Hawaiian music, training thousands of musicians. Berger led the Royal Hawaiian Military Band, helped develop the prestigious Kamehameha School's music department, preserved and arranged count-



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less Hawaiian songs and chants, and was close to Queen Lili'uokalani, with whom he wrote music. According to the indispensable book *Hawaiian Music and Musicians*, edited by George Kanahale, Berger's impact on Hawaiian music was "greater and more lasting than that of any other single individual"—another mark of the music's indelibly hybrid nature.

As a voice teacher Berger used falsetto and yodeling. Whatever the source, falsetto and yodeling thread through 150 years of Hawaiian sounds: a marvel like George Kainapau, a friend of Hoopii's who recorded thrilling 1930s duets with Kinney and sang in the film *Waikiki Wedding*, could swoop and flutter beyond even the elasticity of Aaron Neville's reach.

Among the few *hapa haole* artists from the period whose music is available today is Harry Owens, a Nebraskan who helped evolve the form (*The Best of Harry Owens and His Royal Hawaiians*, Tropical Concepts). Owens, who went to Honolulu in 1934 with a four-month contract to lead the Royal Hawaiian Hotel band, stayed for years. He became dedicated to Hawaiian music, publishing reams of sheet music, playing it exclusively while touring, and later hosting a mainland TV show about Hawaiiana. But it was a single tune he wrote in 1934 that, after the Depression had cut back recording severely, revived the mainland market for Hawaiiana.

When his daughter was born, in Honolulu, Owens crafted a catchy little tune for her called "Sweet Leilani." Soon afterward Bing Crosby arrived for a vacation before shooting *Waikiki Wedding*. Dancing at the Royal Hawaiian, Crosby was captivated by Owens's tune and repeatedly asked the bandleader to play it. He spent the next day trying to pry it from its composer. But Owens felt uneasy about profiting from something that had so much spiritual force. Finally Crosby offered to set up trust funds for the Owens children and to pay any royalties from "Leilani" into them. Crosby recorded the song in 1935; a million-seller within a few weeks, it launched Hawaiiana's second mainland wave, which hit like a tsunami. Just one measure: Betty Boop and other cartoons were scored with Hawaiian music.

FOLLOWING a third, kitschy Hawaiiana wave of the 1950s and 1960s—hula hoops, Don Ho's "Tiny Bubbles," the TV show *Hawaii Calls*—the 1970s brought a renaissance of traditional Hawaiian culture. As jets began carrying hordes of tourists to Honolulu, with effects that the city's dismal skyline shows, many Hawaiians began re-examining the history and direction of their society—hence the reinvigoration of traditional arts that had previously been marginal folk pursuits. Hula, for example, was integral to emerging Hawaiian-nationalist movements.

Alongside the hula arose the unlikely musical legacy of Hawaii's cows. In the 1830s Mexican vaqueros—*paniolo* to the Hawaiians, who lionized them in legend and songs like the oft-recorded "Waimea Cowboy" and "Hawaiian Cowboy"—arrived to herd cows descended from stock given to King Kamehameha I in 1792 by the explorer George Vancouver. The vaqueros brought with them not only their horses but also their guitars with Spanish tuning (an open-chord tuning that also inspired American blues players) and their propensity for yodeling and falsetto.

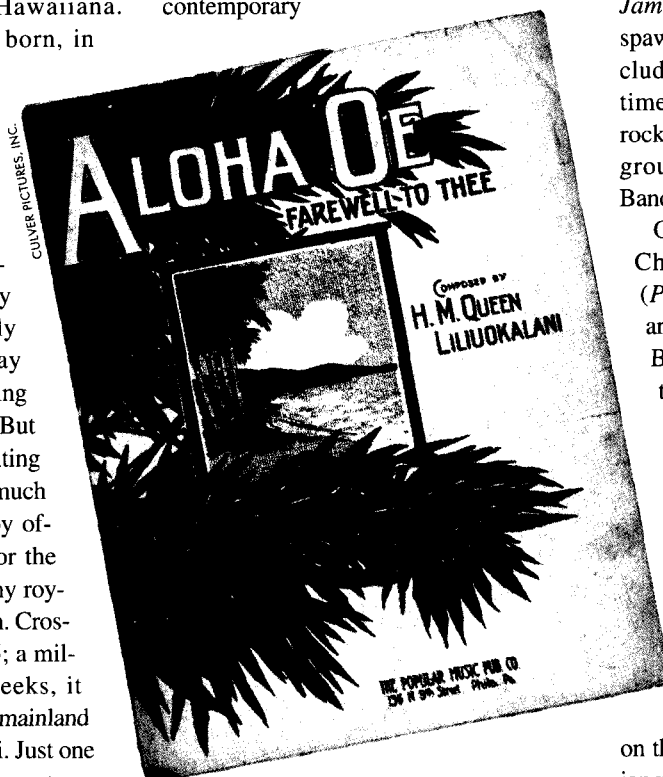
These elements are at the root of the "slack-key" idiom. Like its mainland cousins hillbilly music and country blues, slack-key guitar is a down-home folk form that underlies much contemporary

pop. Each family of slack-key players passed on its own tunings from one generation to the next. The sweetly melodious and chiming effect of the finger-picked chords, adapted by steel guitarists from Joseph Kekuku on, suits the hypnotic wash of surf and wind, and complements the falsetto barbershop harmonies.

In the 1970s slack-key and other traditional Hawaiian forms came out of the back yard. A 1970 folk-revival concert on Maui gathered the Sons of Hawaii, a traditionalist Hawaiian folk group featuring the legendary guitarist Gabby Pahinui, and other stalwarts (albums by these musicians include *Gabby Pahinui With the Sons of Hawaii*, Hula; Genoa Keawe's *Hana Hou!*, Hula; and Sonny Chillingworth's *Sonny Solo*, Dancing Cat). The guitarist Ry Cooder arranged for *The Gabby Pahinui Hawaiian Band* (Panini) to be distributed on the mainland through Warner Brothers, starting a small but enthusiastic slack-key cult.

In 1970 a Pahinui disciple, the guitarist Peter Moon, co-organized the Kanikapila festival, an annual celebration of traditional Hawaiiana. His band, the Sunday Manoa, which also boasted the Cazimero brothers, now huge local stars, participated. (The two-volume *The Best of the Sunday Manoa*, Hula, captures the feeling.) The Sunday Manoa's 1971 album, *Guava Jam* (Hula), is credited with helping to spawn contemporary Hawaiian pop—including Jawaiian, a bubble-gum but at times fascinating blend of Hawaiiana, rock, and reggae performed by younger groups, including the Hawaiian Style Band (*Vanishing Treasures*, Top Flight).

Older traditionalists like Pahinui, Chillingworth, and Raymond Kane (*Punahele*, Dancing Cat) were folk artists who played mostly for pleasure. But a younger generation, including the stunning falsetto duo the Hoopii Brothers (*No Ka Oi*, Poki) and the brilliant singer-guitarist Ledward Kaapana (*Nahenahe*, Kahale), a veteran of the Masters of the Steel String Guitar tour, although still working day jobs, are looking to turn pro. Growing mainland interest in Hawaiiana, along with a proliferation of hula *hālau* and the teaching of slack-key guitar on the islands, is feeding the next Hawaiian wave. Wax your surfboard and dust off your hula hoop. ☘



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Flat Growth

As usual, the U.S. computer industry is way behind Japan in manufacturing a product—flat-display screens—that everyone wants. This time, though, the U.S. government has proposed a remedy that might actually work

THE line between haves and have-nots in the personal-computer world is drawn, for the moment, at the “active-matrix screen.” This is the bright, sharp, color-rich screen available on the most expensive laptop computers. Models with active-matrix color screens cost \$3,000 and up, or at least \$1,000 more than identical computers equipped with paler, “passive-matrix”

color screens. (There are also active-matrix black-and-white screens.) Choosing an active-matrix computer means that you have money to spare—and time.

by James Fallows

The models are not simply expensive; they have been scarce. The first popular active-matrix model, the IBM ThinkPad 700c, went on sale two years ago for more than \$4,500, with a delivery lag time of weeks or months. In a

business that thrives on round-the-clock telephone order lines and overnight delivery, it can still be hard to get your hands on a top-of-the-line active-matrix model from a major manufacturer like IBM, Compaq, Apple, or Texas Instruments.

Customers have to wait because the computer companies do too. The Sharp Corporation, of Japan, which produces more than half of the active-matrix screens being made, has found it impossible to make enough to satisfy demand. A handful of other Japanese companies, notably Toshiba, NEC, Seiko Epson, and the small firm Hosiden, account for most of the rest of the world’s active-matrix supply. All have had to allocate screens.

The problem is that it is very difficult to produce a flawless screen. An active-matrix display can be thought of as one extremely large computer chip. It consists of some 300,000 display dots, each of which is turned on or off separately by its own controlling transistor. Normal computer chips become harder to manufacture as they become smaller, with more and more circuits crammed into less and less space. Display screens, like picture windows, become harder to make as they grow larger. In some cases even three or four defective dots can make the whole screen worthless. When Hosiden and others opened their active-matrix production lines, in the early 1990s, their yield—the proportion of total output which was usable—was, according to U.S. government estimates (no Japanese company would give figures), about two percent.

The production difficulties and resulting supply-demand imbalances lie behind a creative economic initiative launched by the Clinton Administration last spring. To the extent that the plan has been noticed at all in the press, it has been criticized as another doomed, wasteful stab at industrial policy. It deserves a friendlier and less reflexive reception.

The plan is called the National Flat Panel Display Initiative. Computers display information in one of two ways: on flat-panel displays, the thin, light screens used on laptop computers; or on cathode-ray tubes, the big, bulky devices now used for virtually all desktop computers and for television sets. Flat-panel displays should not be confused with “flat-

mask displays," which, annoyingly enough, are called "flat screens" by computer dealers. Flat-mask displays are cathode-ray tubes whose front surfaces are squared off rather than gently curved, as most TV and computer screens are. This makes them nicer to look at than ordinary cathode-ray-tube, or CRT, screens, and they also command a price premium, but they are as big, heavy, and heat-producing as any other CRT display.

Flat-panel displays, or FPDs, use a variety of techniques to produce an image on a screen less than an inch thick. Most current FPDs rely on liquid-crystal technology, in which a material transmits more or less light depending on the electric charge applied. These liquid-crystal displays—or, to introduce one final acronym, LCDs—range from the primitive gray-on-gray readouts on early digital watches to today's sharpest active-matrix color screens.

Industry observers say that only when FPDs become cheap and reliable will information be presented as freely as it is now collected and transmitted. The displays on cameras, CD players, copiers, portable phones, pagers, VCRs, and so on are now small and crude, carrying a line or two of information. FPDs could transform all these: the portable phone could become a picture phone; the pager could display incoming E-mail messages or drawings; the VCR display could tell you what you're doing wrong in programming the machine.

Eventually FPDs should eliminate CRTs almost as thoroughly as the silicon chip eliminated the vacuum tube. FPDs are smaller, lighter, cooler, and more durable than CRTs. They consume less electricity and emit no possibly hazardous waves. Last year worldwide sales of FPDs totaled about \$5 billion. One research group estimates that sales will reach \$20 billion by the year 2000, and other estimates are even higher.

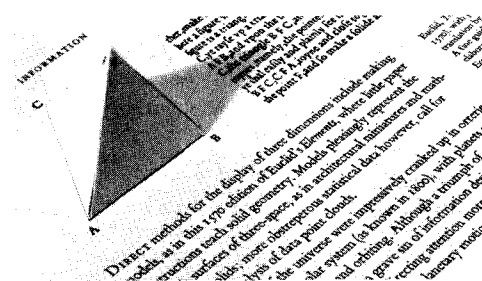
SOMEONE will make a lot of money and create a lot of jobs with FPDs. For at least half a decade American businesses have gnashed their teeth about the likelihood that it will be someone in Japan. In the rapidly growing laptop business the screen is by far the most valuable component of the computer. An active-matrix color screen represents at least \$1,100 in cost for a laptop that retails for \$3,500 to \$5,000. (Passive-matrix color

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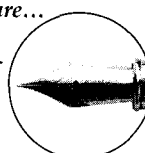
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What are the facts?

The Root of the Conflict. The conflict between Israel and the Arabs is not about borders and not about the Palestinians. It is about Israel's very existence. The PLO still adheres to its infamous "phased plan"; it calls for first creating a Palestinian state on any territory vacated by Israel and then using that state to foment a final allied Arab assault against the truncated Jewish state.

The Importance of Territory. Many believe that in this age of missiles, territory is of little importance. But this is not the case. The Arab states have acquired over \$50 billion of the most advanced armaments since the end of the Gulf War. And those are not just "conventional" weapons—enormous quantities of tanks, aircraft and much more. The Arab states possess large arsenals of chemical and biological

weapons, and all of them work feverishly on the development of their nuclear potential. All of those weapons have only one single target and one single purpose: the destruction of the state of Israel. And that goal is not being cancelled for any agreements between Israel and the Palestinians.

For both "conventional" war and for war of mass destruction, territory and topography are critical for self-defense and deterrence. The mountainous territory of Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") is

an indispensable line of defense. It totally controls access to Israel's heartland from the east. Israel needs this high ground for defense and to be able to peer deeply into enemy territory. The high ground allows Israel to detect missiles while they are still in the launch stage and to destroy them.

Would the "West Bank" be demilitarized? Even those who want Israel to retreat to her pre-1967 borders are agreed that the evacuated areas must be demilitarized. But that would be useless. Because the Palestinians will have thousands of trained soldiers, camouflaged as their police force. In case of war against Israel, these troops could be helicoptered in minutes to their positions, with armored forces reaching them within the same night. In any case, it is highly doubtful that the surrounding hostile

"Without Judea/Samaria (the 'West Bank') Israel would be totally indefensible; therefore, neither the purposes of Israel nor those of the United States are served by Israel's relinquishing control over the 'West Bank'."

Arab nations would allow such a military vacuum to exist. And finally, there is the matter of terrorism. There are over fifteen

Palestinian Arab terror organizations that neither Yassir Arafat nor any other Palestinian authority can control. There would be a constant rain of Katyusha rockets launched into the Tel Aviv area and into the entire coastal plain, which contains 80% of Israel's population and of its industrial and military potential. Ben Gurion airport, every incoming and outgoing flight, would be subject to mortar fire or shoulder-held Stinger attack. Does anybody doubt that the Arabs would not exploit that irresistible opportunity?

Without the "West Bank" Israel would be totally indefensible. That is the professional opinion of over 100 U.S. generals and admirals. Israel's strong defensive posture makes it most inadvisable for Israel's enemies to attack her. But once this defensive strength is removed, a coordinated war against Israel can only be a matter of time. The example and fate of Czechoslovakia, which preparatory to the Second World War was dismantled and shorn of its defensive capacity, insistently come to mind. What does all this mean to the United States? In a part of the world in which our country has the most far-reaching geopolitical stakes, Israel is the guarantor of American interests in the area. With Israel in a position of weakness the role of the United States in the area would collapse and radical states such as Syria, Iraq and Iran would dominate. That is why, despite the heady prospect of "peace in our time", neither the purposes of Israel nor those of the United States are served by Israel's relinquishing control over the "West Bank".

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screens cost about \$500, passive monochrome screens about \$150.) American manufacturers pay that much off the top to their Japanese screen suppliers. An active-matrix color screen costs at least three times as much as what the computer companies pay Intel or Motorola for the central-processing chips that run the computers. And unlike Intel or Motorola, many of these Japanese suppliers, especially Toshiba and NEC, make their own finished laptop machines.

So far the story may sound like just another hand-wringing lament about troubled American manufacturing. The similarities mount with two additional elements of the story: the responses of U.S. business executives and of the U.S. government to Japanese industrial strategy. American producers have a hard time entering the business now mainly because they didn't enter it before. Flat-panel factories, like semiconductor factories, require huge amounts of capital. A new active-matrix production line costs about half a billion dollars. "The lack of production experience makes this a much higher risk on the American side," says a U.S. government official who deals with computer-making companies. "There are huge swings in profitability, depending on small changes in yield. For the money involved, it looks like an unacceptable risk."

The U.S. government's sporadic attempts to prop up the flat-panel industry have so far mainly weakened it. Early in the Bush Administration government agencies determined that Japan's fledgling flat-panel makers were selling screens far below manufacturing costs, apparently in an attempt to keep U.S. companies from even thinking about competing. One government agency estimated that Hosiden, with its very low initial yields, was spending more than \$1,000 for each screen it produced—but was supplying screens to a major U.S. laptop maker for \$400 apiece. The Bush Administration decided to impose tariffs, yet out of embarrassment about this dalliance with protectionism and industrial policy came to a disastrous splitting-the-baby compromise: the tariffs applied to screens brought into the United States—but not to imported computers containing the screens. Both U.S. and foreign computer companies therefore had an incentive to produce computers outside the United States and keep using the bargain-priced Japanese screens.

NOW comes the twist in the story: the entry of the U.S. military. For decades the Pentagon has, for better and worse, been an "early adopter" of high technology, and now it is determined to adopt flat-panel technology as quickly as it can. The control panels in modern fighter planes, tanks, and submarines will be banks of flat-panel displays. Trainers and combat simulators will use FPDs rather than CRTs. The military has put more and more of its money into sensor technology: satellite observation, advanced radars, infrared and night-vision systems. The harvest of all this observation can, at least in principle, be combined on flat-panel screens to show who stands where on the battlefield.

Whether or not such schemes eventually work as well as the Pentagon hopes, the U.S. military is at least as interested in buying flat-panel products as most U.S. corporations are. The difference is that the Pentagon has more reason to care where the products are made—and with FPDs the supply situation is different from anything the military has encountered in more than a century. In many other crucial high-tech fields the Pentagon buys from abroad but knows that in a pinch it could fill the gap domestically. But no company within U.S. borders, foreign-owned or domestic, is capable, in the words of a recent Defense Department flat-panel report, of "volume production of mainstream FPD products."

The military's concern about a domestic supply base is not a xenophobic anachronism. The Sharp Corporation, the world's largest producer of FPDs, views the U.S. military as a less important customer than commercial computer makers, with their high-volume demand. Sharp spokesmen have at times expressed unease with the whole idea of selling products to the military. The company will not work with the Pentagon on customized orders, nor will it give it advance word about Sharp's product plans. Japan's Ministry of International Trade and Industry has hinted several times that it might oppose the

export of screens customized for military use, on the grounds that this would be a violation of Japan's policy banning arms exports.

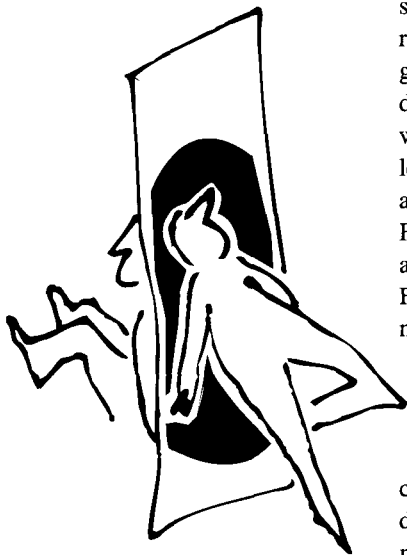
U.S. military planners say they try whenever possible to buy off-the-shelf commercial products. A decade ago, for instance, computers in Pentagon offices were oddball high-security models; now they're the same ones you see advertised in computer magazines. Nonetheless, the military will want to be something more than just another voice on the 1-800 order line. "Our military must have *early access* to the latest generation of leading edge display technologies while still in prototype form, in order to work out the tactics and strategies for their use," the Pentagon's flat-panel paper said. It does not have that now. "Look, we're convinced that this is crucial for national defense, and we're going to do *something* about it," Kenneth Flamm, a Pentagon official who is largely responsible for the flat-panel initiative, told me in June. "The question is whether we're going to do it the smart way or the dumb way."

The dumb way, which might also be called the \$600-toilet-seat approach,

would be to create a special flat-panel factory to serve the Pentagon's needs. "We could do this, but the screens would end up costing at least ten times as much as commercial models," Flamm told me. Even at such inflated prices, Flamm said, military needs alone would not be enough to keep a "captive" firm (one beholden to military orders) competitive with today's big flat-panel makers. A captive firm

couldn't get the revenue stream it would need for R&D to match the industry, and so it would be doomed to fall behind.

THE smart way, Flamm argues, is to combine government incentives with market competition so as to foster an industry that can meet the military's needs and that also has some chance of competing in the general market. During this century the military has applied a similar



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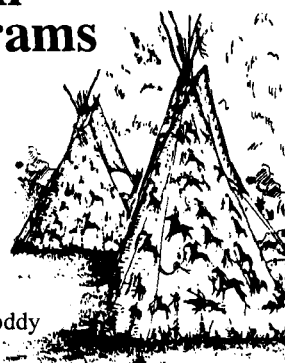
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strategy in three notable cases. The U.S. aircraft, computer, and semiconductor industries were all nurtured in their early days by military contracts, but they matured through the competitive rigors of the world marketplace. Of course, in those earlier cases, the U.S. firms were setting technological standards rather than trying to catch up with established foreign firms. This may suggest why no one is talking about creating a "dominant" flat-panel industry in the United States. The Pentagon's hope is that American firms might within five years represent 15 percent of world production, as against their current three percent. Toward this end the Pentagon proposes to spend up to \$100 million a year for the next five years on matching grants and other forms of support for FPD production.

Companies must first commit to building FPD factories that are at the current state of technology. Once they do so, they will be eligible to compete for Pentagon support of their development costs for the next generation of FPDs. For every dollar the government puts into the project, businesses will have to put at least a dollar of their own at risk. "This is not enough to let us buy an industry," Flamm told me, speaking of the plan, which includes several other provisions. "But it may be enough to tip the spreadsheet in favor of investment." In July the first agreement was signed, in which the Pentagon put up \$50 million, to be matched by a total of \$50 million from Xerox, AT&T, and Standish Industries.

Two strong objections are possible. One is that U.S. industry is already so far behind in FPD production that such relatively paltry grants will make no difference. While the Pentagon puts up \$100 million, Sharp's revenues alone will grow by nearly \$1 billion this year. If the gap between American and Japanese producers really is unbridgeable, Flamm says, American businesses will decline to risk their own funds, and, faced with no bids, the Pentagon won't spend any money. The Pentagon's remaining choice would then be "the dumb way"—creating a military-only FPD factory, at an astronomical price.

The other big objection is that today's FPD shortage could turn into a glut, as Korean producers rush into the field and undersell the Japanese. This is what Korean memory-chip makers did a few years

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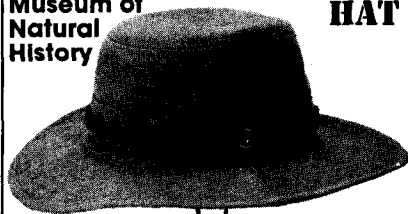
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ago. If this happened with FPDs, it could be hard for new U.S. suppliers to earn any money while easing the Pentagon's fears about FPD supply. Major Korean companies, notably Samsung, Hyundai, and Goldstar, are indeed investing in FPD production. But, as a Hyundai representative told me this summer in Korea, it may be five to eight years or more before Korea can compete with Japan on features and quality. The big problem for the Koreans is that most of the components, supplies, and technology must come from the same Japanese companies against whom they hope to compete.

Moreover, FPDs may never become a commodity, like memory chips, because more and more of their value consists in advanced computer logic that is built into the screens. In essence the screen will become the computer. The trend, already under way, is known as "chips on glass" or "chips in glass."

The editorials and op-ed pieces about the plan have mainly been negative, but most have been dreamily uninterested in its provisions or rationale. Instead they have stuck to the claim that since government tinkering with industry usually fails, this plan must be a bad idea too. In *Newsweek* Robert Samuelson opposed the plan because "on average [government projects] will waste money, fall prey to political pressure and distort competition." An op-ed essay in *The New York Times* said nothing about how the plan would work but called it "a Government subsidy for a politically well-connected industry whose executives have won over technology-dizzy Federal officials." ABC's Brit Hume, writing in *The Washington Post*, said that the plan was wrongheaded because industrial policy could never outguess the market. Unfortunately, Hume's article was apparently based on the mistaken premise that the plan involved flat-mask displays rather than flat panels. ("Flat-panel displays are just that—computer screens that, instead of being slightly convex, are absolutely flat.") The one major editorial that described the plan accurately also endorsed it. It appeared in *Business Week* headlined "UNCLE SAM SHOULD BACK THIS NEW BUSINESS."

Someone may be able to prove that the National Flat Panel Display Initiative can't work. But the debunking effort should deal with the plan itself. ☞

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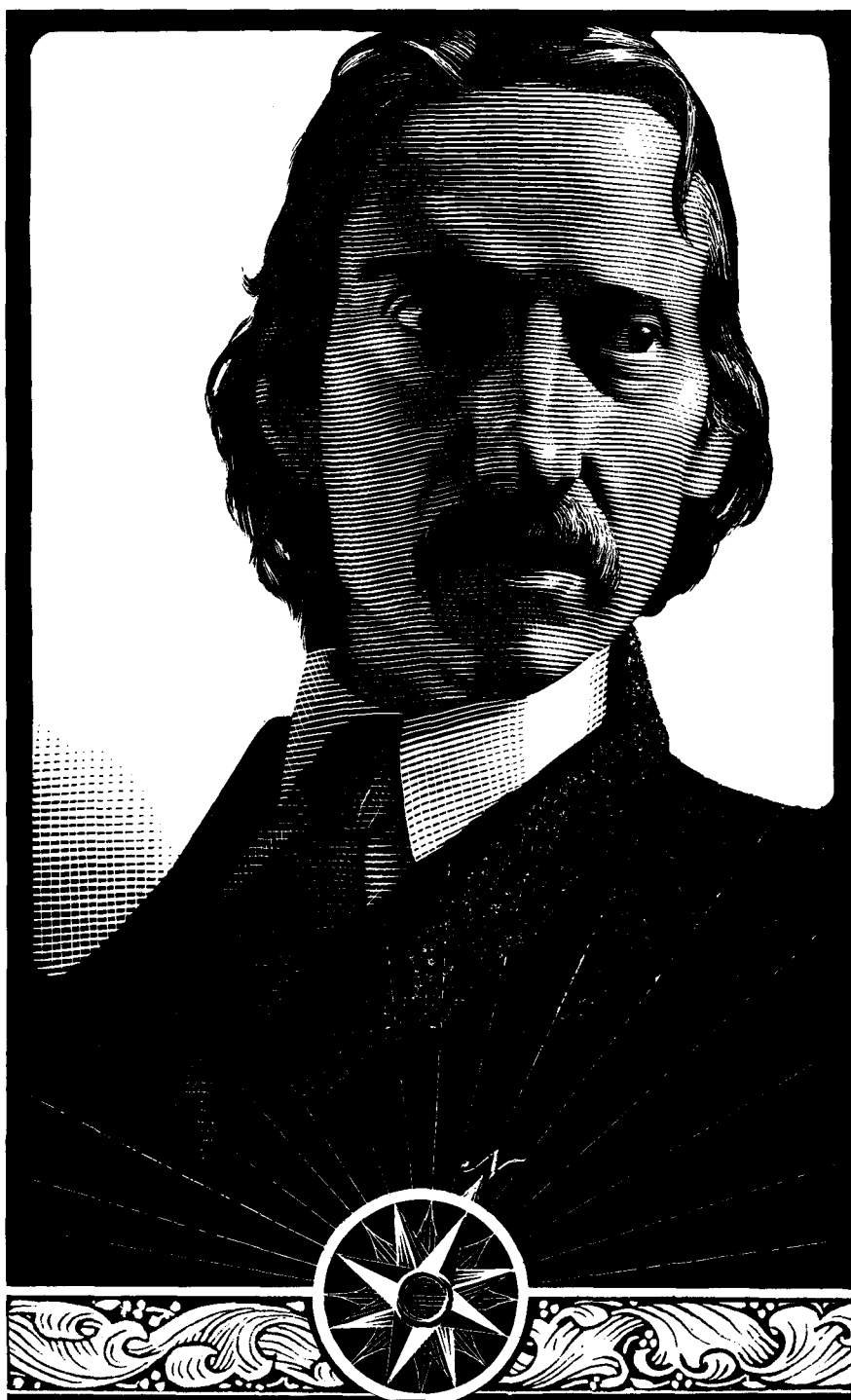
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The Double Life of Robert Louis Stevenson

His books still live for children and, the author argues, for adults as well

by Margot Livesey



MY principal qualification for writing about Robert Louis Stevenson is affection. He is the only author of whom I can say that I have been reading him all my life. *Kidnapped* was the first book I read that had chapters, and I can still recall the maroon binding and the weight of the book in my hand. At that time I lived with my parents in the valley of Glenalmond, at the edge of the Scottish Highlands. Perhaps Stevenson knew of that place, for Lord Glenalmond plays a role in his last work, *Weir of Hermiston*. I had only to look out the windows of our house to see the stark hills, the heather, and the bracken, the landscape so bare of hiding places, over which David Balfour and Alan Breck made their way. And in those years of genderless reading it never occurred to me that I could not go with them.

Besides being the first full-length book I read, *Kidnapped* was the first book whose author's name I knew. Indeed, I hadn't previously known there was such a thing as an author. Books had fallen from the bookshelves like leaves from the trees. I did not question their origins; they were absolute in themselves. But in the case of the maroon book the music of Stevenson's name impressed me. I also owned a copy of *A Child's Garden of Verses*. "My Shadow," with its mixture of observation and mystery, was one of my favorite poems.

Such early recognition might seem like a good thing for an author's reputation, but it is in fact part of the long process by which Stevenson's work has been devalued. That I and so many others came to his work so young has made us consider him a children's author from whom we have little to learn as adults. This opinion is one that his contemporaries would not

have shared, either in his particular case or as a general rule. Victorian adults felt free to embrace so-called children's books without apology. Stevenson's father often reread *The Parent's Assistant*, a volume of children's stories, and Virginia Woolf records being taken to *Peter Pan* on her twenty-third birthday with no signs that this was a childish treat.

Like the shadow in his poem, Stevenson's reputation has waxed and waned at an alarming rate. The blaze of hagiography in which he died seems to have incited critics to special fury. F. R. Leavis, in *The Great Tradition*, dismissed Stevenson as a romantic writer guilty of fine writing, and the critical community in general has designated him a minor author not worthy of the serious admiration that we accord his friend Henry James. People comment with amazement that Borges and Nabokov liked his work. This year marks the centenary of Stevenson's death, and I am not alone in believing that it is time to reconsider his reputation.

Two obvious factors in Stevenson's fall from grace are quantity and fashion. The list of his publications is much longer than most people realize, but the few works by which we remember him do not constitute a recognizable oeuvre. And literary taste has swung in a direction that Stevenson disliked and did his best to avoid—namely, pessimism. While admiring the early Hardy, for instance, he hated *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, and he took James to task for *The Portrait of a Lady*. John Galsworthy commented memorably on this when he said that the superiority of Stevenson over Hardy was that Stevenson was all life, while Hardy was all death.

There are, of course, more-crucial reasons why Stevenson's shadow has dwindled. He often falls short of our expectations of a serious novelist; his plots tend to be too simple in psychological terms and too fantastic in terms of events. The former problem stemmed partly from his theory of fiction; the latter he knew to be a fault and blamed on the tales of his childhood. Typically he worked on several projects at once, a sign of his natural prolixity but also of the difficulty he had in reaching conclusions. History, which gave him so many of his plots, was not so generous with endings, and in trying to invent them, Stevenson often either overreached the bounds of credibility, as

in *The Master of Ballantrae*, or fell into flatness, as in *Kidnapped*.

The most complete account we have of his theory of fiction is contained in "A Humble Remonstrance," the essay he wrote in reply to James's "The Art of Fiction." Here we see him rebutting James's view that art should compete with life:

Man's one method, whether he reasons or creates, is to half-shut his eyes against the dazzle and confusion of reality. . . . Life is monstrous, infinite, illogical, abrupt and poignant; a work of art, in comparison, is neat, finite, self-contained, rational, flowing, and emasculate. . . . The novel, which is a work of art, exists, not by its resemblances to life, which are forced and material . . . but by its immeasurable difference from life, which is designed and significant.

In fact many of his critics have brought just this charge against Stevenson: that in the pursuit of significance he departed too far from life.

I would argue that in his best work—most notably *Kidnapped*, *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, and *Weir of Hermiston*—Stevenson, perhaps in spite of himself, failed to emasculate his art. He opens his eyes, and ours, to the confusion of reality, and what he shows us is something that the modern reader is vitally concerned with: the inescapable duality of our existence.

Shortly before his death Stevenson wrote,

I cannot get used to this world, to procreation, to heredity, to sight, to hearing; the commonest things are a burden. The prim obliterated polite face of life, and the broad, bawdy, and orgiastic—or maenadic—foundations, form a spectacle to which no habit reconciles me.

He dramatized this spectacle with lyrical specificity and, as his work matured, increasing subtlety. And no one has ever described better what I saw from the window of my first bedroom.

How Stevenson grew to be preoccupied with duality can be seen in even a brief examination of his life. He was born on November 13, 1850, in Edinburgh. His father, Thomas, came from a line of lighthouse engineers. His mother, Margaret, was the youngest of the thirteen children of the Reverend Lewis

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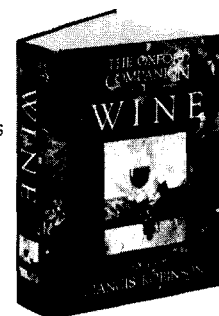
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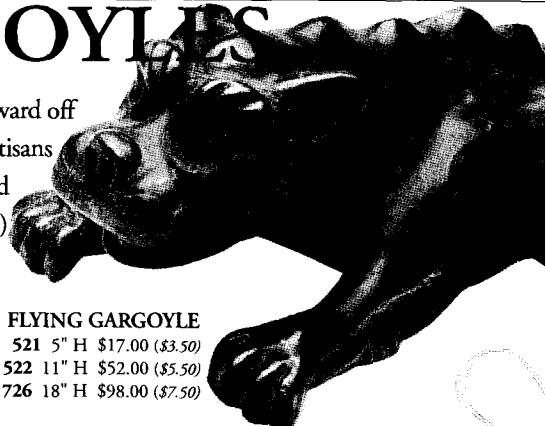
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Balfour. Louis, as the boy was called, had a formidable Scottish nanny, Cummy, who he later claimed was a major influence. By the time he was seven, the family had moved to 17 Heriot Row in the New Town of Edinburgh, a highly respectable address from which Stevenson later ventured forth to explore the more salacious neighborhoods of the city.

He began writing at an early age, dictating "A History of Moses" to his mother when he was six. Unlike me, he knew about authors and referred to himself as one. He read widely, not least history, and grew up vividly aware that Scotland was divided by both politics and temperament. The natural enmity between the cold, proper Lowland Scots and the fiery Highlanders informs much of his work.

His parents were proud of his precocious literary endeavors, but it never occurred to them that their son would be a writer; he was destined to be a lighthouse engineer. To this end Louis studied engineering at Edinburgh University—very lackadaisically, by all accounts—and accompanied his father to remote lighthouses, trips he later made use of in his work, especially *Kidnapped*. His parents seem to have tolerated his lack of studiousness, but in 1873 there was a terrible crisis when they discovered that Louis had lost his faith. Fortunately, they do not seem to have been aware that he also was involved with prostitutes. Partly as a result of these quarrels Louis collapsed and was sent to recuperate in the south of France. There, in a determined effort to improve his writing, he continued to play "the sedulous ape," as he described it, imitating Wordsworth, Defoe, Hawthorne, and Baudelaire, among others.

Over the next few years he wrote a number of essays, including a highly controversial one in which he took Robert Burns to task for philandering, and reached a modus vivendi with his parents. They gave him an allowance of about £80 a year, and he gave up engineering in favor of law. In 1875 he was admitted to the Scottish bar; his total earnings as a solicitor are recorded as four guineas.

The rapprochement between parents and son weathered even the scandal of Louis's marriage. In 1876, while visiting a cousin in Grez, France, Stevenson met Fanny Osbourne. She was an American, ten years older than he, and estranged from her husband. She had come to Grez

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with her two children, Lloyd and Belle, to recover from the death of her third child. Later Osbourne claimed that Stevenson fell in love with her at first sight. This seems to have been pure fabrication, but not long after this he visited her in Paris. Osbourne gave an odd picture of her volatile suitor: "I do wish Louis wouldn't burst into tears in such an unexpected way," she wrote. He also suffered from cataracts of laughter the only cure for which, he claimed, was to have someone bend back his fingers. Osbourne and Stevenson almost certainly became lovers around this time.

In 1878 Osbourne returned to America and Stevenson, briefly, to Scotland. That autumn he was back in France, where he bought a donkey for sixty-five francs. He named her Modestine, and during their twelve-day journey in the Cévennes he reduced her value by nearly half. Later he immortalized her in *Travels With a Donkey*. We do not know on exactly what terms he and Osbourne had parted, but in July of 1879 she sent him a telegram. In the most romantic gesture of his life he set sail secretly for America. His account of the voyage and the subsequent train journey to San Francisco was so grim that his father persuaded him not to publish *The Amateur Emigrant*. By the time he reached Osbourne, in Monterey, Stevenson needed a nurse more than a wife. Their marriage, the following year, was described by both parties as taking place in extremis.

Fanny is a major battleground for Stevenson biographers, as two recent books—*Robert Louis Stevenson*, by Frank McLynn, and *Dreams of Exile*, by Ian Bell—demonstrate. Whatever came later, it seems clear that the unlikely couple were initially in love. For Stevenson, Fanny was the apogee of several significant relationships with older women. As for her, surely love was the only argument for marrying a sickly, impoverished writer. Later Fanny advertised herself as Stevenson's muse, collaborator, and nursemaid, claims that are vigorously, and often convincingly, challenged by Frank McLynn. Still, I find myself reluctant to apportion blame. Who can say who are the criminals in love? Stevenson lived with Fanny for fourteen years, and during that time wrote the works by which we know him.

For the first few years of their marriage the Stevensons shuttled back and forth

between Scotland and the Continent, finally settling in 1884 in the English seaside town of Bournemouth. Louis spent much of the next three years in bed, and later described himself as having lived there "like a weevil in a biscuit." During this time he became better acquainted with Henry James, who came to Bournemouth to visit another invalid: his sister, Alice. The two passed from admiration into a friendship that survived a number of aesthetic disagreements. Why not write about women? James suggested. What about action? Stevenson urged. How different the work of each might have been if he had heeded the other.

In spite of ill health Stevenson was wonderfully productive. In rapid succession he published *A Child's Garden of Verses*, *Jekyll and Hyde*, and *Kidnapped*. By the time he and Fanny left Britain, in 1887, he was a well-known writer. Thomas Stevenson had died in May of that year, and with his death Louis felt free to go abroad. In August he and Fanny sailed to America, and for a time they led an extreme version of the itinerant life that used to be common for writers. Eventually they made their way to the South Seas and Samoa, where in 1889 they bought an estate called Vailima. To the public this was the realization of the myth: the author of *Treasure Island* was now living on his own island.

Life at Vailima, however, was far from idyllic. Fanny, who had long suffered from nervous illnesses, became increasingly difficult, and Stevenson, though he was earning more than ever before, was worried about money. These anxieties go some way toward explaining why, in spite of his better health, so little of the work by which we remember him comes from this period. Not that he was idle—he wrote constantly, but mostly travel books and a history of Samoa, all of which provoked James to urge him not to squander his gifts.

Perhaps James was prescient. On December 3, 1894, Stevenson wrote fiction in the morning, wrote letters in the afternoon, and died in the evening. He was helping Fanny to make mayonnaise dressing, adding the oil drop by drop, when he collapsed. By dawn the following day the Samoans were at work cutting a road up the slopes of Mount Vaea with knives and axes. That afternoon his coffin was carried in relays to the summit.



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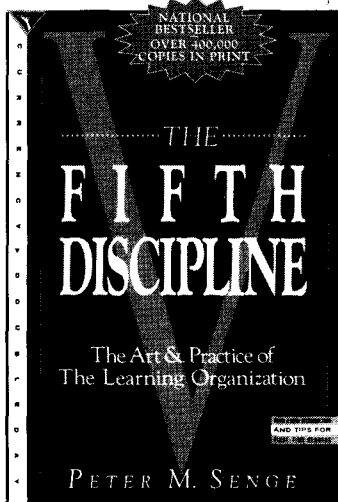
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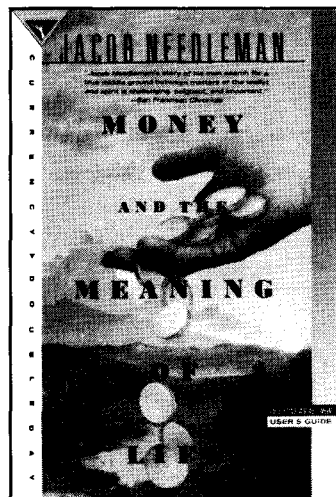
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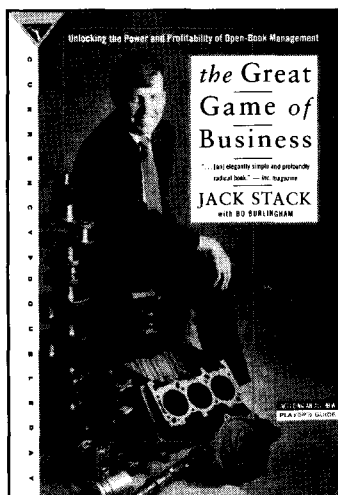
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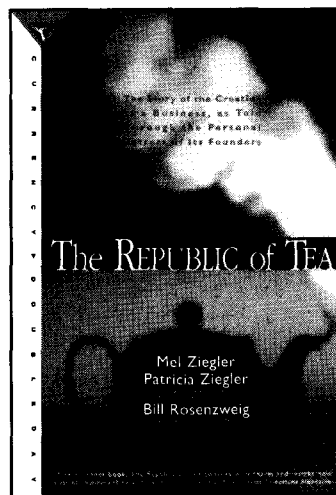
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To map Stevenson’s life is to produce a complex diagram in which we can see, I think, why dualism was such a central concern for him. As the bohemian child of conventional parents, as a Lowland Scot, as an invalid, as an exile, he was always living a double life, trying to be in two places, or two postures, at the same time, and nowhere more so than in his difficult relationship with his father. This relationship was for Stevenson the central dualism: his father was the prim face, he was the orgiastic foundations, and the resulting quarrel between them was simultaneously a great force and a great barrier in his work. In *Treasure Island* and *Kidnapped* he offered a preliminary solution to the quarrel by killing off the narrator’s father—in the opening chapters of the former, before the novel begins in the latter. Until after Thomas’s death Stevenson had trouble keeping fictional fathers alive.

Like many great writers, Stevenson was slow to discover his true subjects. “I . . . sit for a long while silent on my eggs,” he wrote. He was thirty when he began what would be his first success, *Treasure Island*. The genesis of the novel is revealing. The family was staying in the small Scottish town of Braemar. One rainy afternoon Stevenson drew a map of an island and began to make up a story to go with it to entertain his stepson, Lloyd. Thomas Stevenson was visiting at the time and enthusiastically contributed suggestions to his son’s project. Early chapters were read aloud to the appreciative family. The novel went on to be serialized in a boys’ magazine and was published as a book in 1883. It is surely no accident that Stevenson found narrative luck on the first occasion for which we have any record of his father’s approval.

Stevenson’s avowed aim in *Treasure Island* was to write a story for boys—“No need of psychology or fine writing,” he said. Many readers, including James, praised the novel. Probably no one at the time, including Stevenson himself, recognized his most significant accomplishment. With the tap of Pew’s cane and a few choruses of yo-ho-ho, he liberated children’s writing from the heavy chains of Victorian didacticism.

One of the great pleasures of reconsidering Stevenson was rereading *Kidnapped*. I came back to it hesitantly, nervously, expecting to take my seven-year-old self to

task, and found from the beautiful, stately opening pages, wherein David Balfour leaves his home for the last time, that I was captivated. Alan Breck remains a wonderfully jaunty character, and I was struck afresh by Stevenson's gift for describing landscapes that both shape and reveal the actions of the characters.

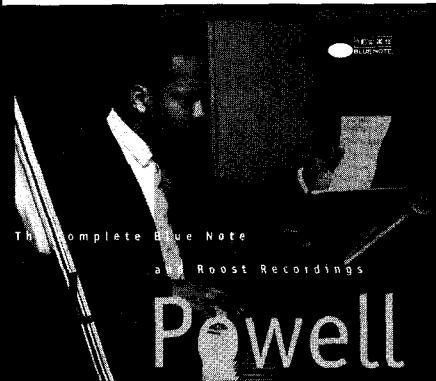
Only after I closed the book did it occur to me that the story was set almost a century before Stevenson's birth. I attribute this oversight not to my obtuseness but to his genius. As he liberated children's literature from didacticism, so he liberated the historical novel from creaking obeisance toward the past. He presented the characters in a prose that is lively and lucid and, best of all, unstrained by nostalgia.

Jekyll and Hyde, the quintessential novel of a double life, was written "in a white heat" around the same time as *Kidnapped*, and had a long hatching period—Stevenson had known about Deacon Brodie, the eighteenth-century Edinburgh cabinetmaker on whom he based Jekyll and Hyde, since childhood. The novel, published in 1886, achieved something even better than good reviews; it became the subject of numerous sermons. Forty thousand copies were sold within the first six months, and since then the phrase "Jekyll and Hyde" has entered the culture.

To go back and read what Stevenson actually wrote is disorienting for several reasons. The novel is firmly in the romantic tradition wherein amazing events are reported by a dry-as-dust narrator. We tend to overlook the cold, silent lawyer Utterson who guides us through the story and who, precisely because of his reserve, is the best possible witness to the horror of Hyde. Part of our disorientation is not merely forgetfulness but the result of Stevenson's cunning design. The labyrinthine streets through which we pursue Hyde increasingly depart from the map of the known city. Slowly but inexorably we are being led into a strange country, where the relationship between Jekyll's prim white hand and Hyde's orgiastic hairy paw will be revealed. The two are not merely opposites, or alter egos. In Nabokov's helpful analogy Hyde is a precipitate of Jekyll. We might also think of him as Jekyll's son.

Critics have speculated that both Jekyll and Hyde are guilty of sexual misdemeanors. But I read the novel as essential-

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PUZZLER CONTEST

Send your solved Puzzler "Seasonality" (found on page 150) to: *The Atlantic Monthly*, November Puzzler Contest, 745 Boylston Street, Boston, MA 02116. *The Atlantic* will randomly draw three names from among all correct entries received by November 14. The winners' names will be published in the January issue. In addition, each of the winners will receive a complimentary one-year subscription to *Tough Cryptics*, a bimonthly cryptics publication.

Rules: Only one entry per person allowed. No purchase necessary. No entries can be returned. All decisions are final. *The Atlantic* is not responsible for late or lost mail. Contest open to residents of the U.S. and Canada, 18 years or older, except employees of *The Atlantic* and their immediate families. Winners will be notified by mail. Contest void where prohibited and subject to all state, federal, and local laws and regulations.

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ly Scottish; the sins I attribute to Jekyll are the Edinburgh ones of secrecy and puritanism that governed Stevenson's youth and my own. Whatever the author had in mind, vagueness has served the novel well. Sin dates, and modern readers, although frustrated, are left free to imagine their own version of horror.

Between *Jekyll and Hyde* and *Weir*, Stevenson wrote several more novels, among them *The Master of Ballantrae* and *David Balfour*. The former is commonly regarded as his greatest full-length work, although the plot, about a life-long duel between two brothers, one of whom turns out to be an incubus, defeated even as staunch an admirer as André Gide. What is notable in terms of Stevenson's development as a writer is that the father remains alive through the first half of the novel and that the characters include a strong-minded, intelligent woman.

Both these promises are fulfilled in the unfinished *Weir of Hermiston*. Here Stevenson at last explored the quarrel between father and son and created two superb female characters. Lord Braxfield, the notorious Scots hanging judge, was, like Deacon Brodie, a famous Edinburgh character. Stevenson became convinced that Braxfield was his great subject, the one that would allow him to achieve the epic qualities his work to that point had lacked.

The plot combines the dazzle of reality with the significance of art. Archie, the only son of ill-matched parents, is raised at Hermiston by his religious mother, who unthinkingly teaches him to criticize his father. After her death he moves to Edinburgh to live with his father, the judge. The crisis between them comes when Archie, now a law student, watches his father sentence a man to death.

Archie denounces the hanging as murder, and his father banishes him to Hermiston. There the older Kirstie, his housekeeper, falls in love with him, while he falls in love with her niece, the younger Kirstie. The idyllic pursuit of the latter, secret relationship is interrupted by the arrival of Frank, an Iago-like figure. Frank discovers the relationship and, with the worst intentions, warns Archie against it. His advice is seconded by the older Kirstie, for very different reasons. In chapter nine we see Archie attempting to act on it.

From letters and notes we have an idea of how Stevenson imagined the remain-

der of the book. Frank was going to seduce the younger Kirstie. Archie would shoot Frank and be arrested. He would come to trial, and in some way—Stevenson was desperate to make this work—he would be tried by his father and condemned to death.

All this, whatever its credibility, does have the resonance of an epic. It is also Stevenson's profoundest exploration of duality. Finally he laid aside the subterfuges of the supernatural and created characters who are both in opposition to each other and at war within themselves. In his single person the judge upholds the polite face of society while remaining firmly rooted in the orgiastic foundations, and it is crucial to the tragedy that Archie is his father's son as well as his mother's. Here we see him describing his tangled feelings:

I will be baldly frank. I do not love my father, I wonder sometimes if I do not hate him. There's my shame; perhaps my sin; at least, and in the sight of God, not my fault. How was I to love him? . . . You know the way he talks? . . .

My soul is sick when he begins with it; I could smite him in the mouth.

And yet, Archie goes on, he has asked his father's pardon and placed himself wholly in his hands. The two Kirsties also show us terrific vitality and subtlety of motivation.

That Stevenson died in the midst of this story is tragic; that he lived to write it at all is a marvel. The canon has taught us to value a body of work over a single work, but at this late date in the twentieth century, drowning in books, surely we can afford to esteem quality even when it comes without quantity. If Stevenson deserves a place in our adult lives, his reputation must, like a number of authors', rest on only a few works. As we love Shelley for *Frankenstein*, Di Lampedusa for *The Leopard*, Fournier for *The Lost Domain*, so we can love Stevenson for his vaulted ambition and because in those last days of his life, at least, he wrote pages worthy of that ambition and of our admiration. He worked on *Weir of Hermiston* intermittently from 1892 onward. The last words were dictated the morning of his death. ☼

BRIEF REVIEWS



In the Lake of the Woods

by Tim O'Brien.
Houghton Mifflin/Seymour Lawrence,
306 pages, \$21.95.

On its simplest level Mr. O'Brien's novel is about the disintegration of a marriage based on concealment. On its several other levels it is about isolation, childhood influences, the power of memory, and the actions of men at war. The hero is a politician whose promising career has been destroyed by the revelation of his misconduct in Vietnam. His wife, well aware that Vietnam torments his dreams, had known nothing of the murder and massacre underlying the nightmares. The husband is equally ignorant

of her opinions on several important matters. When the two retreat to a cabin in the wilds of Minnesota to recover from the shock of a disastrous election, their partnership explodes. Exactly how it explodes is left to the reader's imagination, for the novel is provocatively open-ended. It is also idiosyncratic in form, incorporating chapters consisting entirely of quotations from diverse sources, all relevant (at least obliquely) and all footnoted, including those invented by the author. Mr. O'Brien is equally skillful in evoking the horrors of the Vietnam War, the woods and wilderness of the Canadian border, and the characters of the people who reach out to each other but never quite touch. This is a fine and intelligent novel.

Another World

by Jan Myrdal,
translated by Alan Bernstein.
Ravenswood Books,
206 pages, \$19.95.

The author is the son of Alva and Gunnar Myrdal, Nobel laureates but, according to this autobiographical novel, deplorable parents. "Autobiographical novel" is in this case a nebulous term. The author explains, in a testy postscript, "I'm writing a story about an eleven-year-old who moves into a new world," but ends that paragraph with "as I have not forgiven, I have not forgotten." What he has not forgiven is a parental indifference amounting to psychological abuse; what he has not forgotten is the mixture of suspicion and curiosity with which, at age eleven, he confronted American society and the city of New York. Determined not to appear a bumbling immigrant, he carefully observed local table manners, and presents a comic ballet of crisscrossing cutlery. He uses the same soberly factual technique in describing his home in Sweden, a house designed for his parents by a fashionable avant-garde architect and, as the point-by-point account makes clear, a structural monstrosity. This memoir—one really cannot accept it as fiction—should be a warning to all parents. Be gentle to your little boy; don't beat him when he sneezes. Of course he does it to annoy, but he may grow up to be a writer.

The Virginia Adventure

by Ivor Noël Hume.
Knopf, 491 pages, \$35.00.

As the chief archaeologist at Colonial Williamsburg and a longtime resident of Virginia, Mr. Hume is highly qualified to discuss what went on in the first English settlements at Roanoke Island and James Towne. Roanoke remains a mystery and probably always will, but through excavations (however amateurish) and surviving records (however piecemeal and contradictory) Mr. Hume has reconstructed a great deal of the activity at James Fort, later James Towne and eventually little more than a dockside for inland areas. Dealing with old records presents problems that the author explains with wry resignation. There are various references to fortifications, for example, but how are they to be interpreted when "the word

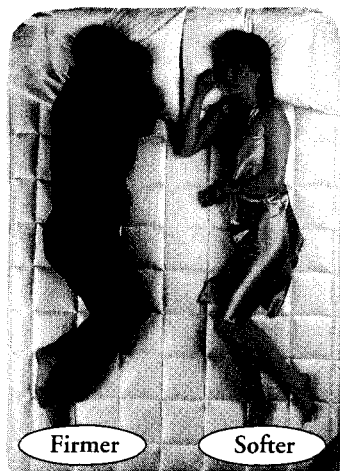
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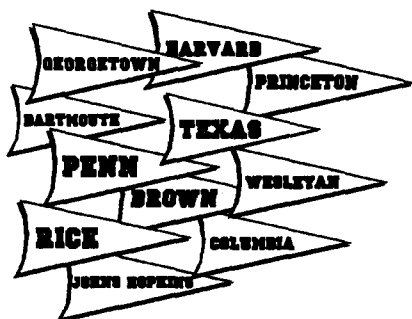


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'palizado' could mean anything from an
entire wall to a single stake"? Mr. Hume
is not a debunker. He looks for the proba-
ble facts behind the legends. John Smith
was certainly a shameless tooter of his
own horn, and not one to let mundane ac-
curacy dilute a good story, but he did, Mr.
Hume finds, assert efficiency and com-
mon sense among a rabble of contentious
layabouts. It is a pleasure to find tradition
supported and enlarged by scholarship
and a charming prose style.

How to Travel With a Salmon and Other Essays

by *Umberto Eco*,
translated by *William Weaver*.
Harcourt Brace, 256 pages,
\$18.95.

Mr. Eco's assembled essays are impish-
ly witty and ingeniously irreverent. The
salmon of the title is a cover for a suave
diatribe against badly managed pseudo-
luxury hotels. A spoof of intergalactic
science fiction needles military protocol
and positively shoots down utopian vi-
sions of equal rights for all. Mr. Eco is al-
ways amusing and never hesitates to
make his audience think.

Witness

by *Susan Middleton*
and *David Liittschwager*.
Chronicle, 256 pages,
\$50.00/\$29.95.

This is a sort of family photograph al-
bum, the family being "Endangered
Species of North America"—beautiful,
odd, familiar and unfamiliar—with con-
cise information on the species' habitats
and enemies. The photographers hope
that these portraits of animals and plants
will assist in renewing the Endangered
Species Act. One can only hope that they
will do that, for these fellow citizens are
too interesting to lose.

Hunting Dinosaurs

by *Louie Psihoyos* with *John Knoebber*.
Random House, 288 pages,
\$40.00.

Mr. Psihoyos is a photographer, and his
assistant, Mr. Knoebber, is a man of
many careers, some "best left unlisted
and for which he has never been convict-
ed." The two ranged the world, looking

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Adobe

by Orlando Romero and David Larkin;

photography by Michael Freeman.

Houghton Mifflin/David Larkin,

240 pages, \$50.00.

The authors extol the merits of adobe, a building material cool in summer, warm in winter, readily available, inexpensive, easily worked, environmentally harmless, and, with proper care, capable of lasting for centuries. They make a convincing case for all but the ease of care, which amounts to meticulous and extensive annual maintenance. They also emphasize the beauty of adobe buildings, from a mosque in Mali to houses in California, and of this there can be no doubt whatever. Michael Freeman's photographs reveal that the soft, flowing lines of mud-brick construction retain their elegance whether they house a frontiersman's gear or a formal drawing room.

Searching for Mercy Street

by Linda Gray Sexton.

Little, Brown,

320 pages, \$22.95.

Ms. Sexton is the daughter of the poet Anne Sexton. Her "Journey Back to My Mother" is partly an attempt to escape the influence of that difficult and sometimes abusive parent and partly a justification of her decision to allow a biographer full access to the details of Sexton's neurotically disordered life. Readers of that biography, which annoyed relatives and disillusioned admirers, will find little new information in Ms. Sexton's memoir. Any reader will understand why her prose occasionally verges on the frenetic. The book is best viewed as a therapeutic exercise—an attempt to exorcise the maternal ghost.

—by Phoebe-Lou Adams



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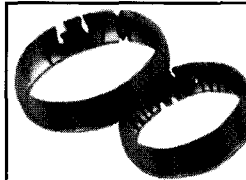


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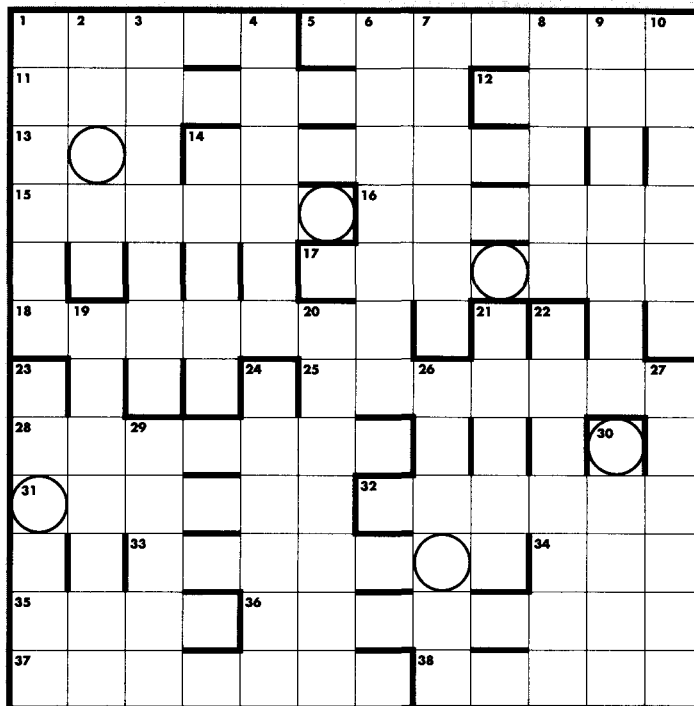
THE PUZZLER

by Emily Cox and Henry Rathvon

Seasonality

Ten of this puzzle's clues contain no definition, only cryptic wordplay (anagram, reversal, charade, and so forth). The answers to these ten clues are of a kind, and each is replaced in the diagram by a new entry. As a guide, the unchecked letters in the ten replacement entries can be arranged to spell A GANG, A RAKE. The six circled letters in the finished diagram can be arranged to spell a theme-revealing word. All other clues are normal, and their answers include nine proper words, one of them an acronym, and a variant spelling at 31A.

See page 145 for Puzzler contest details.
The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 142.



Across

1. Revere rode horses around after the first of April (5)
5. Kind of craft club holding stuff in (7)
11. Rapid shot taken by nonprofessional gem collector (8)
12. Kingdom from a long time ago, way back (4)
13. Member of a colony, long after the beginning (3)
14. Part-time athlete's broken promise (7)
15. Some sports enthusiasts retired briefly into lofts (6)
16. Brad, at one, going the wrong way (7)
17. Cooked in pit with a pair of utensils (7)
18. Sharpest knife in a new set (7)
25. In streamlined compartment, we're driven (7)
28. Like mail mistakenly received by lord (7)
31. Leader of army's jailing me and bachelor in tiny cells (6)
32. Perfume bottle nary a farm youngster returned (6)
33. Rear of commuter train in Kansas makes another connection (7)
34. Sign in kindergarten (3)
35. Southwestern side turned hot (7)
36. Sam's head is covered by phony "rug" (toupee) (10)
37. Trap set inside very backward puzzles (7)
38. A stretch in autumn is a nice part of the Jewish calendar (5)
7. Mediterranean island tree—when there's someone there to hear it? (6)
8. A group of 12 almost napping (5)
9. Fiction penned by greater dramatist (7)
10. English doctors owning live plants (6)
14. Chair the opening of our alliance (5)
19. Frost, locked in jail of a European peninsula (7)
20. "Sun Ra" is playing (7)
21. Soldiers sharing a meal around cafeteria's back tables? (5)
22. Bridge is highest on the western side (7)
23. Chief of Iroquois, after breaking his law (7)
24. Prostitutes turned up around a winter event (6)
26. Bandleader Lawrence in heaven (6)
27. Extrasensory perception a tenor developed (9)
29. No heart for free lunch? (6)
30. Bum had no car (5)

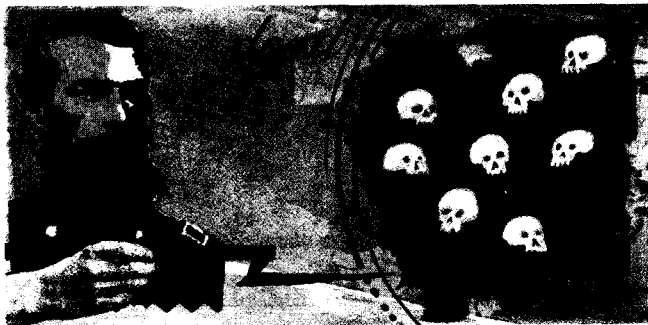
Down

1. State a question in Latin article (6)
2. American physician finally pursues pathogen (6)
3. Pick flower, pressing one that's best (7)
4. Channel swimmer leered rudely (6)
6. Jokes about an elephant's face (8)

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped long envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 745 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

WORD HISTORIES

by Craig M. Carver



deadline

An item on the agenda at last July's G-7 economic summit was the cost of closing Ukraine's infamous Chernobyl nuclear plant,

which still operates despite severe safety problems. Deputy Energy Secretary William White said before the meeting that the group would "set some *deadlines* for Chernobyl." *Deadline* (a lim-

iting line, mark, or time) was coined during the Civil War, in the notorious Confederate POW camp Andersonville. The earliest known written instance of the word occurs in an 1864 report by Colonel D. T. Chandler: "The Federal prisoners of war are confined within a stockade fifteen feet high. . . . A railing around the inside of the stockade, and about twenty feet from it, constitutes the '*dead line*,' beyond which the prisoners are not allowed to pass" (read into the *Congressional Record*, 1876). If a prisoner crossed the line, he was summarily shot. After the war *dead-line*

survived in the South as jargon in games of marbles, referring to a line drawn near the ring. If on the first shot a player's shooter fell short of the line, he was "dead" and had to drop out of the game. In the West cattle ranchers used a *dead line* to indicate the point beyond which sheep farmers were not to go on pain of being "dry gulched"—that is, killed. From a physical line not to be crossed, *deadline* evolved into a point in time not to be crossed—most often a given time after which newspaper or magazine copy would not be accepted for inclusion in a particular issue.

rival

The meeting of the superstar tenors José Carreras, Plácido Domingo, and Luciano Pavarotti last July for a concert in Los Angeles's Dodger Stadium was like a World Cup of virtuoso singing. But the performers themselves played down their potential competitiveness. "You have to put all of your concentration into opening your heart to the music," Domingo said. "You can't be ri-



vals when you're together making music." *Rival* (a competitor) is from the Latin *rivus*, meaning "brook or stream," which yielded the adjective *rivalis*, "of a brook," and then the noun *rivalis*, "one using the same brook as another; one living on the opposite side of a stream from another." River rights have always been a source of contention for beasts and men, because a river both provides water and is a natural boundary ("Si inter rivalet, id est qui per eundem rivum aquam ducunt, sit contentio de aquae usu. . . .") ["If between river-neighbors, that is, those who draw water from the same stream, there is a disagreement about the use of the water. . . ."]—Domitius Ulpianus, Roman lawyer, died A.D. 230). Thus *rivalis* came to refer more generally to any competitor, and was adopted directly into English in the sixteenth century, particularly in its figurative meaning "a competitor in love" ("You both are *Rivals*, and love *Hermia*; And now both *Rivals* to mock *Helena*—Shakespeare, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, 1600). *Rivulet* (a small stream) also derives from *rivus*, but *river*, surprisingly, comes from the Latin *ripa* (bank), as do (through French) *riparian* and *arrive*.

trophy

Controversy at Virginia Military Institute was laid to rest at least temporarily last May after a federal judge ruled that in return for financing a comparable school at a nearby women's college, the all-male school could continue to exclude women. "This was our last stand," one senior said. "The equal-rights people want V.M.I. as a *trophy*." *Trophy* originates in the Indo-European root *trep-*, meaning "to turn," which in Greek became *tropē*, "a turning (of the enemy), a rout." From *tropē* came *tropaion*, a memorial set up on the battlefield where the enemy had been routed. In ancient Greece a *tropaion* consisted of captured arms, shields, helmets, and standards hung upon a tree or a stake so as to resemble a man. Because a *tropaion* was dedicated to a god or gods, it was sacrilege to destroy it. The Romans, who adopted the word as well as the custom, altering it to *tropaeum* and later *trophaeum*, preferred to carry their memorials back to Rome. In Imperial times *trophaei* were triumphal arches or huge constructions with columns. French borrowed the Latin, changing it to *trophée*, which in turn



was adopted into English ("The bataille was so eqall, that aither of the parties, pretended to have had the victorye therof. But the Athenians dyd make and set up their *Trophe* or signe of victorye, pretending to have had the better"—Thomas Nicolls, translator, *The Hystorie Writtone by Thucydides*, 1550). The meaning of *trophy* then extended to anything taken as a spoil or a prize, especially if it was displayed as a memorial.

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